

# AINSLEE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

SEPT., 1916  
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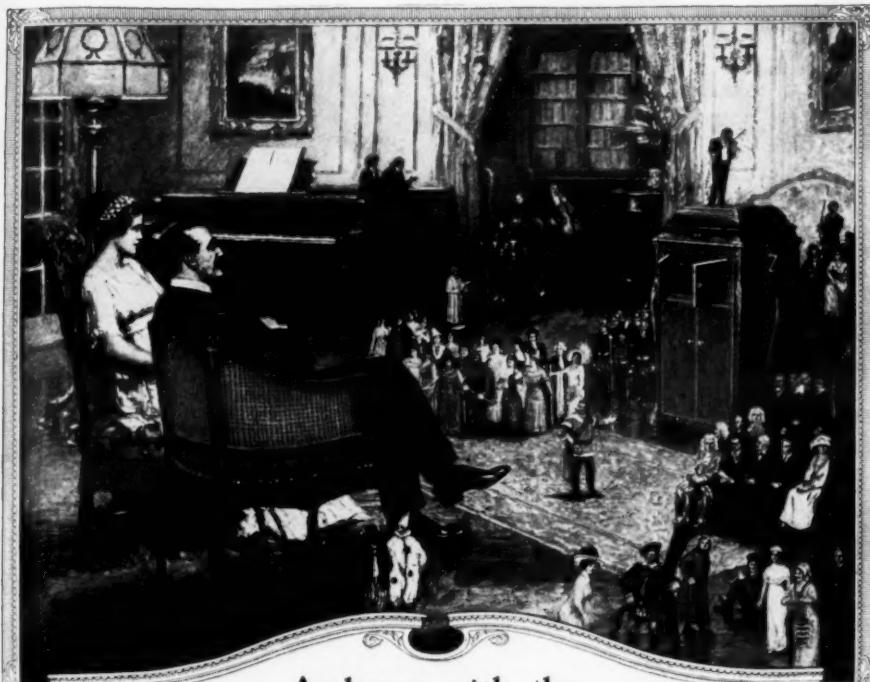
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# AINSLEE'S

*The Magazine That Entertains*

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## At the Eighteenth Hole

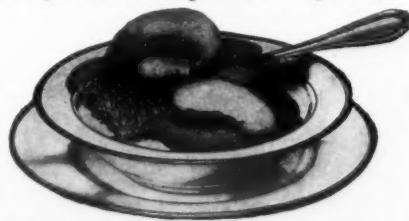


A man can make a good, long drive, avoid all the hazards, and keep out of the tall grass, and then foozle and fall down at the eighteenth hole. The steady, even strokes that win success in the game of Life call for a well-balanced mind in a well-governed body—and these come from such a food as

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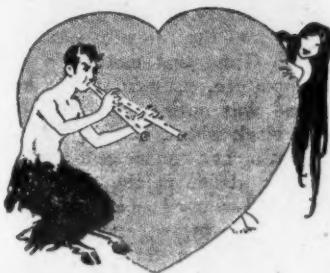
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## The Golden Idiot

By Robert Rudd Whiting

Author of "The Judgment of Jane,"  
"Idle Isle," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

**B**ARRY OWEN got off the subway at Seventy-second Street and walked over to Riverside Drive. He did not remember the exact street of his uncle's house, and he felt that it would be safer to walk all the way up, especially as it was a soft, bright day in early spring, and as the sun was shining upon the Hudson from over the Palisades beyond, and as—— He wondered why the old curmudgeon had sent for him, anyway. He seated himself on a bench facing the glittering river, placed his hat beside him, sprawled his long legs out into the path, and again took the note from his pocket. Once more he deciphered the fine, spidery, ink-saving writing:

DEAR NEPHEW BARRY: I wish you to come to my house promptly at four o'clock Thursday afternoon, to lay before you a matter of considerable importance to me and, possibly, of equal importance to you. This latter depends entirely upon yourself. I am writing a similar note to your Cousin Walter. Your affectionate uncle, ISAAC WOOLWICH.

He ran his fingers through his wavy, golden-brown hair and looked up in bewilderment. A sturdy, freckled-faced boy, feet wide apart, stood regarding him with interest. The man's face

broke into a quick, contagious smile. The boy grinned back.

"Well, son, and what do you make out of it all?"

The boy was immediately overcome with bashfulness and became suddenly responsive to feminine commands of "Geordie, come here this—instant—minute!"

Deprived of any possible explanation of his problem on Geordie's part, Barry got up, stretched himself, took a deep breath of the fresh spring air, and continued on up the Drive.

He had not seen his uncle's house since his mother's death eleven years ago, and before then only twice—once after the death of his father, Tom Owen, the artist, when the widow had gone to seek aid of her wealthy old brother, and had left full of indignation over some slurring reference to her husband's irresponsibility; the second time, also with his mother, when she had gone to seek advice as to the career of Barry, then seventeen. This interview, too, had ended without any noticeable display of brotherly and sisterly affection.

But in spite of his scant acquaintance with it, Barry remembered the house

perfectly, an old white colonial mansion, set far back from the Drive, with a big sweeping lawn leading to its stately colonnade. He recollects his mother's shame and his father's irrepressible amusement when Isaac Woolwich, at the time of the Dewey celebration, had erected a grand stand on this same lawn and sold seats for the parade.

And the uncle, himself—although Barry had seen him but seldom, he still carried in his mind a clear-cut picture of the wizened little old millionaire with his gimlet eyes, his acid smile, and that air of sanctimoniousness that goes with shiny black coats and white lawn ties. An irreverent newspaper once said that Isaac Woolwich's hobby was religion and that his religion was gilt-edged securities.

Why, wondered Barry, should such a musty old dandruffian have outlasted the more human members of his generation. Perhaps, he decided with a gleam of satisfaction, the old codger was so literally religious that they couldn't send him to hell, and so religiously literal that the angels were putting off having him in heaven as long as they could.

A big touring car, straining at the leash that held it within the speed limit, passed him. The young man in the tonneau, immaculately overdressed and a trifle too prosperous looking about the jowls, in some way gave Barry the mingled impression of Wall Street, facial massage, strong cigars, and weak women. And then, suddenly, when the car was far up the Drive, it flashed across his brain who the man was. Cousin! Cousin Walter Woolwich, whom he hadn't seen in years, and who was now a rising and swelling young Wall Street broker!

Barry quickened his pace a little.

The old house was exactly as he remembered it. But to his surprise there was no car standing outside. Perhaps Cousin Walter had had some previous

engagement and had not yet arrived. He strode up the path and yanked at the asthmatic old doorbell. A butler, who might have been a less shabby and more servile edition of Uncle Isaac himself, grudgingly ushered him into the dark, gloomy library with its dingy family portraits and the threadbare carpet from which Time had mercifully removed the pattern. Cousin Walter had arrived and was sitting stiffly on the edge of a black walnut chair.

Uncle, sitting at a square center table, shot a quick glance at the newcomer over his steel-rimmed spectacles and jerked his head toward another black walnut chair of the same set. He was a man who prided himself upon showing no favoritism.

"Nephews," he said, without further introduction, "I am 'getting old.'" Cousin made a faint gesture of protest. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. I cannot take my worldly possessions with me. You two are my only remaining kin. It is only meet that I should leave my worldly goods to you"—and then, with almost a smile as Cousin seemed about to express gratitude—"under certain conditions. If I were to divide my worldly goods equally between you, and one of you were to prove undeserving, a great injustice would be wrought the other. Ye shall reap according as ye sow. The Holy Scriptures have pointed my path out to me. 'To him that hath shall be given.'

"I have instructed my lawyer to draw my will so that at my death my possessions shall be divided between you in the same proportion as each of you shall have accumulated wealth for himself. That is to say, should one of you prove the owner of one hundred thousand dollars"—with rather a doubtful glance toward Barry—"and the other of only one thousand dollars"—regarding the well-fed cousin with malicious satisfaction—"my wealth would be divided between you in the proportion of

one hundred to one. My lawyer assures me that such a will can be made binding. I thought it but just to acquaint you with my intention in order that each of you may mold his career accordingly. 'To him that hath shall be given.'

With which he busied himself with some papers on his table, and the younger men, gathering that the interview was ended, mumbled their leave-taking and went out.

"Queer old bird!" commented Barry, as they were walking down the path.

"He is rather eccentric," admitted Walter. "But able. He's remarkably able. No keener judge of market values in the city." Then, after they had turned out of the gate: "Are you going downtown? I should be very glad to run you down. The car's just around the corner, here, on the block below. You know the old gentleman's prejudice against automobiles, and I thought there was no use in causing him annoyance. He works himself all up over them, you know."

"Awfully good of you, and thanks just the same. But I've got to drop in on a man over here on Broadway."

"Well, look in on me some time. Cousins, you know. We really don't see enough of each other. Twenty-five Broad. You can always find me in the phone book in case you forget. You're still on the *Star*?"

"Yes, I'm on the copy desk there now. Well, good-by."

He had no man on Broadway to see, but he resented his cousin's very patronizing manner and preferred to be alone. One might have thought that old Isaac Woolwich had just handed Walter his entire fortune free from conditions. Well, as a matter of fact, that is practically what he had done. For what chance had he, Barry Owen, a poor newspaper man who couldn't manage even the little money he made, of

accumulating more than this already prosperous broker?

Barry, as he walked toward Broadway, felt a deep sense of grievance against his uncle, his cousin, and life in general. Not that he ever had expected anything from Isaac Woolwich. But why couldn't the old skinflint simply have ignored him, instead of dangling a fat pocketbook in front of his nose only to jerk it away the instant he started to reach for it?

By the time he had reached a saloon on the corner of Broadway he considered himself a greatly wronged man. He pushed through the swinging doors and ordered a rye whisky. When he had tossed off that one, he ordered a second.

## CHAPTER II.

He awakened and, with a groan, rolled over in his bed. His mouth was parched and his head was throbbing. Giant woodpeckers seemed to be hammering at his brain. Slowly he realized that they had started work for the day on the big steel office building across the street. Every vibration of the noisy riveting shattered some frayed nerve. He pressed his fists against his forehead and groaned again.

Where? he vaguely wondered. How? Gradually blurred visions of the night before floated hazily across his mind. He had gone to his work that way. He remembered dozing off at his desk a little while before the paper had gone to press. He had been awakened by the night city editor bringing him some copy to edit. He remembered gazing at the first page of it and being amazed to see the typewritten letters, one after another, line after line, flop over until the whole page was upside down. He turned it the other way, and the letters, one by one, began to flop back again, so that the page was still upside down.

"You're drunk," the night city editor

had told him, snatching the copy out of his hand.

He remembered his relieved surprise at this simple explanation of the strange behavior of the typewritten letters. Then came a blank.

He had a dim recollection of being in a stuffy, low-ceilinged saloon. He had belligerently announced to a hard-faced group at the bar that no man in the place could lick him.

"Can't, eh?" a bullet-headed tough had sneered, with a wink at his pals. "Why, there's a dozen of us here can lick yeh—an' wot's more, all at the same time!"

And they had. Then another blank—and pretty soon it was five o'clock.

He turned painfully over and glanced half fearfully at the chair containing his clothes. His trousers, neatly folded, hung over the back of it. His struggle with them came dimly back to him. He had had some drunken idea that folding his trousers neatly would be absolute proof of his sobriety.

Ugh, how he loathed himself! And that infernal riveting on the building across the street—tata-tata-tr-r-rrrr! Red-hot bolts—right through his brain! Hell!

Hell? How much greater proof was this of the existence of hell than all the grim pulpit fire and brimstone he had been forced to listen to from a straight-backed pew in his school days at Andover! He had done wrong the night before; this morning he was paying for it tenfold with all the tortures of the damned. Those who for years did evil suffered years and years of the mental hell of remorse. Was it unlikely, then, that a whole life of sin—who could doubt it?—would meet with a hell everlasting?

With another groan he crawled out of bed, staggered to the bathroom at the end of the hall, and turned on the cold water.

When at last he was dressed, he

looked for his derby. The dent in it brought him another pang of memory. That he would soon be buying a straw hat afforded him but little comfort. He descended the stairs very quietly. Had he made much noise coming in, he wondered. The strong sunlight made him blink. He walked shakily over to Fifth Avenue and entered the old Brevoort House café. He ordered breakfast more because he had come for it than because he wanted it. He managed to gulp down his coffee, but the stirred eggs— He could not bear the stare of those two big, round orange eyes that gazed so reproachfully up at him from their plate. He ordered Louis to take them away and asked for his check.

He wandered down to Washington Square and weakly seated himself on one of the park benches.

Lord! This was the last time! No, he had said that too many times before. This time he must *do* it; he must prove to himself that it really was the last time before he could be sure that he meant it. He gazed at the gaunt gray skyscrapers in front of him and hated them. They were rank weeds, shooting up out of the rotten mire of the city. He hated them. He hated these jabbering, scuffling, greasy men and women who were forever streaming along in front of him. What were *they* doing in *his* New York? He shifted his position and turned away from them.

His glance fell upon the scraggly grass. The trees were beginning to bud. Out in the country birds— Ah, that was it! Out in the country! There it really *was* spring—green things all coming up—new life everywhere—everything getting born over again. He, too! He straightened up and squared his shoulders. He, too!

He longed for the country as only a New Yorker with five generations of New York back of him can long for the country. He longed to begin afresh in the clean, open air; he longed to be

born over again with the other things of spring; to grow up amid new surroundings. A little farm, a little island in the Sound, a cabin in the hills—anywhere.

But the money? For in order to acquire farms and cabins and islands and things, no matter how little they be, one must have money.

There would be one week's salary, for which he dreaded to call, at the office; he had the change from the dollar bill with which he had paid for his breakfast; and he had chanced upon a five-dollar bill that some drunken whim of the night before had caused him to stow away in a pocket he never used. The two weeks' rent that he owed his landlady and—oh, yes, there was the shut-eye doll he had promised the little girl who always waved to him from across the street—and his laundry—It would leave him barely twenty-five dollars. And even after he had once reached the country, there would be food to buy, for he was feeling enough better to realize that the day might some time come when it would be necessary, perhaps even enjoyable, for him to eat again.

But to whom could he go for money? Aside from Uncle Isaac Woolwich, his only living relative was his cousin, and any appeal to him for aid was out of the question. He was one of those brokers to whom prosperity is the main virtue. To him, a man's poverty would be the very best reason in the world why that man was undeserving of assistance. Regard it in the light of a loan? Impossible. For although his business was taking chances, he strongly disapproved of taking chances outside of business. Besides, he would be sure to say, considering the conditions of their uncle's will:

"Put yourself in my place, my dear fellow. Do you think that under the circumstances your asking me to stake you to the possible means of winning out over me would be quite according

to the spirit of the thing? 'Twould hardly be—er—sportsmanlike, you know."

Yes, Barry knew. He was interrupted in a sigh of pity for himself by something rubbing against his legs, and then tugging sharply at the bottom of his trouser. As, with a start, he looked down, a rowdy little fox terrier sprang back and stood quizzically regarding him from a safe distance out in the walk, jerking his stump of a tail from side to side.

"Why, you poor little mutt, you," noticed Barry, "you've only three legs."

The terrier made a feint and then stopped short and cocked his head on one side as if to ask:

"Well, supposing I have? What's that to you?"

"Come here, you funny little devil," coaxed Barry. "What's your name? Tripod, eh? Very appropriate. And I suppose they call you 'Pod' for short. Well, well." The dog trustfully hippity-hopped over to him and began playfully mouthing his hand. "A regular four-footed terrier spirit with only three legs to express it on. But you get pity for it. When a man has four-legged ambitions and ideals and only a three-legged character—he gets only contempt."

"But you don't seem to mind it, do you, Pod, old chap?" mauling his ears and rolling him over on his back. "And if you can make good, I don't see why I can't. What's more—hey, let go there!—what's more, I'm going to make good. I'm going to start this very minute. Thanks for the good advice, old chap."

With a parting pat to the dog, he got up and started with new-found energy toward his rooms. Pausing at the Washington Arch to let a wagon go by, he happened to glance down at his feet. His three-legged friend was looking pertly up at him.

"Hello! Do you want to go, too? All right. Come along, Pod."

The dog wigwagged his satisfaction with his tail.

That afternoon a tall, lean young man stood waiting on a corner for a street car. In one hand he carried a mussy shawl-strap roll, in the other a handsome leather traveling bag that had recently been mutilated with four little holes along the top. The man checked things off in his mind—office, landlady, shut-eye doll, laundry—Yes, he had done everything. He signaled an uptown car.

"Ah—do you go as far uptown as any of 'em?" he asked, pausing with one foot on the step.

The conductor stared at him a second and then emitted a brisk "Getonifyer-goin'to," and gave the bell a double yank. The young man managed to swing aboard just as the car lurched forward.

"You know," he whispered into one of the holes in the leather bag, as he was paying his fare, "if he wasn't such a greasy-looking beggar, I'd let you bite his leg."

There was a muffled scratching on the bottom of the bag, a plaintive whine, and then a moist black muzzle pressed inquiringly against the hole.

### CHAPTER III.

Away up in a part of New York that seemed to Barry like a cross between Lawrence, Massachusetts, and some town that he fortunately could not remember the name of, he released his faithful three-legged Pod and started north. He was still in New York. He knew it from the uniform of a policeman on the next corner of what appeared to be the main street of those parts. He later found confirmation of it in the name of a pawnbroker who advanced him one dollar on a traveling bag in which, it seemed, he had made

fourteen dollars' worth of holes in order to provide ventilation for Pod.

This dollar, with an additional fifty cents out of his capital, he spent for a slouch hat that caught his fancy from a shop window. The dent in his derby would constantly remind him of things he wished to forget, and, moreover, having inherited a little woman blood from his mother, he never had been able to resist a bargain. And for two dollars in the same shop he bought a stout walking stick. It was very good looking for the price and was not, he assured himself, in the least an extravagance, for a cane makes walking so much easier that he felt sure he would save many times its price in car fare. He also purchased a duffle bag to which he transferred the contents of his shawl strap. Who ever heard of any romantic adventure befalling a man who carried his worldly possessions in a shawl strap?

He started to cross the street and continue his journey northward, when Pod, with a low growl, made a vicious lunge toward the legs of a man standing at the curb. Barry grabbed at him, but the man had already warded him off with a swish of his stick. Barry caught Pod by the collar and gave him a reproving cuff. With a whine of injured feelings, the dog slunk away a few feet and gazed reprovingly up at his master. Barry turned to the man to apologize. He was shabbily dressed, he wore dark goggles, and from a string about his neck hung a tin cup. Why, he was blind!

"I—I'm very sorry," Barry stammered. "My dog—— I never knew him to act that way before." Then, seeing a way to make partial amends: "You were waiting to cross the street?"

He took the poor fellow by the arm and carefully guided him to the opposite curb. Pod, still nursing his grievance, limped forlornly along in the rear.

"You've been very kind, sir," the

blind man told him. "Every one is kind. But"—a catch came into his voice—"since I lost my wife an' little boy—it has been hard, sir, very hard."

"You go on uptown?" asked Barry, while the man was tapping the sidewalk with his stick for bearings. "May I walk with you? I should be very glad of the companionship." He gently took him by the arm again.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you. Every one is kind to a poor, unfortunate blind man—an' generous, too, sir. But money isn't everythin'." He drifted on in the whining, God-bless-you tone of his profession.

People *were* good and generous, thought Barry, as the man mumbled on. Come to think of it, he had never seen a blind beggar's cup without money in it. And what greater proof of the real charity of the world could there be than that? A man who gives a library, or endows a hospital, may be suspected of playing to the gallery. Even the man who gives pennies to a cripple may be influenced by the fact that the cripple can see who is doing the good deed. But the blind man's benefactor cannot be giving for effect, for the blind man neither knows his name nor sees his face. Yet no branch of begging is better patronized than the blind man's. Truly, thought Barry, people *are* charitable and the world really is filled with sympathy and brotherly love.

The blind man at his side was still talking.

"But there ain't nothin' quite makes up for this," he said, indicating his eyes with a motion of self-pity. "Now that it's gettin' spring again, with the trees all a-buddin' an' the grass gettin' green, the great blue sky, an' the little birds a-flittin' round in the sun— It must be beautiful—beautiful! I remember the last time I saw—'twas just like it must be to-day. I'd give my right hand now for just one more peep at it

all." He gave a long, weary sigh, and Barry felt his hand tighten on his arm.

Barry was touched. With some vague idea of making the man feel more contented with his sad lot, he proceeded to tell him how tawdry and sordid and unattractive the world had gotten to be. He drew upon his imagination freely and, as he waxed more and more enthusiastic, pictured for his companion's benefit horrible scenes of filth and brutality; he peopled the quiet city streets with brawling monstrosities.

"No," he concluded, "your blindness, save for the actual discomfort it causes you, is really a blessing. For you the sky is always blue and the grass green, just as when you last saw them. You are spared all the harrowing—"

The blind man had stopped and was tapping the sidewalk exploringly with his stick.

"Is this four hundred and eighty-two, sir?"

Barry found the number over the hallway next to a frame saloon and led his companion toward it.

"God bless you, sir, an' thank you. You've made me feel almost happy, sir, with what you've said about the grass an' the little birds an' my not missin' so very much after all. If— Would you mind, sir, lettin' me see who has been so kind? My eyes may be gone, but I can still see with my hands, if you'll just let me touch—" He ran one hand lightly over Barry's cheek and with his other felt his arms and chest.

Pod emitted a low, resentful growl, and threatened to spring again, but Barry drove him off with his cane.

"You're young an' tall an' strong," commented the blind man. "I'll know ye. I can see you plain now. Thank you again, sir, an' good luck."

When he had disappeared into the hallway, Barry, buoyant with the satisfaction that comes of having done a good deed—or a very bad one—swung on uptown. Pod, now that they were

by themselves again, resumed his former high spirits and darted playfully on ahead.

"Let's see," figured Barry when they had gone three or four blocks. "There was the hat and the cane and—About how much should that leave me?" While he was reaching inside his coat for his wallet, Pod, tail motionless with suspense, stood awaiting the result of the investigation. Barry's jaw fell. He felt in all his outer pockets. It must have been when the blind man was running his hands over him with the pretense of seeing what he looked like.

"So that was why you didn't like him!" he told the dog, impulsively stooping down and petting him. "And you knew the minute you saw him, didn't you, old pups? You knew he'd get my pocketbook. And when you tried to tell me by biting his leg, I—Well, well, never mind. Next time I'll try to pay more attention to what you tell me,"

Pod, overcome with delight at this expression of confidence, jumped and swished his tail and mouthed his master's hand.

Barry scowled. He was angry at being duped, at finding his confidence in the world misplaced. He would go back and— But that would be foolish. The fellow had undoubtedly sneaked away the moment Barry's back was well turned. Blind indeed! He probably could see as well as Barry himself. As snatches of the fellow's talk came back to him, he even began to find a little humor in the situation. "The last time I saw, 'twas just like it must be to-day."

"Precisely," thought Barry. "If I would only let him touch me! Well, he certainly touched me! And I made him almost happy, did I? Green grass, little birds— Bah! Oh, well, I suppose I'm really better off and ought to be thankful to the old faker. A little money is a frightful handicap. It breeds

conservatism. It's only the millionaire and the pauper who can afford to take chances. And now we're in a position to plunge with the most reckless of them, aren't we, Pod? Come on, old boy. It's getting late, and we must find a way to earn a meal and a night's lodging. Failure is nothing, after all, but putting the key to Success in the wrong keyhole. We must start out and find the right one."

In the middle of the next block was a cheap-looking little restaurant, advertising in white enamel letters on the show window, "Chops and Oysters," and below, in smaller lettering, "Tables for Ladies." Pod, inspired, no doubt, by an empty stomach, darted toward the door and sniffed approvingly. Barry, now convinced of the infallibility of the dog's judgment, at once decided that this was the place to apply for work. Any one could be a waiter. He had often been led to this conclusion when he had had soup spilled on his coat in almost first-class restaurants.

He opened the door and approached the man with the proprietary scowl who was standing beside the cashier's desk. The sound of people eating out of key arose above the clatter of the plates and "silver." He was about to ask for a job when a faint odor reminded him of the weakness from which he was trying to escape.

"Do you serve liquor here?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir. Anything you wish?" assured the landlord, with slimy expectancy.

"I was afraid so. Come on, Pod." And he slammed the door after him, leaving the proprietor agape with surprise.

As soon as they were on their way again, Barry began to regret his hasty action. Beggars are poor choosers—except a few discriminating blind beggars, he reflected bitterly. Besides, running away from a weakness is not the way to conquer it. Character is like a

muscle—it must be strengthened by the constant overcoming of obstacles. He would seek work right where temptation was strongest. The very next place they came to he would— He threw back his shoulders and whistled a stirring song of victory as he walked.

It was twilight when, four or five miles farther north, Barry, footsore and dusty, and Pod, laughing only because a fox terrier's jaws are built that way, turned into a ramshackle old road house, set far back from the road as if trying to hide its secret shame among the cluster of scraggly trees. It was so disreputable looking that Barry felt here, if any place, there might be employment for a man without references. As he crunched up the gravel road, past a dilapidated carriage shed, a face peered out at him from a window in the main building. A moment later the front door opened and a round little man stood awaiting him. He was in his shirt sleeves, and two-thirds of his ample façade was covered by a chef's apron. His face was the color of old ivory. His great beaked nose, a monument to his strength of character—bad character, probably—was hedged in on the north by peaked eyebrows, on the south by upturned mustaches.

He scowled at the three-legged dog and at its master's dusty feet. Then, as his shrewd little eyes lifted to Barry's, he instantly became all smiles. The French have a mysterious way of detecting gentlemen without seeing their pocketbooks.

"M'sieur would dine?" he asked, with a little bow.

"Monsieur would work," Barry smiled back at him. "I thought perhaps—"

"Ah, they told you that I needed some one?" Then, with sudden suspicion: "Who sent you?"

"My little dog here. I followed him in."

"Hm-m-m," mused the Frenchman,

stroking his chin and judiciously considering Pod. "What can you do?"

Barry hadn't thought of that. He mentally ran over his accomplishments. He could mix drinks, swim, read proofs, write a little, one-step, fox-trot, and waltz, play a really good game of tennis, and, when drinking sufficiently, could sing a splendid second to "Eveline."

"Can you wait at table?" suggested the Frenchman.

"Indefinitely," Barry promptly assured him. Then, realizing that this was not just what was meant, he hastily added, "And I can mix drinks."

"You are honest?" very severely.

"Why, I'd be afraid to say so for fear you'd think I wasn't."

This seemed satisfactory, for the Frenchman beckoned to Barry and led the way into a large, square dining room off the hall. Small tables lined the walls, and in one corner stood a piano. The proprietor nodded toward a buffet bar at the end of the room.

"You say you mix ze drinks. Make me a cocktyle. I will bring ice."

No pharmacist, with life depending upon his exactitude, could have measured with more minuteness than Barry. Only as much absinth as would cling to the side of the measuring glass, one-third Italian, two-thirds of dry gin, and just the merest suspicion of— But here was the ice. He shook it and shook it and sh-sh-sh-oo-oo-ook it—until the shaker was white with frost. Into the glass—a twist of lemon peel over the top—and, with a courtly bow, he submitted his creation to the landlord for approval.

The latter raised it to his impressive nose and sniffed. His scowl melted. He sipped, and looked incredulous. He drank. With eyes closed tight with ecstasy, he touched his lips with thumb and forefinger and blew a kiss toward the ceiling.

"Delicieuse!"

But this was not business. He immediately resumed his normal expression of boredom.

"I do need some one," he admitted grudgingly.

"You *did* need some one," Barry calmly corrected him.

"Hm-m-m," commented the landlord. "Oh, well. *Ce m'est égal*. We can try it for one night. I give you food and bed, and then to-morrow, if you do well, and if the other man does not come—" He broke off with a shrug which intimated that the possibilities were infinite. "You have no clothes? I give you the old jacket of Alphonse and an apron. Come. You will eat now. Then you shall serve me and I shall teach you."

Pod, his stump of a tail poised in polite expectancy, stood in doubt. Barry whistled, and he darted after them.

About seven o'clock the music arrived. A wizened little old man with a cameo-like profile took the seat at the piano; a tall, weedy creature with long, colorless hair and soulful eyes tucked a violin under his retiring chin; while a ruddy-faced, pert youth began briskly tuning a banjo. Side by side, reflected Barry, the three of them furnished a glowing example of the Creator's versatility.

In the course of the next hour, a party of four, men and women living close by, judging from their arrival on foot, dropped in. The violin and piano played a bit of Chopin, and played it well. It was not until the guests, bored by the character of the music, called for ragtime that the pert youth joined in. Barry then saw that the banjo had been added merely to emphasize the time for the syncopassionate dancing that was all the craze.

When the whir of a swift-running motor coming up the gravel road outside was converted into the spluttering and straining of six eager cylinders suddenly caught in leash, the landlord, all

bustling hospitality, was at the door before the second peremptory honk of the horn.

A gigantic man with little bloodshot eyes set deep in a bulldog face led the way. A younger man and a dark, slender woman followed. Even a motor duster did not quite conceal the languorous grace of her movements. The landlord frantically pulled out chairs and dusted imaginary specks from the tablecloth, punctuating every action with ingratiating little bows. He snapped his fingers and emitted a sharp "Tssst!" at Barry.

Barry cocked one eyebrow slightly. It was only for an instant, but as he took their wraps, he felt the woman glance at him with mild curiosity.

"A bottle of that '98," the big man grunted. "And something to eat—something light."

The landlord followed Barry out to select the wine.

"That is M'sieur Nugent, who owns mines," he volunteered with much awe.

So this was the notorious "Nuggets" Nugent, thought Barry.

"And the lady?"

The Frenchman shrugged.

"They change so," he explained. "One cannot keep track of them."

When they returned with the food and wine, the musicians were ragging out some momentarily national air or other.

"Want to trot?" grunted Nugent.

But the young woman was gazing abstractedly off into space and merely smiled. Then, realizing that she had been spoken to, she turned.

"I didn't hear you," she lazily explained.

"Oh, that's all right," Nugent told her, raising his glass. "Try some of this. It quickens the hearing."

Her long dark eyes flashed a glance at Barry on their way to her host. She touched the wine to her lips.

Barry, absorbed in the discovery that

blue-black hair really does exist outside of novels, was brought to himself by the younger man at the table.

"Waiter! Cigarettes!"

Barry instinctively made a motion toward the pocket in which he carried his cigarette case, but quickly realized his error.

"Yes, sir. What brand, sir?"

The young woman regarded him with a puzzled smile. Perhaps, coming of a class of women whose profession is judging men, she recognized him as a gentleman.

By the time the second bottle of champagne had been finished, the party had caught something of its life and sparkle. They now had the room to themselves. The musicians started a one-step. The woman and Nugent arose to dance. The big man suddenly thought of something and paused.

"Waiter, have another bottle ready. This game always gets my thirst."

The big man's generosity was overflowing the limits of his party.

"And, waiter, have something yourself."

"Thank you, sir. I do not drink."

"Have a cigar, then."

"Thank you, sir. I never smoke them."

The woman went close to him, and, taking hold of the lapels of his coat, gazed into his eyes with mock pleading.

"Oh, *do* have something!" she begged. "Have a keess," and quick as a flash, she kissed him full upon the mouth.

Before he could recover from his astonishment, she had hauled Nugent, chuckling ponderously, out on the floor and was dancing with him. The younger man at the table, Barry noted as he went to fill the order, had a less robust sense of humor.

When the music stopped, they returned to the table, Nugent red and puffing, the woman weary of dancing rather than weary from dancing. The

younger man got up and went over to speak to the pianist. Nugent for the moment was absorbed in his champagne.

"Waiter," summoned the girl, as much with her eyes as with her voice.

"Madame," responded Barry.

"Are you a gentleman?"

"Sometimes, madame. But at present I am off duty."

She studied his face with lazy interest.

"Why are you a waiter?" she wondered softly.

Barry considered the question for a moment, and then, with a little shrug, apparently gave it up.

"I do not know, madame. Unless"—meeting her glance with a whimsical smile—"perhaps because so many things come to him who waits."

Her eyes lowered before his. She turned inquiringly to the man who had been interviewing the musicians.

"They are going to play your dance," he told her. "You'll do it, won't you? Please?"

She glanced toward her host.

"Go to it, kid; go to it," urged Nugent, setting down his glass with a deep breath of satisfaction.

The piano and the violin struck the opening chords of "Anitra's Dance" from "Peer Gynt." She suddenly became oblivious of all around her. Her eyes kindled. She became tense. Slowly she arose from her chair, and, half tripping, half gliding, was in the center of the room. She turned, her arms slowly extending, her body sinuously swaying. Now she was tripping toward them; she would surely — With the music she whirled sharply. Barry caught his breath. This was no mere dancing; it was love, beauty, passion, all expressed in living, breathing poetry. And for the moment he was himself a poet. He saw the stars of her eyes shining beneath the night of her hair. Here before him was the subtle seduction of the Orient, the

beauty of classic Greece, the mystery of ancient Egypt. She was the grace and beauty of all ages since the very beginning concentrated into the essence of youth.

Now she was gently bending her supple body—back—back— Her arms stretched forth appealingly. Her leg arose rhythmically until it was parallel with her outstretched arms— A turn! A quick little tripping run! For an instant her eyes met his. It was as if she were drawing out his very soul—all their souls—and weaving them, stirring them—gracefully waving away that which was not essential to the wonderful poetry of her motion.

At last, with the final wailing minors of the music, she bent, slowly, in perfect rhythm, to her knee. Her slender white finger tips touched her half-parted lips. Then, as the music died away, with a quick little gesture she broke the spell, and the shabby dining room was once more a shabby dining room.

Nugent drained his glass. The other man applauded slightly. Barry repressed a sigh.

"You're all right, kid," approved Nugent. He drew in his breath sufficiently to enable him to extract a thin gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "Better be beatin' it along," he grunted. "Waiter, check."

He refused the few bills that Barry brought him in change. The woman did not glance at him as he helped her on with her wrap, but on their way out, a little crumple of filmy handkerchief fluttered to the floor. Barry quickly recovered it and restored it to her in the hallway. As she took it, she gave his hand a slight pressure and looked searchingly into his eyes.

"Thank you—waiter." Then, flashing him a mocking smile, she hurried after the others, who were waiting at the car.

Barry, as if entranced, walked slowly back through the deserted dining room

and went to the buffet. He took up a decanter of brandy and poured himself a generous drink. He mechanically raised it to his lips, when a clawing and pawing at the swinging door into the kitchen caused him to pause and turn. Pod, already too long separated from his master, came wriggling through the opening and bounded across the room. Barry dashed the glass to the floor, and swinging his little pal high in the air, gathered him into his arms.

"What's this?" angrily demanded the landlord, just returning from parting with the speeding guests. "What does this mean?" pointing accusingly to the shattered glass. "Ha! My brandy! If you do not like my brandy—"

"Like it? I love it," Barry said, still fondling the dog.

"You love it? You say you love it? Yes! Then why—" He broke off, trembling with rage.

"Why?" repeated Barry, more to the dog than to the landlord. He shrugged, and then dreamily began to quote:

"All men kill the thing they love;  
By all let this be heard.  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word;  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man—"

"Bah! You make joke of it! You are dismiss'—discharge'! You clear up now—yes! But to-morrow morning, I fire you." He disposed of the case with a sharp snap of the fingers and turned his back.

Late that night, when things were cleared up and put away, Barry, in a little room over the kitchen, addressed Pod, contentedly curled up on his master's coat by the bed:

"It's just as well, old chap, isn't it? We'd have to leave, anyway. We're not far enough away. A few scraggly trees don't make country, any more than one swallow makes a spring. And

that fellow we're searching for—that fellow who looks like me, but who has will and strength of character and real manhood—he lives away out in the real country somewhere. That woman tonight told us so."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Bright and early next morning, Barry and Pod were ready for the road. They found the landlord already up, bustling about the place.

"What is this?" he asked, eying with surprise the duffle bag on Barry's back and the cane in his hand.

"Why, you told me last night——"

"Yes, yes. But that was last night. Perhaps I was a little hasty. The discipline, it is necessary. But if you will stay, I will overlook. I do not discharge. I give you one more chance."

"That's just it, you see," Barry told him with a smile. "I never could work for a man with so little spirit. Now if when you'd discharged me, you'd only stuck to it, I might have decided to stay."

With a whistle to Pod, he left the bewildered Frenchman trying to twist some sort of sense out of his nonsense.

The part of the world through which their way led them for the next hour seemed to be undergoing a sad transition. Graceful country roads were cut off in their prime by sections of severely paved city streets. Fine old country mansions were punctured with display windows announcing the merits of various brands of tea and breakfast food. In one place they met a splendid old house which, dispossessed by progress from its lifelong lot, was being laboriously moved down the street on rollers, to end its days in some less desirable location. It, too, thought Barry, was trying to escape the ruthless city.

Late in the morning they found themselves on the Boston Post Road. As

they trudged north, the lawns became better kept, the trees looked as if they had grown up free from the restraining influence of a park commissioner, and the houses showed fewer evidences of lives wasted in scalloping shingles and designing tricolored slate roofs. Motor cars whirred by them with frequency and varying degrees of contempt.

At last, away up ahead of them by the side of the road, Barry spied a gray runabout that was not whirring. One figure was in the car. Another stood in the roadway tinkering with it. A big touring car whizzed by, filling his throat with choking fumes. The sight of the crippled car ahead so gladdened Barry that he was inspired to verse:

The machine was forty-horse power  
When all were in their stride.  
But one caught something catching,  
And all forty horses died.

Then Barry saw that the figure still sitting in the car was that of a slender girl with hair that seemed to give the sunshine its color. He at once began to regret the misfortune to the forty horses, and hurried forward with the hope of being of some help in resurrecting them. It was only a blow-out. Thank goodness for that, for now he could see that the girl had the most adorable blue eyes and a mouth that — Not that she was looking at him; she had merely turned to watch her brother. He *must* be her brother; Barry wanted him to be. He was too pleasant-looking a chap not to be.

"Can I help?" Barry asked, when he was close upon them.

The boy straightened up and grinned. "I don't know. Can you?"

A quick glance at the girl made Barry sure that he could. He slipped the duffle bag off his shoulders and laid it with his stick by the roadside, where Pod mounted guard. The girl jumped lightly to the ground and stood, hands in the pockets of a dirty white sweater,

watching them while they jacked up the car and put on a new tire. At last, panting and sweating, they finished. Barry went over to readjust his luggage.

"Got half a dollar, Faith?" he heard the boy ask the girl.

And when he turned back, ready for the tramp again, the boy handed him a fifty-cent piece. Barry, not understanding for the moment, held it in his palm and regarded it curiously. Then he looked up into the boy's frank gray eyes, and, not wishing to embarrass him, carefully placed the coin in his cardcase.

"Thank you," he said.

But the girl had caught his momentary bewilderment.

"Please—" she said, flushing slightly as she held out her hand.

He pretended not to understand.

"Didn't I earn it?" he asked with mock injury. He liked her voice, too. It went well with her eyes.

"Please," she insisted, bravely meeting his whimsical gaze. "We didn't see — I'm very sorry."

Barry went down into his trouser pocket, drew forth a handful of change, and carefully counted out a quarter, a dime, and three nickels. Very gravely he placed them in her slender palm.

The boy, looking from one to the other of them, became embarrassed through sudden understanding.

"Oh, I say!" he stammered. "I'm awfully sorry! I—I thought—"

"I don't blame you," laughed Barry, looking down at his dusty shoes and trousers. "What's more, I'm not so sure that you made a mistake, at that."

"Oh, then you must be a landscape painter," concluded the girl cheerfully.

"I'm not sure," confessed Barry. "I've never tried. No, I'm what you might call nephewing for a living. But uncles are so erratic that it makes the job pretty much of a speculation at best. A chap really ought to have something

steadier to fall back on. I've thought some of going in for well digging; it's one of the few professions in which an inexperienced man can begin at the top. You don't happen to want a well dug?" he wondered, looking hopefully from one to the other.

The girl pretended to think the matter over, but apparently in vain. She regretfully shook her head. The boy frankly grinned.

With a sigh, as if bitterly disappointed, Barry helped her into the car. She took the driving seat.

"I'm going to run it now, Freddie," she told the boy, as he scrambled in after her. "It's so much more satisfactory to commit suicide than to be murdered."

She pressed her foot upon that particular tender spot in the anatomy of automobiles that first causes them to grumble loudly and finally goads them into sudden action. As the car lunged forward, Pod, who had been quietly puzzling over its strange rumblings, darted out from under it and scurried limping and whining across the road.

The girl stopped the car with a jerk.

"Oh!" she cried, starting quickly out after the terrified dog. "I've hurt him! I've broken his leg!"

"No, you haven't," shouted Barry, making a dive for him. "You haven't at all. Here, Pod! Come here, sir! What do you mean by scaring the wits out of a lady? What do you mean, sir?"

He picked the dog up and carried him over for her inspection.

"You see, he only had three legs in the first place. But the rest of him's fine," he added loyally. "That's why we formed a partnership, I suppose. Sort of attraction of opposites."

"You mean—"

Barry nodded.

"That's it. My legs are as sound as a drum. But my character—" He broke off with a grin.

"Has one leg missing?"

He nodded cheerfully, but there was a wistfulness behind his smile that made her turn her attention to Pod and gently fondle his head. Pod acknowledged the introduction with a lick and two wags.

"Are you going up along the Post Road?" she asked, looking up at Barry again. "If you think you could manage to stick on behind there, we'd be glad to give you a lift."

Barry gladly accepted.

"You may drive, Freddie," she told the boy, pushing him in ahead of her.

Barry, with Pod under one arm, arranged himself as firmly as possible on the back. It was sloping, and its only comfort was that it was uncomfortable enough to keep him from fearing that he was imposing too much upon the hospitality of strangers. After the preliminary lurch, when they were going at what he earnestly hoped was full speed, he derived a certain satisfaction from the thought that, even though he were not exactly an occupant, he was going just as fast as the car.

After a while they came to the paved streets of a fair-sized town and slowed down so that Barry had a chance to note the little tendrils of golden hair that the wind had loosened and the fascinating way in which they curled around the nape of the lady's neck. Feeling his gaze, she turned.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she asked, indicating with a nod the street through which they were passing.

"Beautiful," replied Barry absently.

"I knew you weren't looking. It's New Rochelle."

A little farther on she caught sight of a clock.

"We can pick up a bite to eat in Stamford," she told Freddie. "If we go straight on home, we'll probably find the house full of people, and we'll have to scurry about and get all tidied up. I hate meeting people on an empty stomach."

Freddie agreed with her.

"And won't you have lunch with us?" she asked Barry. "Hardly anybody ever wants wells dug in the morning, do they?"

"I only wish I could," regretted Barry. "But—if you'll just let me off a few miles up above here—when we get out in the country again—I really think I ought, you know."

It is a paradoxical fact that when a gentleman has a fat purse, he can freely accept invitations to dinners he has no need of, but when he can ill afford to pay for food that he really wants, some vague code deters him from permitting others to pay for it.

Beyond the town limits they sped on through the country once more. Barry, brought to a realization of his problems through that well-meant invitation to luncheon, had become depressed and gloomy. After they had been whirring along for half an hour, which it seemed to him they must have covered in half that time at the very most, he touched the boy on the shoulder.

"If you'll just let me off here somewhere—" he shouted against the tide of the air. The boy slowed down. "I think it's about where I ought to get off."

When they came to a stop, he released Pod and slid to the ground after him.

"I'm ever so much obliged," he smiled to the girl, "to both of you," he told the boy.

"Not at all," said the boy.

"Good luck," wished the girl.

He watched them until they were out of sight. Once the girl turned, and, seeing him still standing in the road, waved. A big touring car, filled with buxom prosperity, assorted sexes, caused him to jump out of his reverie just in the nick of time.

He was standing before a picket gate in a vine-covered stone wall. A brick path led to a squat little white house.

He liked the fanlight over the door, and the solid green shutters with hearts and crescents cut in them. But the ramblers at the door pillars needed tying up, and the grass needed cutting-needed it badly. Good! Well digging wasn't the only profession in which an ambitious young man might begin at the top.

He opened the gate, strode up to the front door, and hammered on the weather-stained old knocker. No answer. But there must be somebody living there, for he could hear the measured ticking of a grandfather's clock from somewhere within. He knocked again. Still no answer. He took a black brier pipe from his pocket, filled it, lit it, and sat down on the doorstep to wait. It must be almost mealtime—the sun and his stomach were agreed upon that—and some one would surely be home soon.

Yes, he reflected as he puffed away at his pipe, Freddie must be her younger brother. Nice chap—if he really were her brother. And *her* name was Faith. Faith what? Oh, well, first names are really all that matter with a woman; her last name can always be changed—if the man has luck. He took the fifty-cent piece that had been hers from his cardcase and turned it over in his hand. He would keep it always, even if he were starving, as a lucky piece. He looked at the date—1887. That was odd. 1887 was the year of his birth. Her coin *would* bring him luck. He knew it.

"Say, boss," a husky voice called from the road.

Barry slipped the coin back into his cardcase and looked up. A ragged, unshaven man, whose nose wore a permanent blush, was fumbling with the gate. Barry got up, stretched, and ambled up the path to see what was wanted.

"Say, boss, can't ye help a poor guy out?" croaked the stranger, with exaggerated pathos. "I ain't had nothin' to

eat since yesterday. Can't ye give me any kind of a job—anything?"

So the man mistook him for the owner of the place, did he? Well, that was flattering. But Barry himself probably needed work more than this man did.

"If I give *you* a job, will you promise to give me a job in return?" bargained Barry. He remembered that Utopian island of Gilbert's where the inhabitants made their living by taking in one another's washing. Then, as he caught the hurt look in the poor bleary eyes, he regretted his levity. "Why, I'd be glad to help, but you see—" Glancing around, his eye fell upon a lawn mower leaning up against the end of the house. "Why, yes," he said, brightening up, "you might cut the grass, if you like. It certainly needs it. I expected to do it myself, but it's worth a quarter to me, if you care to try your hand. You'll find the mower over by the corner, there."

With an expression of reproach rather than of gratitude, the tramp slouched over to the lawn mower. He gingerly removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Barry relit his pipe and sprawled himself out comfortably on the doorstep to enjoy the luxury of overseeing another man's work.

Grrrrr! Pod, mistaking the whirling blades for something hostile, would crouch and growl at the advancing juggernaut, springing back just in time to escape destruction. This gave the man behind the mower the needed incentive for a record-breaking job. With sudden wild bursts of speed, he sought to revenge upon the dog the injury wrought him by the master in giving him work when he had asked for work. Nor did that permanent grin with which nature has endowed the fox terrier tend to soften his cruel heart. In consequence, long before any sweet-dispositioned Christian—with malice toward none could have completed the work,

the hobo, perspiring and defiant, was standing before Barry waiting for his pay.

"Fine!" Barry congratulated him, producing the promised quarter.

The hobo hesitated.

"Say, boss," he suggested, wiping his arm across his dripping forehead, "that was a pretty hot job for a quarter. Ye couldn't get a feller a bite to eat or a glass of milk or somethin', could you?"

"Only wish I could," said Barry, pocketing his pipe and dusting off his clothes. "I'm hungry myself. But you see the man who lives here locked up when he went out and took the key with him. But even if he hadn't, I don't know where he keeps his stuff. You see I'm a stranger here myself," volunteered Barry with a bland smile.

He turned and called to Pod, who, under the fond delusion that it was his splendid aggressiveness that had finally cowed the lawn mower into inaction, sat gloating in front of it.

"Come on, Pod, old boy. There's no telling when the man who lives here will be back, and we've simply got to scare up something to eat."

The hobo, wide-eyed and with mouth agape, watched the lanky young man pass out of the gate and swing up the road, with the little three-legged dog cavorting happily about him. And then suddenly his feelings crystallized into words—Bible words, mostly—expressing in rapid succession incredulity, amazement, disgust; and condemnation.

## CHAPTER V.

Barry became tired of being desirably honked at and yawked at and whawked at by whizzing automobiles, so at the first turn to the right he left the Post Road. A quarter of an hour's tramp brought him out under a railroad crossing into a tiny village on the other side. Across the street, right next to the fire house, was the combination grocery

store and post office. He recognized the fire house from the pole in front supporting the great iron hoop on which a clanging alarm could be beaten in time of need. He had once seen the same thing in a rural melodrama on the Bowery, and remembered it perfectly.

And here on this side of the street, right next to the barber's sign, Pod was already sniffing greedily at the screen door of—"Restaurant!"

He ignored the bill o' fare that the snub-nosed, freckle-faced waitress had brought him, and appealed to her with that look of grave deference with which some men can make any woman a lady.

"Whatever is quickest, please. And then something else and some coffee. And could you take some scraps or something out back for the dog? And a bowl of water? Yes, thank you, that would be fine."

When he had finished his apple pie and was well started on his ham and eggs, he felt in better shape to consider the future.

"Do you know of any one around here," he asked the waitress, "who wants a man? 'Most any kind of work?"

"Work for yourself?" she asked, with a shade of disappointment. Another possible hero rudely dashed from the romantic pedestal of fiction to the depths of everyday fact!

Barry nodded. The girl dropped her jaw, for she was of that class who think with their mouths open.

"Oh, pa!" she called after a moment.

A bottle-shouldered little wisp of a man, whose entire growth seemed to have gone into an enormous sandy mustache, poked the upper part of his body through the kitchen door.

"Say, pa, this gen'leman, here, was askin' if there was anybody around here needin' a man—to work?"

Pa, evidently considering the subject a safe one, ventured into the dining room. He scratched his head and

looked at Barry with his watery little blue eyes.

"Hmm. Come to think of it, I don't know as I do. Hmm. Unless—that writer feller, Jarvis—he sometimes hires help for odd jobs."

"Not Jeffery Jarvis?" wondered Barry, with interest. "The man who wrote 'Singed Wings'?"

"Shouldn't be surprised. He's queer enough to do 'most anything. Lives by himself over on the Post Road all winter, and then in the summer— He moved down to the mud house yesterday, didn't he, Lulu?"

"Uhuh. He's right next door in the barber's now. I saw him go in a minute ago."

"Good," said Barry. "And now if you'll tell me how much I owe you— It wouldn't be a bad plan if I got shaved up a bit myself before applying for work, do you think so?"

The girl glanced at him critically, and then suddenly blushed at the compliment she was too shy to put into words.

When Barry and Pod entered the barber shop, the spring door closed behind them with a bang. This was unfortunate for the lone patron who was undergoing a shave. He pressed his hand to his face and then looked at it.

"You have drawn blood," he told the barber in a tired drawl. "My honor is satisfied. Now let us be friends."

"I'm very sorry," Barry apologized. "It was entirely my fault. I—"

"Not at all. Those who take risks can't always win. The other side of my face came through without a scratch."

He had a lean face, with delicately chiseled features. His tired gray eyes had that expression of cynicism which comes from having seen both too much and not enough. His crisp dark hair was marked by a streak of white running from the part straight across his forehead.

"You're Mr. Jarvis?" Barry essayed.

"Ah, then I'm still recognizable," murmured the victim, with evident relief. "You wished to see me?"

"Why, yes—just as soon as you're through."

"Whatever your business is, it's certainly sporting of you not to take advantage of my helplessness. I've been through for some time. I'm just waiting for the barber, here. Unless you're going to shampoo me while my face is healing—are you, Henry?"

The barber, who had evidently been exercising great self-control, turned to Barry.

"Did you want a shave, sir?" He went to the back door and called, "Oh, Jake!"

Jake soon appeared and, exchanging his coat for an ex-white barber's jacket, was ready for business.

"Shave? Hair cut?"

"Both, if it won't take too long," Barry told him, settling himself in one of the two vacant chairs.

"Stranger here?" inquired Jake affably.

Barry grunted.

"Well, it's certainly pretty country. One gentleman who comes up here every summer—Mr. Watkins—he's a big lawyer in New York—he says he's been all over this coast and—"

Mr. Jarvis groaned.

"Hmm. Hair's a mite ragged, ain't it?" persisted Jake professionally, as he began snipping away with his shears.

"I suppose it is," agreed Barry with a yawn. "I wonder why. All the hairs started even the last time they were cut. They've all had the same amount of brushing and combing—equal opportunities, as you might say. I wonder why it is."

Mr. Jarvis turned in his chair and regarded Barry with real interest.

"You're thinking of socialism, eh? You don't believe it would work out, then?"

"I wouldn't exactly say that," said Barry. "I was just wondering. True socialism, as I understand it, would make all men equal. A good hair cut makes all hairs equal. Ideal socialism would keep all men equal. But two weeks after a good hair cut, all the hairs are no longer equal. Some have grown faster than others. All hairs get the same care and treatment. Yet it is a fact that some have shot up while the ones next them have scarcely grown at all. I wonder why. I thought maybe the barber could tell me."

Barry's eyes met Jarvis' in the mirror, and a twinkle of amused understanding passed between them.

"I see what you mean," said Jarvis, pursing his lips and assuming an expression of great gravity. "You feel that before applying the theories of socialism to the whole human race, we should first perfect them upon some smaller and less important subject. In other words, the man who could evolve a remedy that would make hairs stay equal, so that two weeks after cutting, the hair will not be shaggy and in need of trimming, might be able to devise a scheme whereby mankind, once made equal, can be kept equal, so that two centuries afterward some men will not have shot up above their neighbors, thereby making the human race shaggy and in need of trimming."

"Exactly," said Barry.

"Well, then, how about baldness?"

"No-o," decided Barry after a moment's deliberation. "Baldness, of course, would keep all hairs equal, but, applied to the greater problem, it would mean the extermination of the human race. The ideal socialism must not be a destroying dandruff. It should be a tonic that will build up the condition of the scalp; a restorer that will make two hairs grow where but one hair grew before."

Henry, the barber, was reminded: "Will you have a little tonic, sir?"

"No," growled Jarvis. Then to Barry: "I agree with you perfectly. We should all pitch in and study this important problem. We should all become barbers. And while we are studying one another's hair, we can talk, as is every good barber's privilege, and tell one another of the progress we are making toward the common goal. And even if nothing else ever comes of it, every socialist will at least have learned a good and profitable trade."

"Hold on there!" he interrupted, as Jake prepared to lather Barry's face. "Don't get shaved here. Walk on out to the bungalow with me and I'll give you a razor there. I only came here so I'd enjoy it more the next time I shaved myself. We can talk on the way out."

He appeased Henry's outraged feelings with a generous tip.

"And, Henry," he cautioned him at the door, "don't repeat anything this gentleman and I have been saying. People who don't know us might not understand."

"Well?" he said to Barry as they were walking along the winding road that led toward the Sound. "What can I do for you?"

"I want work, Mr. Jarvis. Anything at all. I——"

"Work? What can you do?"

Barry recalled the list of his accomplishments that he had made in his mind the day before, and added two new ones:

"Well, let's see, I can read proof and copy, mix drinks, one-step, fox-trot, and waltz, wait on table, and cut grass."

"Hmph. Can you cook, row, clean fish, play a typewriter, and keep from whistling when you're getting up in the morning?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, why on earth didn't you say so? What did you work at last?"

"I was a waiter."

"Waiter?" With a sidelong glance

Jarvis took him in from head to foot.  
"Got any references?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do I know you're honest?"

"Because I have no references. If I wasn't honest, I'd have forged some."

"Correct. Now tell me your name and just what your game is. Any name will do, but I want the truth about the rest of it—if you're willing to tell me at all."

Barry was drawn to this man Jarvis and felt that he could trust him.

"Barry is really my first name," he began, "but henceforth the first shall be last. I think I shall assume the Christian name of Montmorency. I've never known any one named Montmorency, and I've always wanted to. Montmorency Barry."

"If you work for me, your first name will not be Montmorency. My time is limited. Besides, I may want you to do the boots. Your name is John."

Barry laughed. Then, more seriously, he gave a brief outline of his life and of the last couple of days' adventures.

"Good situation, that," commented Jarvis when he heard of the manner in which Barry's uncle proposed to leave his money. "I wonder if such a will is really legal. It's certainly unjust enough to be. You like your cousin, don't you? I gather, just from your mere outline of him, that he's a liar, cad, hypocrite, and that his clothes don't fit. While he may not actually go so far as to wear a diamond ring, right down in the bottom of his heart, he'd like to. Well, go on."

Barry told of his downfall, his disgust with himself, his meeting with Pod, and his determination to drop everything and go in search of his better self out in the country, where things are clean and pure. He related his experience as a waiter, but made no mention of the woman with "Nuggets" Nugent nor of the lure of her wonderful danc-

ing. He recalled the lift that a boy named Freddie had given him in his car, but was extremely sketchy in his recollection of the girl with the golden hair.

"And then what did you do when they let you out on the Post Road?"

"Well, I wanted a job so badly that I just went and took one without asking. But another man came along who seemed to need work more than I did, so I gave it to him."

With a whimsical smile, he told how he had paid a tramp twenty-five cents to cut the grass on another man's place.

"You say it was a white house with a brick path leading up to it, and that you approved of the fanlight over the door? What were the shutters like? Were they painted green, with hearts and crescents cut in them?"

"Then you know the house," said Barry, with interest. "Whose place is it?"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Jarvis. "John Barry," he said, stopping short and facing him, "I'm going to take you on as sort of a secretarial cook of all work. I think you're just crazy enough not to find me too crazy to work for. But before entering into business relations with a man, I always believe in squaring up accounts and starting even." He drew a handful of change from his pocket and selected a quarter. "Here's what I owe you for having my grass cut. To-morrow we must go over and put that lawn mower away. I knew I'd forgotten something."

## CHAPTER VI.

Jarvis' bungalow, nestling among the rocks of one of the outer corners of a little bay, was built so close to the water that the concrete platform in front of it served both as porch and landing. It was within an hour or two of high tide when they reached it, and had it not been for the drawbridge connecting it

with the road, the place would have been an island.

"Welcome," said Jarvis, swinging open the door and ushering Barry and Pod in with a sweep of the hand.

Save for a small kitchen on one side of the entrance and a large closet on the other, the entire ground floor—or water floor, according to the tide—was one large room. Casement windows across the Sound side of the house gave a view of the dim Long Island shore, with a squatly little lighthouse, perhaps a mile out, in the middle distance.

"That is my study," said Jarvis, pointing to a plain deal table littered with papers, and a smaller one upon which stood a typewriter. "Over opposite—those shelves there on each side of the fireplace—behold my library. And this"—indicating a hideous golden-oak dining table in the center of the room—"is the banquet hall. Rather an improvement on the ordinary arrangement, don't you think—having all the rooms in one? Walls always seem to shut a man in so much more than they keep other people out. There are a couple of cubby-holes off the gallery," he went on, pointing above their heads, "and for the present it will be easier to sleep up there than to bring down the cots. But along in July, when the roof gets hot, we'll stake off a couple of imaginary bedrooms down here somewhere. Throw your stuff anywhere, and I'll find you that razor and see if I can't dig up an extra bathing suit for you. It's almost high tide."

After supper, when the dishes had been washed and put away, they lighted pipes and stretched themselves out in steamer chairs on the concrete platform in front of the bungalow.

On the end of the wooded point across the little harbor stood a dignified old colonial homestead. The lights of the driveway twinkled through tall, graceful trees. As Jarvis and Barry sat there, dreamily gazing out over the

water, several automobiles snorted through the woods and discharged their laughing, merrymaking passengers at the house. A talking machine began to shrill out neurotic ragtime above the babble of the voices. Such sound, thrown out over the cool calm of the water, seemed profane.

As the door closed on the last of the visitors and the cars snorted off, there arose in the sky behind the house a pinkish-red glow, like the fumes of millions of vaporized rubies. And then, while Barry was still mystified, an unbelievable pink disk little by little began to show itself. The moon was rising.

"God!" whispered Barry with reverent awe. And then: "How did people who can shut themselves up to dance on such a night as this ever come to choose such a place for a house? It's criminal that they should have it. They're keeping it from people who could really appreciate it—poor devils who have to be content with stuffy inland houses, houses every bit as good for dancing. Lord, what a glorious night!"

"Overfed persons bent upon reducing to music don't think of such things," observed Jarvis, without taking his eyes from the moon. "They're the sort of people who buy the last pound of sweet butter in the dairy and then sprinkle salt on it when they eat it. They're the people who buy souvenir spoons so that they can find out where they've been merely by looking over the silver."

They lapsed into silence and filled their lungs with deep, drowsy breaths of the soft night air. Pod, having thoroughly investigated the house with a critical nose, limped out and, with a contented little whine, curled up at his master's feet.

Two or four or five hours later they were awakened from a pleasant doze by Pod barking violently. The party across the way was breaking up. There was a great spluttering of motors and

much flashing of headlights. The guests were leaving.

"Well," commented Jarvis, smothering a yawn, "they have spent a wonderful moonlight night by the water. We know it, because we saw them. I wish we could send them picture post cards of it in case they, too, might like to know it. They may not find it among their souvenir spoons. O-o-oh. Come on; let's go to bed."

For the following week the inhabitants of the bungalow were utterly happy. Barry prepared the meals, which operation consisted for the most part in opening cans. During the morning, he swam and fished while Jarvis wrote. In the afternoon, he read and typed what Jarvis had written, while the evenings were spent in conversation that would have equally interested an alienist with no sense of humor and an ordinary person with an appreciation of the whimsical. Pod attached himself almost impartially to both of them, and in the intervals, when he was left to himself, succeeded in evolving a most diverting form of amusement.

It was Jarvis who first discovered it. Barry, returning in the rowboat one morning with a mess of blackfish that he had caught off the rocks by the lighthouse, found his patron intently regarding the dog.

"Pod has invented a new game," announced Jarvis. "It's called dog checkers. Look at him. As nearly as I can make out, it runs something like this: When one flea jumps over another, Pod brushes off the flea that has been jumped. Any flea that goes the whole length of him without being jumped becomes a king, and is privileged to jump both backward and forward. As nearly as I can keep track of the game, Pod is away behind. But then," he explained, affectionately rolling Pod over on his back, "it's a big handicap having only one hind leg to play the game with, isn't it, old man?"

Barry was relieved to find Jarvis in such good humor. He had been spending more time than usual on his novel of late. Faint smudges of fatigue had made their appearance beneath his eyes, and there was more acid than formerly in the cynicism.

"Tisn't the amount of work I'm doing," he said one afternoon, when Barry tactfully suggested that he had been writing steadily all day. "It's this damned heroine. When she has the stage, I'm worried sick. Here I've got to hold her in check, so that she can keep the reader's sympathy to the very end. I've got to make her seem like a beautiful butterfly flitting innocently about among the flowers, and then, when she meets Daniel, the big love comes and— It's a lie, Barry! She's all a damned lie! The woman who tries to be something to every one can be everything to no one. Sprightly—bewitching— Bah! She's one of these modern creatures who delight in the expression of that which they cannot feel. And when at last she gets tired of flitting about and comes to Daniel— What would a Daniel in real life do? Be thankful for his great good fortune? Barry, a man will keep a faded flower that has been given him when it was fresh and cherish it forever because of its memories. But who will cherish a faded flower that has been given him after it has lost its freshness?"

He got up and, head down, hands clasped behind his back, began to pace the room. Suddenly he stopped and smiled.

"You're right, I guess. I'm letting the fool book run away with me. Come on; let's go swimming."

A few minutes later, with Pod keeping a solicitous eye on them from the landing, they were striking out toward the point across the little bay.

"Woof!" panted Jarvis, fifteen minutes later, when, much to Pod's noisy

relief, they pulled themselves up on the landing again. He stretched himself out on an old Navaho blanket and lay in the sun. "Just from that little swim—phew!—I'm all in. Not the man I used to be. Lordy, a good stiff drink wouldn't be bad just now, would it? But I forgot—you don't, do you? Well," taking Barry's answer for granted, "I think you're dead right. There's nothing in it. Stimulants don't stimulate. They just lift a man up high enough so that when they let go of him, he'll drop a little lower than he was in the first place.

"If everybody were strong and healthy, and everything were clean and beautiful, I don't suppose there'd be any drinking. It's when life gets all littered up, and we haven't got energy enough to put it in order again, that we take to drink. Alcohol sort of blurs up our eyesight so that we don't notice the dirt in the corners. But when the haze wears off and we can see clearly again, we find that more dirt has accumulated, and next time we have to cloud our eyesight even a little more heavily."

It was the first time Barry had heard him mention the subject of drink. Did he really have such a strong prejudice against it, or was he merely trying to give Barry strength and justification in his struggle?

"How far is it out to the lighthouse?" Barry wondered aloud. "You know, the water's getting warm enough—it must be almost seventy—so that I think I might take a chance at it to-morrow."

"It's pretty far," said Jarvis, rolling over on his side and gazing out on the water. "A good full mile and a half—especially when the water's chilly and choppy. I tried it once. Got a man and a girl to row me out, and swam in. Before the first quarter of a mile was over, I began to yearn for my nice, warm little bed. My teeth began to chatter. Then I began to yearn for a big, wide, double bed; the single bed

wouldn't be wide enough for me to shiver in.

"As I went on, it seemed to be getting rougher. Was it really getting rougher, I wondered, or could it merely be that I was shivering so that it ruffled up the water all around me? I looked back at the lighthouse. Heavens, was I only a little better than halfway? I tried to swim faster, but I was getting numb and my hand was cramped so that I couldn't hold my fingers together.

"I managed to make it finally. But I was chattering so when they dragged me up on the landing that they told me I talked like a woodpecker. And goose flesh! I looked like a physical-geography map of Switzerland. I'd certainly hate to be a goose if I had to feel that cold all the time just to keep my skin characteristic. Yes," he observed reminiscently, "it's at least a mile and a half on a smooth surface—and more than that when you have to swim up and down over choppy little waves."

For a while he gazed in thoughtful silence at the sky.

"Speaking of drink," he said, although nobody had been, "you often hear it said that alcohol stimulates the wit and imagination. That's rot. Have you ever been on the water wagon at a dinner where every one else was drinking? They say things they wouldn't think worth saying, and laugh at things they wouldn't think of laughing at, if it weren't for the champagne. The drinking doesn't make them brighter. It merely lowers their standard of appreciation. When you're stone sober, it's pitiful. Have you ever dreamed something, and thought, 'If only I can remember that when I wake up! It's great!' And once out of a hundred times you do manage to remember it and—it's pitiful. Nobody thinks great thoughts when he's drunk. It's only that little thoughts seem big. There's nothing to it, Barry."

He got up and viciously kicked a sofa cushion into the house.

"I'm going to get some more work done," he announced grimly. "As long as I've got to feel this way, I might as well have some excuse for it."

The following morning Jarvis was still out of sorts. At breakfast he pushed aside his cereal in disgust. He said that he was tired of making a life mask of his inwards every morning. He didn't even touch his coffee. Coffee at its best, he growled, was only a substitute for anaemic hypocrites who lacked the moral courage to drink whisky. As for the eggs—What? Eggs again?

He went over to his writing table and attempted to take up the thread of his novel. He not only wrote nothing, but became disgusted with what he had written the day before. He started in to make interlinear revisions with his pencil. It was utterly hopeless. He crumpled the last three or four type-written pages up in a ball and flung them on the floor.

"You go on for your swim," he told Barry. "No, never mind about the dishes or the things in the village. I'll walk in myself. I need the exercise—I want to be alone. It's bad enough to have to have myself around without having you, too."

Barry had never seen Jarvis like this before and hesitated about leaving him. But he finally decided that he could be of no help, and that it would be better to leave him to fight it out with himself. He hurried into his bathing suit, and a few minutes later plunged into the water and struck out toward the lighthouse.

Barry, while not particularly skilled in those fancy strokes and dock stunts that require an audience to bring real pleasure to the performer, was perfectly at home in the water. He derived the same joy from gliding along on long, aimless swims that he found in ambling along winding country roads. A half a

mile out from the shore, he stretched himself luxuriously out on his back, and, with a deep breathful of air in his lungs, began to regard the sky. Blue sky. Skies—eyes. Blue eyes. But why think of blue eyes that in all probability he would never see again? A gull circled gracefully above him, coming lower and lower. Then, with a couple of flaps of its wings, it soared off. In a few moments it returned with two, three, four other gulls. They hovered over him as if in consultation. Then, apparently deciding that he did not offer possibilities either as food or as a landing place, they swooped off toward the lighthouse rocks.

Plump—trrrrr—plump, plump, plump! —trrrrrr! He heard the sound of a motor boat; possibly far off—sounds carry so distinctly along the surface of the water. He hated motor boats. The water was made for fish to swim in, ships to sail upon, birds to fly over. Let mechanical trolley cars keep to their rails. Glump—trrrrr—glump, glump—trrrr! He turned over on his side. It was near and coming nearer. It was coming straight for him. He lunged forward and swam overhand, clapping the water with half a dozen violent strokes. Again he looked. He seemed to have swum right into its path. He lunged forward for another six strokes. Again he looked. It was almost upon him. He threw one hand in the air and waved. He splashed with his feet. Ah! They saw him. The engine stopped. The boat veered sharply to port. They leaned over the side to see what they had missed—three of them; but Barry, treading water, saw only one—golden hair—blue eyes—

"Hello!" she called, surprised and smiling.

*It was she.*

"Can't we give you another lift?" At her request, they were backing.

"Why—er—I'm all wet," he protested with embarrassment, at the same

time taking the outstretched hands of the two men in the boat.

One of them was her brother—Barry still hoped. To the other, a muscular young man with well-tanned face and arms, the girl was introducing him:

"Mr. Raymond—this is Mr.—er"—she looked appealingly at Barry, but received no help—"Mr. Wells," she concluded with a happy inspiration. "Mr. Diggsby Wells." Her brother grinned.

Raymond acknowledged the introduction with a good firm handshake, and then started his engine to chugging again. His brown eyes and black hair argued against *his* being any relation to the girl in the bow.

"Well," she asked amusedly, "and how did you get 'way out here? Just get tired of the road and decide to continue up the Sound by water?"

"No, I'm working now."

"Digging wells? Away out here?"

He shook his head.

"No. I believe I'm supposed to be sort of a private secretary. But my employer really has me just so he can send me off-places. You see he likes to be alone. And unless he hired me—if I were merely a friend—he couldn't very well tell me to go away without being rude. And Jarvis is never rude."

"Jarvis? Jeffery Jarvis? That's his little bungalow back on the point, there, isn't it?"

"None other," said Barry.

For a while they ran on over the glittering water without speaking.

"Turn, Faith?" suggested Raymond finally. "We won't be back to Soroton in time for lunch if we don't."

The girl nodded absently, and he swung the boat around in a wide loop and started back up the Sound.

The girl had been regarding Barry with growing suspicion.

"You're not Jeffery Jarvis himself, are you?" she ventured accusingly.

Raymond looked from one to the other of them in surprise. Then, with a

show of helplessness, he appealed to the girl's brother:

"I dare say it's awfully dumb of me, Freddie, but how on earth could a man named Diggsby Wells be Jeffery Jarvis?"

"He couldn't," Barry promptly assured him, "even if he weren't really Diggsby Wells."

"From some of the things I've heard of Mr. Jarvis," persisted Faith, "you might very easily be he."

His eyes met hers and he spoke very seriously:

"If the things you've heard about him at all do him justice, that's the very finest compliment you could possibly pay me."

"You like him, then—or else you are he, after all, for they say he admires himself immensely." She caught the hurt look in his eyes and was quickly sorry. "Please do be he, Mr. Wells. I've always been crazy to meet him."

"From what I've heard," laughed Raymond, "you'd certainly be crazy if you did know him—for any length of time."

They were now nearly opposite the bungalow.

"Well," said Barry, holding out his hand to the girl, "thanks again for a lift."

Raymond shut off his engine.

"Hold on. We'll run you in closer."

"No, thanks," mounting the gunwale and raising his arms above his head.

A lurch caused him to make his dive before he had intended. When he rose to the surface, he waved. The girl waved. Raymond started ahead again.

As Barry swam in toward the bungalow, he was animated by a great exultation, a vague feeling that while there was Faith there was hope.

Pod, rigid with eagerness, stood awaiting him on the extreme edge of the concrete landing. From time to time, an impatient whine escaped him, and he pawed himself a fraction of an

inch nearer the edge, as if to bring his master that much closer.

"Well, old pups, did you think I wouldn't make it?" said Barry as Pod jumped up on him and mouthed his hand. "What was it? What was the matter, eh?"

Pod darted for the door, stopped short to make sure Barry was following, and then dashed on in.

Jarvis, surrounded by piles of clothes, papers, and books, stood in the middle of the floor throwing things helter-skelter into a huge Gladstone grip. As Barry entered, he looked up.

"Sorry," he said, returning to his packing with renewed energy. "Just found it out myself. Got to shut up shop. Town. Right away. Rotten on you, but—" He scaled a shoe that wouldn't fit in across the room.

"You mean?"

"Afraid so. No telling when I'll be able to get back. I'd let you stay on here by yourself, but—"

"Hang that," said Barry, picking up the shoe. "It doesn't make any difference about me. But *you*? Is it anything I can help about? Can't I—"

"Nope. No one can help me but me. And even I don't seem to be able to—sometimes."

Barry was worried. For several days Jarvis had been steadily growing more nervous, more irritable. And the more he was in need of rest because of his nervousness, the more his nervousness drove him on to work. His face had become haggard and heavily lined. There were dark, greenish circles under his restless eyes.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked, suddenly getting up and going over to his table.

"You owe me nothing. I—"

"Shut up!" he snapped. He was figuring with pencil and papers. "Cook, per month, forty dollars; secretary, at fifteen dollars per week, sixty dollars; bathing master, at same, sixty dollars;

upstairs girl, green, eighteen dollars—one hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Dividing by four, we get the average hire for a combination cook, bathing master, he upstairs girl, and secretary—forty-four dollars and fifty cents. Will that be all right?"

Barry flushed.

"Mr. Jarvis, what's the matter? If I've done anything—"

"Done anything?" repeated Jarvis, with a flash of his old smile. "Why, bless your fool soul, you've done everything that any man could do for a darned old rotter! I only wish—But no; I've got to go it alone. And Barry boy, for Heaven's sake don't think for a moment that I'm trying to pay you in money for all your patience and good-fellowship. This is just a matter of cold business. Please don't make it any harder for me than it already is." He took from his wallet two twenty-dollar bills and a five. "Got half a dollar?"

Barry went through his pockets. The only silver coin he could bring to light was the fifty-cent piece that the golden-haired girl had given him for helping with the tire—the first money he had ever almost earned.

"I'm afraid I can't—er—give you that," said Barry, gazing at it reminiscently. "It's—it's sort of a pocket piece."

"I see it is," said Jarvis, looking shrewdly into his eyes. "But never mind the change. I ought to give you at least fifty cents car fare, anyway. Got any idea where you're going?"

"Why—er—I thought I might try up above Stamford—farther away from the city," suggested Barry, musing upon the fact that it was Soroton that the girl in the boat had to be back to in time for lunch.

"Good! Then we might as well go down to the station together. You can get some kind of a train up that way in about an hour. The only difference be-

tween the locals and the expresses on this railroad is that the locals stop at all the stations while the expresses only stop in between all the stations. You be getting your stuff together while I write you a reference. The next man you strike for work may be one of these inquisitive busybodies who are always prying around trying to find out whether a chap's honest and sober and all that kind of rot."

When Barry had gathered his things, Jarvis handed him an unsealed letter. He shoved it into his pocket. A quick farewell glance around the room, a long, thirsty look out over the glittering Sound, and they started. Barry locked the big oak door and held the key out to Jarvis.

"Put it under the doormat," the latter told him. "Burglars always look there first for it, and if they don't find it, they're apt to play perfect hob with the lock."

They plodded along over the dusty road. Pod hippity-hopped along in front of them. From time to time he would whirl around and, with cocked head, stand quizzically regarding his friends.

They had reached the trolley.

"Phew!" exclaimed Jarvis, setting down his grip and mopping his forehead. "D'y'know, I just happened to think, as long as I'm going to New York, it would be quicker for me to take a trolley up to Stamford and get an express." He held out his hand. "Good-by. Good luck."

For a moment Barry stared at him, dumfounded. He was about to suggest that Jarvis could just as well go to Stamford on the same train that he was taking, but instead, because of some vague sense of mingled pride and injury, he simply said, "Good-by."

With a whistle to the dog he started on. Pod darted after him, and then, feeling that something was wrong, stopped and glanced back at Jarvis. He

tried in vain to attract his master's attention. Hesitating, with a doubtful wag or two of his stumpy tail, he impulsively bolted back to Jarvis and tried to make him see the way matters stood. But Jarvis was intently gazing down the trolley tracks at nothing. Sometimes it's hard for even a dog to understand humans. Barry was now almost out of sight. Pod, panic-stricken, set out after him.

Half an hour later, sitting dejectedly on a trunk in the baggage car with Pod, Barry thought of the reference Jarvis had written for him. He took it from his pocket and read:

The bearer of this, John Barry, has worked for me long enough for me to know him thoroughly. He is honest, though intelligent, and sober, though possessed of a keen imagination. I can talk to him as I would talk to myself, with equal assurance of being appreciated. I trust he may find an employer thoroughly worthy of him.

JEFFERY JARVIS.

## CHAPTER VII.

The scraggly row of frame and brick buildings which comprises the business life of a Connecticut village is usually to be found opposite the railroad station, as if the shops, saloons, and lunch room, sharing the interests and excitements of the natives, had lined up to watch the trains come in.

Barry, upon getting off the train, had taken lodgings at the Fairview, or Mansion House, or whatever that particular—and unparticular—hostelry happened to be called. Like Chinamen, their names vary somewhat, but otherwise they are indistinguishable from one another. He had now been there two days. How did one go about getting work in a sleepy little village where the grass grows faster than the most energetic citizen in the place can cut it? And was he sure that he wanted to get work there? Simply because a girl named Faith lived somewhere in the

neighborhood—— But did she live in the neighborhood? He couldn't even be sure of that.

On long rambles about the pleasant country with Pod, he would half hopefully scan the big, old-fashioned country places where he thought she might live, and at train times he kept an anxious eye on the motor cars that whirred back and forth to the station. If only there were some way of finding out if she really did live there! But a young man cannot go about asking matter-of-fact Connecticut Yankees if they know of a young lady with hair like spun gold—whatever that may be—and eyes the color of blue skies with the light of heaven shining through. And, oh, yes—her first name is Faith.

After lunch on his third day at the hotel, he decided to make a test. He felt that he was so fit physically, thanks to good, hard exercise in the sunshine and fresh air, that his craving for stimulants was a thing of the past. He got up from his rocking-chair on the porch and pushed open the screen door marked "Bar."

The smell of stale beer in the bare, gloomy room contrasted sickeningly with the sparkling atmosphere he had just left. He vaguely wondered whether flies ever have the toothache—else what could make them groan so? A bartender, with a lush growth of straw-colored mustache and dirty pink elastic around his soiled shirt sleeves, was polishing a favored glass to the neglect of three others on the bar, which had been more or less recently used.

Barry's impulse was to get out into the air again at once. But since he had entered the place, he would see the thing through.

"A little rye, please."

His order occasioned an ostentatious throat clearing and shifting of position on the part of an old fellow back by the stove. He wore the blue uniform that

Barry had noticed on several old men about the village. It seemed that there was a soldiers' home in the vicinity. Barry saw what was expected of him.

"Won't you join me in a drink, sir?"

"Don't care 'f I do," consented the veteran, picking up a clam rake and basket by his side and straightway hobbling to the front. "A little of the same," he commanded.

"I thought y' were goin' clammmin' over an hour ago," suggested the bartender ungraciously, as he shoved out the bottle and glasses.

"Bin waitin' fer the tide. Yer health, sir."

"To yours."

The seasoned veteran surrounded the enemy with ease, but Barry had to turn his face to hide his agony. He was cured—if that was whisky.

"Going clamping, eh?" he asked, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered. "Mind if I walk along a ways?"

So he and Pod and this old soldier, with whom General Meade had fought at Gettysburg, adjusting their various gaits to one another's, started forth together. While the veteran talked as he hobbled along, Barry inwardly kept time to their march with a long-forgotten ditty of his school days:

There was an ol' soldier who had a wooden leg.

He had no tobacco; no tobacco could he beg. Said the soldier to a sailor, "Will ye give me a chew?"

Said the sailor to the soldier, "I'll be damned if I do!"

Over to the Post Road, then down a piece, and finally into a quiet, elm-bordered lane. On each side of them lay broad fields, bright with the green of newborn grain. Barry filled his lungs with great, deep breaths. He could taste the crisp tang of the salt meadows beyond.

"A terrible war—as terrible in its way as the one going on now," mused Barry. "But it must be a glorious thing

to have helped—to have fought and suffered to save this wonderful, wonderful country." He comprehended the whole wide land with a sweep of his hand.

"Hmph!" grunted the old man at his side, with age's reluctance to concede any part of the glories of the past to the present. "The clammin' ain't what it used t' be. Why, I c'n remember—"

But Barry was not listening. He had heard a car coming out of the driveway they had just passed. He turned to look. He caught only a glimpse of it as it whizzed into the lane and down toward the Post Road—but— It was! It was she! Never could he mistake that golden hair, that adorable back. He was sure of it!

"Good-by," he told the old soldier. "I just remembered—I'll see you again," and he abruptly turned and left the old fellow mumbling of the battles and clams and things of long ago.

Suddenly Barry halted. What did he intend to do? The car by this time was out of sight and hearing. There was nothing but to sit on the stone wall of the place she had just come from and wait for her return. Or else— A distant barking, which caused Pod to prick up his ears, gave Barry an inspiration. He might at least find out her name.

"Sick 'em, Pod! Sick 'em, old boy!"

Pod, already aquiver with excitement, needed no second invitation. Over the low stone wall, across the wooded lawn, he streaked it, eager to accept challenge or greeting, whichever might be awaiting him. Barry turned leisurely into the driveway. At last, thank goodness, he had found out where she lived!

The house, far back from the road, was almost hidden by shrubs and splendid old trees. A great copper beech blended in with the dark, unobtrusive red of the vine-softened brick. It was one of those mansions that rise

superior to any architecture. It had personality—the personality of a big-hearted, hospitable old squire who chooses his clothes more for warmth and comfort than for correctness of cut.

Barry rang the bell. Just then Pod came tearing around the corner of the house with a rowdy Irish terrier in hot pursuit. Pod stopped short and whirled about. Both dogs crouched.

"Woof!"

"Woof! Woof!"

Like a flash, the Irish terrier bolted off around the house, with Pod in hot pursuit. As they disappeared, the front door was opened by a slender, dark-eyed young woman in a white skirt and lemon silk waist.

"Never mind, Jane," she called back to a tardy servant.

"Why, I'm very sorry," apologized Barry, "but I'm afraid my dog—he's a little three-legged fox terrier—ran in here while I was passing and—"

"Sally!" came a querulous male voice.

"Yes, uncle," she answered, turning as a tall, stoop-shouldered old gentleman came shuffling out of a doorway into the hall.

"Who," he demanded testily, "has taken my Welsh-rabbit material? It was almost done, and I put it in my desk drawer—" And then, as he adjusted a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to his faded eyes, he perceived the amazed young man at the door. "Ah—er—ah—"

"My uncle is an etymologist," the girl told Barry, with a deprecating smile, just as if that accounted for his keeping half-cooked Welsh rabbits in his desk drawer. Whether etymology had to do with bugs or with words—Barry was always getting it mixed up with entomology—the old gentleman's habits seemed eccentric, to say the least.

"This gentleman came after his dog," the girl explained to her uncle.

"Quite so, quite so," the old gentleman vaguely agreed. "Won't you step in, sir?" with a courteous gesture for Barry to precede him. "We can talk it over more comfortably in my study."

Barry glanced appealingly toward the niece, but Pod and his new-made friend had dashed into view just then, and she had stepped out to call them. He had no choice, apparently, but to accept the invitation gracefully. Etymology, he inwardly decided, must be the one that has to do with bugs.

The walls of the large, sunny room they entered were lined with books. First impressions included a large revolving geographical globe, a marble bust of Homer with his vacant eyes and scrambled beard, several well-worn easy-chairs, and a huge center table littered with books and papers of every description.

"May I offer you a cigar?" the host politely inquired when they were seated; and then, apparently losing all interest in the matter, he began to rummage through the confusion of manuscripts in front of him. In looks, with his thin gray hair, his fine features, his clean-shaven face and kindly far-away eyes, he was the typical scholar of a past generation.

"Ah," he exclaimed, seizing eagerly upon a certain paper, "I knew I had put it somewhere. You will pardon me, Mr.—er—er—"

"Barry—John Barry, sir," he told him with an amused smile.

"You see, Mr. Barry, in my new etymological work, 'Origins and Derivations,' I plan to include not only the true origins, but also to lay stress upon the most flagrant of popular fallacies. 'Welsh rabbit,' for instance. Purely a slang expression, of course, like the term 'Munster plums' for potatoes, or 'Scotch woodcock' for scrambled eggs on anchovy toast. But what do we find on the bills o' fare, not only of cheap lunch rooms, but of some of our fore-

most hotels? Welsh *rarebit!* *Rarebit, sir!*" He pronounced the word with withering scorn. "And all because of the wild guess of some meddlesome ignoramus!" Barry was amazed that such a mild old gentleman could work himself into such a magnificent state of indignation. "Why," he spluttered, "it would be just as reasonable to assume that—er—that—"

"That eugenics were invented by the Empress Eugénie," hazarded Barry.

"Exactly! Excellent! An excellent analogy! With your permission, sir, I shall use it as an illustration." He made a note of it.

"Why," continued Barry, warming up to the subject under his host's encouragement, "we might just as well assume that *poetry* was named after Poe; that '*poison*' comes from '*poisson*', the French for fish, because of the large number of ptomaines found in 'em; that the word '*amazing*' is derived from the Amazons because of their astounding conduct. Rarebits indeed! It's about as sensible as the impression of the Goths and the Vandals I had when I was a little boy. I always used to think of the Goths as going around the country building Gothic churches, and then the Vandals would come along and cut their initials in all the pews."

The old gentleman smiled and rubbed his hands together in appreciation.

"It's a rare pleasure, in these days of hustle and bustle, Mr. Barry, to find a person who even knows the difference between etymology and entomology. I trust—" And then, trying to recollect why Barry was there, "But I have selfishly been taking up your time. You came to see about a book, I remember."

"No, sir. A dog."

"A dog? But—"

"You see, sir, I just happened to be walking past—I have been up in this part of the country looking for work—and my little fox terrier—"

"Um-m. You are seeking employment, you say?"

"Yes. You see I have been sort of a literary secretary to Mr. Jarvis—Jeffery Jarvis, the novelist—doing his typing, arranging his manuscripts, and so forth. And when he was called away suddenly—"

"I see. I see." His eyes wandered over the confused mass of papers on his table. "Eugenics," he chuckled, half to himself. Then he pursed his lips. "Hm-m. So you are seeking a position as literary secretary. You can operate a typewriter, I presume? Diabolical contraptions! Well, Mr.—er—Barry, I hadn't considered the matter before, but I don't know but what it is most fortunate for us both that you came first to me. You say you have done work of this nature for—er—"

"Jeffery Jarvis, the novelist. I have a letter—"

He took it from his pocket. The old gentleman absently extended his hand and then suddenly withdrew it.

"But of course I do not wish to read it," he said with embarrassment. "I beg your pardon. I did not realize what I was doing. You have your lodgings close by—so that you could be here by ten each morning? And you can start in to-morrow? Good! Then that is settled. May I offer you another cigar?"

A soft knock at the door and the appearance of the niece saved Barry the trouble of explaining that he never smoked cigars.

"I am sorry to interrupt you, uncle, but—"

At this point Pod came tearing into the room and violently expressed his joy at finding his master again.

"Down, sir! Down, Pod!" commanded Barry. "Come here, sir. What do you mean?" Then, to his host, "I'm very sorry. You see Pod and I have been living such a bohemian life that

his manners are not what they should be."

"Pod?" repeated the old gentleman, gingerly patting the dog's head. "Ah, named after that other Bohemian, no doubt. I take it that Pod is an abbreviation of Podebrad, who reigned in Bohemia in the latter part of the fifteenth century."

"No," smiled Barry. "Nothing as distinguished as all that. Pod is short for Tripod. You see he has only three legs."

"Dear, dear; so he has! Tripod—very ingenious." The girl was regarding the situation with an amused smile. "Sally, my dear—Mr. Barry—you have met my niece, Miss Braddock? Mr. Barry is to assist me with my 'Origins and Derivations,' and I trust we shall be able to make him happy here. We start in to-morrow morning."

When Barry left the house, Pod found the Irish terrier awaiting him outside, ready to renew the frolic.

"You've found a friend, too, haven't you, old pups?" he thought, as the dogs scurried on ahead of him.

And then suddenly his elation died down. Where was the girl—the girl? Perhaps she didn't live there after all. Perhaps—in fact probably—she had just been making an afternoon call. Oh, well, at least he had met some one who did know her.

Back in the house, the old gentleman, conscious that his engagement of a new secretary had been a trifle abrupt and unbusinesslike, was guiltily trying to justify the transaction to his niece.

"I've had it in mind for some time, my dear, but I didn't wish to worry you with it. I really need some one. And this Mr. Barry—he had an excellent letter from—ah—Booth Tarkington, I think it was—yes, Tarkington."

"He has nice teeth and eyes."

"And he's very droll, my dear. What was it he said about Welsh rabbits? I made a note of it at the time." He con-

sulted the paper he still held in his hand. "Ah, yes. Here it is: Eugénie—the Empress Eugénie."

And the old gentleman shuffled off into his study, still chuckling.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Barry, naturally being interested in his new employer, found out in the course of the next few days, through observation in the house and casual inquiry in the village, that the old gentleman was Doctor (of Philosophy) Nathaniel Abbot, a former professor of something or other at some place or other; that Miss Sally Braddock, the daughter of his dead sister, kept house for him; that "you'd 'a' died laughing to hear Dennis, the gard'ner, tell about the night he found the old gentleman out in the garden striking matches on the sundial because the parlor clock had stopped and he wanted to see what time it was;" that they always paid their bills promptly, which was more than you could say of some of these swell summer folks from New York; and that, taking it by and large, there wasn't a finer old gentleman in all the State of Connecticut.

When he had been at his new duties but a few days, Barry saw that Doctor Abbot, in spite of his amiable aimlessness, had old-fashioned ideas concerning the conventions and woman's duties in the home. Sally Braddock, this slender, dark-eyed niece of his, was too young and naturally attractive a girl to wear becomingly an air of resignation and middle-aged capability. Once or twice at luncheon, with his brain still full of the professor's origins and derivations, the patient calm with which she accepted her uncle's objection to some plan for innocent amusement would set Barry to speculating upon the possible connection between "convents" and "conventions."

Young people who came to see her

seemed to leave their youth at the gate. Inside the house, they unconsciously assumed the air one wears when visiting an ailing and respected relative.

After three or four days Barry began to worry over the fact that these occasional visitors never included Faith. When he had first found that she did not live there, he had assumed that at least she lived close by and would often drop in. But perhaps she lived hundreds of miles away. Perhaps the time he had seen her she had just stopped in in passing. They had mentioned "getting back to Soroton" in the motor boat that day, but perhaps—If there were only some way of making certain! Of course he could find out from Miss Braddock, but he wanted to know so much that he couldn't bring himself to ask her. This is a sign of love. That he himself didn't recognize it as such is further proof that he was in love.

And then came Friday. The day of the week stuck in Barry's mind, for some superstitious folk hold that the day is an unlucky one. It was one of those still, hot summer days that magnify small sounds into big ones and petty annoyances into real troubles.

While taking the professor's dictation that morning, Barry found himself reflecting upon the bloodlessness of the writings of academic gentlemen in general. Absently, he coined a brand-new word for them—"acanæmic."

The bumblebees in the garden seemed to be buzzing around with their mufflers cut out.

"Where are my cigars?" said the old gentleman, testily disarranging books and piles of papers. "I remember distinctly that we had them here yesterday. I wish they would refrain from disturbing my things. This heat is intolerable. I simply *can't* work any longer in this room, Mr. Barry," as if Barry had strongly insisted upon that particular room. "If you'll kindly

move our work over to the living room —there may be a breath of air on that side of the house. I remember now; I may have taken my cigars up to my room with me last night. I will rejoin you directly." And the old gentleman shuffled off upstairs.

Barry gathered up the notes and reference books and carried them across the hall into a large, high-ceilinged room filled with deep easy-chairs. A great shade tree close to the windows added to its cool, gloomy dignity. He was arranging his work upon the square walnut table when he heard a horse and wheels upon the gravel road, and, a moment later, Miss Braddock's footsteps on the stairs.

"Why, I think she's going to stay for luncheon," he heard her call back to her uncle. "No, I haven't seen them. Have you looked in your room?"

She was greeting some one in the front of the house, and—his heart bounded. Of course no heart can ever be sure—but it did sound like *her* voice; it was, it *must* be her voice! They were taking the horse around the other side of the house to the barn. Barry walked lightly across the gloomy old room. He stopped in front of a walnut-framed steel engraving of the Princess Louise and made a face at the poor lady. Who was she, he thought gayly, to think she was beautiful enough to be hanging around on people's walls. He sat down at the table again and began fussing with his papers. They were coming back around this side of the house.

"And, Sally, you simply *must* come." It was her voice! "They're going to have *good* music this time—and the most wonderful professional dancer up from town, that Dickie Worden knows about, and—"

Sally evidently made some objection, but her voice was still attuned to her uncle's household, and Barry could not catch the words.

"Nonsense!" protested Faith. "And even if you hadn't anything, you've got two weeks in which to get it made. Why, the whole world was made in half that time."

"It isn't that, Faith, but uncle—He's an old dear and gives me everything I want, but—you know how queer he is about girls having clothes. He thinks—"

"Then uncle must be taught," decided Faith firmly. "If—" She stopped short, and evidently made some gesture questioning the possibility of Doctor Abbot's overhearing, for Sally immediately reassured her that he was working in his study on the other side of the house.

Barry heard them come in at the front door.

"Have you seen anything more of your beloved vagabond?" Sally was asking.

She pushed open the door to the living room, which was already ajar.

"You mean my nice golden idiot?" said Faith, just behind her. Then, catching sight of Barry standing before her, she stopped short and flushed. "Not until just now," she told Sally with a mischievous smile. "How do you do, Mr. Wells?"

Sally glanced from one to the other of them in astonishment.

"Then Mr. Barry is— You know Miss Fanshawe?"

"Oh, yes," Faith assured her. "He's met me several times. I knew him under his professional name—Mr. Diggsby Wells."

Just then Doctor Abbot came shuffling in, triumphantly bearing his cigars.

"I knew I'd put them somewhere," he announced, tapping the box with the air of a man vindicated. "They were— Ah, and how do you do, Faith, my dear? This is indeed a pleasant surprise."

"Surprise?" pretending to be sur-

prised herself. "But Sally told me you expected me for luncheon? I——"

"To be sure, to be sure. And your father and mother—I trust you left them all well?" Turning to Sally, "Mr. Barry and I found the heat insufferable in the study, my dear, so we moved our work in here."

The two young women accepted the hint and withdrew. But work did not go well. Barry's usual stimulating suggestions were lacking. He liked the old professor in many ways, but he could not keep from reflecting upon the fragment of conversation he had overheard between Faith and Sally outside the window. To think that a young girl should be kept away from a perfectly good dance simply because a moldy old fossil had narrow-minded, old-fashioned ideas about women's clothes! Why, he probably spent thousands every year on queer, musty books that interested nobody but their authors and himself. And most of the authors were dead. It was outrageous. And yet if any one were to suggest to Doctor Abbot that he was selfish, close-fisted, unjust, mean——

"What do you think about it, Mr. Barry?" the young man heard the professor mildly asking.

"Why—er—that is—to tell the truth, sir, I'm afraid—the heat—— I was thinking of something else. I was thinking of women's clothes—of the great safeguard to our morality and civilization that is so closely allied to woman's seeming extravagance in the matter of dress. I was thinking, sir, that if a man of your learning and reputation were to put the matter before the public in succinct, scholarly form——"

"But, my dear Mr. Barry," the bewildered professor protested, "I fear I do not quite follow you. You contend that the modern female's extravagance in dress, instead of undermining our morality and civilization, actually serves to protect them? Really, I fail to——"

"Perhaps," admitted Barry, mopping his brow with his handkerchief, "I have failed to express the matter very clearly. I will try to explain." He placed the tips of his fingers together and thoughtfully regarded the ceiling in orthodox academic manner. "Many authorities tell us," he began, with impressive deliberation, "that man is naturally polygamous."

The professor gasped a little, then nodded.

"Some modern peoples, notably the Turks," continued Barry, "openly recognize this, and permit each man to take unto himself several wives. When we consider that the Turkish woman is of a simple nature, comparatively undeveloped mentally, we see the wisdom, I may almost say the necessity, of this. It is no exaggeration to say that the American woman, with her ever-changing moods and her many-sided character, presents a far greater variety of womanhood than do half a dozen of her Turkish sisters. In consequence, the American man, naturally as polygamous as his Turkish brother, is blissfully content to accept monogamy. Duplicity in a woman, instead of being contemptible, is the ideal trait in the wife of a bigamist. Triplicity, quadruplicity, even sextuplicity—all are desirable in women according to the extent to which their husbands are naturally polygamous. And what many of us in this country fail to realize is that the multiplicity of woman's nature requires a corresponding complexity of clothes."

"To my mind many of the unhappy marriages in this country are caused by the shortsighted man, with so-called old-fashioned ideas regarding woman's extravagance in dress, who refuses to buy his woman more than one gown. Her other moods, having nothing to wear, pine away and die, and what is left fails to fill his love."

"In other words, the polygamous Turk uncomplainingly clothes all four,

five, or six of his wives. Why should the American object to buying gowns for all four, five, or six of his one wife's personality? The man who does object is attacking the conditions that make our advanced standard of morality possible; he is undermining the very foundations of our civilization!"

Barry stopped, amazed at himself, and looked at the professor. Doctor Abbot was regarding him with puzzled interest, unable to determine whether the young man was in deadly earnest or merely indulging in one of his occasional drolleries. He cleared his throat a couple of times to gain time before committing himself.

"Most ingenious, most ingenious," he finally ventured. "And yet, Mr. Barry, I'm not sure that you haven't hit upon the germ of a very interesting psychological analysis of—hm—er— Most ingenious."

In fact, so interested was Doctor Abbot in the train of thought opened up by Barry that every few minutes during the rest of the morning he would come back to it with some new suggestion or point of view. Barry, pleased with his success, was only too glad to expand his subject upon the slightest provocation.

"Um-m," mused the professor on one of these occasions. "I presume, then, the fact that man needs so few clothes, in many cases being satisfied with a single suit, is due to the fact that woman is essentially monogamous. She requires but a single personality in her mate."

"Exactly," agreed Barry. A new phase of the question, calculated to strengthen the professor in the cause of clothes for women, flashed across his mind. "Nothing, I think, so well expresses the difference between the sexes as their attitude toward clothes. Woman, we know, is very adaptable, and is willing to make any sacrifice in order to bring herself closer to an ideal.

Man, on the other hand, insists upon shaping things to conform with himself. See how these two fundamental traits are borne out by clothes. Woman sees a beautiful gown. Its lines do not suit her figure. What does she do? She sets about reducing and building up and dieting and changing her walk, until, after weeks and months of uncomplaining martyrdom, she and the fashion are one. She has seen what is beautiful and has gone to it.

"But man! 'Let the mountain come to Mohammed!' is man's attitude. When man began to devote himself more to business and less to outdoor sports, and when, in consequence, his calves began to grow weak and flabby, did he exert himself to restore their symmetry? Not he. He simply said to his tailor, 'Cover 'em up,' and knee breeches gave way to trousers. When he began to grow globular with prosperity and high living, so that the skirts of his frock coat formed merely the most distant advance guard to his trouser legs, did he take the slightest pains to reduce? Not he. He simply adopted the bird coat, or cutaway, which surreptitiously glides around that which it cannot inconspicuously surmount. And in sack suits stripes, calculated to lead the eye from circumference to longitude, took the place of checks. Why, take even man's present fashion of wearing his hat. A generation ago he wore it straight upon his head. But when his hair began to leave him, and when little inverted sunrises began to peep out beneath the back of his hat brim, he started the present custom of wearing his headgear tilted back to hide his shame.

"Yes, unquestionably clothes are indicative of those who wear them. Woman adapts herself to her life, which is man. Man adapts his life, which is woman, to himself. If it were otherwise, marriage would indeed be a failure. He who seeks to curb either

man's or woman's tastes in clothes is attacking the very foundations of society. If there is unrest among modern women, if they are discontented with the natural adaptability of the old-fashioned wife and mother, is it not likely that the fault lies with the shortsighted man who begrudges his woman clothes—the man who seeks to curtail woman's natural expression of her adaptability?"

"Hm, hmmm," grunted the professor. "Then I take it that you are not in sympathy with all this modern folderol about equal rights and equal this and equal that?"

Barry was glad to see that he had gauged the professor's views correctly. "Equal rights—yes," he replied. "The *same* rights—no. Man and woman, it seems to me, are like a telephone. The transmitter is just as important as the receiver, and the receiver is just as important as the transmitter. But they are not the same. And the minute you make both of them transmitters or both of them receivers, your telephone won't work. And that, I fear, is what some of these so-called feminists are trying to do. I judge from the way they dress. The male ones have too many clothes, and the female ones haven't got clothes enough. Votes for women? I don't know. Clothes for women? Most emphatically, yes! 'Tis the safeguard and symbol of our morality and civilization."

"I see," the professor nodded. "I see your point. Most ingenious. Most ingenious."

They were still at it when luncheon was announced.

The professor sat at the head of the table, looking out upon the sun-spotted orchard. Miss Braddock, opposite him, had to confront a large, dingy oil painting of some unhappy saint, clad principally in shadows and heavy chains.

"Oh, Sally," said Faith, as if the matter had just occurred to her, "I meant

to tell you about the club dance. It's on the fourteenth. You're coming up to dine with us, of course, and——"

"I'm afraid I can't," said Miss Braddock, with a tinge of guilt. "I'd love to, Faith, but—you see—really—I simply haven't a thing to wear. I——"

"Nonsense! You've got oceans of time to get things."

Barry glanced from one to the other of them admiringly.

"Yes, but——"

As she hesitated, the professor cleared his throat.

"Hm-m. That reminds me, my dear. I have been meaning to speak to you about it for some time. I really think you should have more dresses and—er—things. Mr. Barry and I were discussing it only this morning."

The young ladies glanced inquiringly at Barry. He flushed violently; then began to stammer:

"Why—er—really I—er——"

Doctor Abbot, whose thoughts had drifted out among the apple trees, suddenly sensed the situation.

"Ah—that is, my dear, of course Mr. Barry said nothing personal. We were merely discussing in the abstract the undoubted effect of women's clothing upon civilization. Man being naturally polyg—that is to say—ah—— What I mean is," he wound up in a tone that defied contradiction, "it is but natural and beneficial to mankind that woman should desire and possess a greater variety of clothing than man."

Sally, taking her cue from Faith, seemed meekly to submit to this decree.

"Your speaking of this party merely reminded me," continued the old gentleman, confident of having gained his point, "that I wish—— But who can chaperon you, my dear?"

"Why, Sally will dine at our house, of course," said Faith, "and mother will take us to the dance. Mr. Barry could drive Sally up and back. Freddie would come down in the car for you, but——"

Seeing polite protest forming in Barry's face, "Yes, you're invited, Mr. Barry. I invited you, and you've accepted. Sally accepted for you. Now don't—"

"But—" began Barry.

"But," protested the professor, turning to Sally, "I really couldn't permit you to go driving at night with—even with Mr. Barry, unless there were a chaperon."

"It's only up to Nekewood," urged Faith, "and nobody—"

"Uncle!" put in Sally. "It's as if you didn't trust me."

"You know very well it isn't that, my dear. No harm could possibly come to you. It's merely a matter of the conventions. Like eating peas. There's nothing actually immoral in eating peas with a knife. It's simply that our friends do not do it."

"The baked-beans man who bought the Ames place does," said Faith. "Freddie swears to it." Then, with sudden inspiration: "I have it! The Vanderhofs! They're coming up from Shippan Point and can stop for you with the big car—and bring you back. Mrs. Vanderhof would be all right, wouldn't she?" wondered Faith sweetly.

"Why, certainly. It's merely that some one—"

And so that problem was solved.

Late in the afternoon, when Faith was leaving, she asked Barry, who had finished his work with Doctor Abbot, if she could not give him a lift as far as the village.

Pod and Mugs, barking lustily, superintended old Dennis in the bringing around of the horse and cart. Pod, spying Faith, recognized her as an old friend and pawed greetings all over her fresh white skirt.

"Hello, old pups! And did you remember me, the nice lady who didn't run over you after all? And would you like to ride, too?"

But Pod wouldn't. He stood just out

of reach, swishing his stumpy tail and yelping gladly. He preferred to dash on ahead of them and chase birds and worry the horse.

"Then I'll see you to-morrow, Faith," Sally called after them.

As they turned into the lane and jogged toward the village, Faith, apparently busy with her driving, took in Barry out of the tail of her eye and decided that he seemed more content with his lot than was good for any nice man.

"It was sweet of you, Mr. Barry," she carelessly told him; "to convince Doctor Abbot of Sally's need of clothes. You must have heard everything we said, didn't you? We were just outside your window."

Barry immediately became all embarrassment.

"Did you hear *everything*?" she demanded with sudden alarm. Perhaps they had said nothing he should not have heard, but woman has been so long maligned about her curiosity that she delights in arousing man's.

"Why, no; not everything," stammered Barry. "You see I just happened to be—"

"What didn't you hear?" demanded Faith sternly.

Their glances met for an instant and then they both laughed.

"Whoa, Dobbin!" she called, pulling into the ditch to let an asthmatic old runabout wheeze by.

"Dobbin?"

"Yes, I wanted a name for my horse that no one else had, and Dobbin's such a common name that nobody ever names his horse that nowadays. He isn't very fast, but Freddie's gone up to visit a boy in Magnolia for a month, and with true brotherly thoughtfulness, he took the car with him."

A little farther on Barry noticed a large "For Sale" sign in front of a shabby white house whose ornate ugliest

ness was capped by a particularly offensive cupola.

"How do they ever expect to sell that monstrosity?" wondered Barry.

"Maybe they don't want to sell it. Maybe they just have the sign out to show that they have better taste than to really like it."

He looked at her. There were lots of lovely sane people in the world after all. Faith and Jarvis and even the old professor, in his absent-minded way. The people he had known in the city were all so insanely afraid of seeming insane.

Faith was wondering. Could he *really* have followed her all the way up here? Something in his eyes made it seem possible. And they *had* mentioned, that day they had picked him up in the motor boat, something about going up to Soroton. But he couldn't have; it was absurd.

"How queer that we should keep running across each other every few days!" she said aloud.

She noted his look of confusion, and knew that he *had* followed her. This is the process that man, too vain to believe himself so easily read through, calls woman's instinct. Yes, he really *had* followed her!

"Dear old Dobbin!" she told the horse.

#### CHAPTER IX.

If a dog had only one flea, he might go mad from it, but having many fleas, they soon so distract his attention from one another that he is able to go through life with a wagging tail. People are really miserable, not when they have many troubles, but only when they have but one trouble. Women with gray hair are often very happy; it's the woman with only one gray hair who feels that the end of the world has come.

Barry had enough troubles so that, without actually realizing it, he was happier than he had ever been in all

his life. The three most outstanding of his worries were that he had fallen in love, that he had no evening clothes, and that he had lost his dog.

Love can always find doubts and worries with which to accentuate its joys and delights. Even if this wonderful heart's desire of a girl should ever deign to care for him— But how could she? And even if she could, what right had he, a penniless tramp without knowledge of where his next crust was coming from—what right had he to tell any woman, much less—

It was this same matter of poverty that caused the question of evening clothes to assume the proportions of a real trouble.

Faith and Sally had been discussing the Nekewood dance with him.

"The men don't dress, you know," Faith told him. "Just dinner jackets and white trousers. It's a lot more sensible, I think."

Which immediately set Barry to worrying. Flannel trousers weren't expensive, and he had the rare gift of being able to wear a ready-made coat with made-to-order distinction. But he had practically no money left. The shabby village hotel had eaten into his little pile with much keener appetite than he had been able to eat into its soggy victuals. And he did not like to broach the subject of salary to Doctor Abbot, whose mind had apparently completely escaped the matter. Talking business to the old gentleman seemed as out of place, in some vague way, as the introduction of plumbing into fairyland. However, this trouble was to be the easiest of solution. The very next morning the professor brought up the matter himself.

"Ah—er—Mr. Barry," he began, with much hemming and hawing, "I regret having to bother you—but—er—my niece, you see, keeps my accounts for me—and when you and I discussed the question of salary— I remember

distinctly telling her at the time—but she evidently neglected to make note of it——”

“Why, I really don’t think we discussed it.”

“Ah, then if you—could give some idea? You see, I——”

“I’m afraid I can’t help you, doctor. You see, the only work of this sort I ever did was for Mr. Jarvis, and his method of valuation was so—very unusual——”

The professor thoughtfully pursed his lips. Then, with the scholar’s unerring instinct for consulting the nearest reference work at hand, he reached for the morning paper and turned to the “Situations Wanted—Males” department.

“Umm,” he said, running his eye down the column. “Stenographer—experienced stenographer—stenographer—young man—— Ah, here we have it: ‘Secretary, young man, expert stenographer, willing and intelligent. Two years’ experience. Address, Discreet.’ That, I think, solves our problem.” He folded the paper and laid it back on the table. “So, if that would be satisfactory—— Let me see, what salary did he ask?” He took up the paper again and turned back to the advertisement. “Ah, he doesn’t mention. But here are others.”

While Barry expressed himself as more than pleased with the fifteen-dollars-a-week of “cultured young Hebrew, at present employed, but desirous of bettering himself,” Doctor Abbot finally persuaded him to accept the twenty dollars a week of “private secretary with some executive experience and thorough knowledge of publicity work.”

He had been with Doctor Abbot long enough for this to dispose nicely of his clothes problem.

And now comes the third of his worries—the loss of his dog. It was the Tuesday before the dance. When Barry had gone out before breakfast for the daily lungful of fresh air with which he fortified himself against the stuffiness

of the hotel dining room, Pod had seemed in his usual high spirits. He had even tugged at his master’s trousers as if trying to entice him farther and farther afield. But Barry had laughingly shaken his head.

“No, old pups, we’re late now.”

Whereupon, Pod, with a yap or two of reproach, had settled down in his customary place by the steps, for the landlord, without intending any kindness to animals, did not allow them in the dining room. When Barry had won his daily triumph over the eggs and coffee, Pod was nowhere to be found.

“Oh, well,” thought Barry, “he’s probably run on ahead. Couldn’t wait to see his Irish friend, Mugs.”

As he walked down the lane, he whistled hopefully from time to time, but without result. And when he reached Doctor Abbot’s place, Mugs came tearing out to meet him alone.

“Where’s Pod?” Mugs kept asking again and again with his eyes and his nose and his tail. “Where’s Pod?”

Barry went around to the rear of the house, where Dennis, the old gardener, was down on his knees pottering over his flowers.

“Come, come,” he was coaxing an ailing lily. “Hold yer head up like the rest of ‘em. What’s that? It hurts ye to breathe? Whirra, whirra!” as he loosened the earth with his trowel. “There, now. Ye’ll be findin’ that better, I’m thinkin’. Ye—— Faith an’ good mornin’, Misther Barry! What with the chatter of me flowers, here, I never heard ye at all, at all. What? That little divyle of a Pod? Troth, an’ he’ll turn up. But I haven’t laid eyes on him this mornin’.”

Nor was there any sign of him at the house.

The professor was very sympathetic. At first he thought he had seen Pod that morning, but after consultation with Sally, he remembered that it was the day before.

At noon Faith Fanshawe arrived. She had been coming daily of late to see how Sally's gowns were progressing. Just before luncheon, when the others were waiting for Doctor Abbot, the old gentleman called downstairs to Sally to know what had been done with his other slippers. He was so pertinently positive that they were not in any of the places suggested that she finally had to go up to help with the search.

"I'm sorry about Pod," Faith told Barry when they were alone. "Surely nothing can have happened to him." She went to the open French window and looked out over the garden. The mellow air, the subtle fragrance of the flowers, the soft green background of the trees—it was as if some haunting violin melody had been transposed into nature. "How did you get to be such friends—you and Pod? Tell me about him."

They had wandered out into the garden a little ways. Under the spell of its wine, Barry told her, half whimsically, half seriously, of his meeting with Pod.

"I was sitting there in the park hating myself and the world in general when this little rascal hippity-hopped up and began tugging at my trousers.

"What if you aren't all there?" he seemed to grin up at me. "Look at me. Look at the good time I'm having with only three legs to have it on," and he went dashing around and around in circles just to prove it. "Quit gloomimg about the leg that's missing in you. Cheer up and learn to dance around in the sunshine on the legs you've got."

"And, you know, I suddenly realized that the little beggar was right. I told him so; told him that I was going to start that very minute for out in the country where the sunshine is bright and there aren't so many crowded streets and things to bother a chap who has one leg missing. And Pod wagged:

"Hooray for you, old top! We'll help each other. I'm coming, too."

"And that's how we came to start on our pilgrimage to the land where missing things are found."

Her mouth smiled at the surface of his story; her eyes sympathized with the undercurrent of it. The shade of a giant beech tree drove the sunlight from her hair and nestled in its place.

"And how did you start? Where did you go first?"

He told her of their start north; of his disillusioning experience with the blind man whom Pod had tried to warn him against. Without going into detail, he mentioned that he had worked for one evening in a road house.

"I might have been there yet," he remembered with a chuckle, "but of course I couldn't with respect continue to work for a man who offered to take me back after he had once discharged me. I told him that if only he had refused to take me back, I might possibly have decided to stay on with him. So we worked our way on farther up. Then we met you on the Post Road

"In Freddie's car. And you helped Freddie with—"

"Yes, and you—" He took out his cardcase and unwrapped the fifty-cent piece he had carried since that day. "Do you remember this?"

Her color answered before her words.

"I don't know. Do I?"

"Yes," he told her, carefully replacing it. "It's the same one."

Just at this point Sally Braddock called to them from the house. Luncheon was ready.

During the meal Faith talked with high-keyed gayety to Sally, while Barry seemed suddenly to have developed an intense interest in even the most trivial of the professor's mental meanderings. For in the somber, prosaic atmosphere of the dining room, they both felt the significance of Barry's confession that

he had made a treasure of the coin which had marked their first meeting. A roundabout way of expressing one's love, to be sure, but to Faith, a present-day girl with none of the Victorian maiden's obligation, for false modesty's sake, to deceive herself, it was none the less unmistakable.

When Barry was through his work with Doctor Abbot that afternoon, Faith was leaving, too, and offered to drive him as far as the village.

"Then I'll see you up at Nekewood to-morrow afternoon," Faith told Sally as they were leaving. "And be sure to bring Mr. Barry. I know he'll enjoy the swimming."

As they rode along behind the safe-and-sane Dobbin, they were significantly silent.

So he really did care, Faith was thinking. He had as much as confessed it. And—and— Well, Sally was right; he *had* nice teeth and eyes and hair.

Barry was happy and wretched, alternately floating among the clouds of exaltation and sinking in the quicksands of despair. He gloried in the fact that she now must know of his devotion, and at the same time cursed himself for having let her know. What right had he, a pauper— He thought of his crabbed old uncle and his crazy will. "To him that hath shall be given!" and it was sleek, smug Cousin Walter Woolwich who had—and to whom would be given. It wasn't fair, damn it!

"What did you say, Mr. Barry?" Faith's expression was too demure to indicate any real need of information.

"Why, I was thinking of Pod," Barry lied readily. "Hello! There's the old colonel. Maybe he's seen him."

On ahead of them, equipped with clam rake and bucket, plodded the faded old Civil-War veteran with whom Barry had first walked down the lane.

"Hello, there, colonel!" called Barry, as they drove up alongside of him.

The old man eyed Barry and Faith leisurely and then grunted a greeting.

"Colonel, you haven't seen that little three-legged fox terrier of mine around to-day, have you?"

The colonel meditatively shifted the lump in his cheek and spat.

"Not since early mornin'. Seen 'm then a-dustin' daown the Post Road like hell-bent."

"The Post Road? Which way? Did he seem to be chasing anything?"

"Goin' Stamford way. Didn't seem to be chasin' nothin' more'n a durn fool dog's usually chasin'."

He shouldered his rake and picked up his bucket.

"Can't we give you a lift?" asked Faith. "If you don't mind sitting behind there—"

He paused a moment and surveyed them critically.

"Thank ye jest the same, young lady, but—waal, two's com'ny."

Then, with a prodigious wink that took in one whole side of his wrinkled face, he resumed his march.

Down the Post Road, mused Barry. He remembered now how Pod had tugged at him, making little dashes on ahead, as if trying to get him to go somewhere, trying to make him understand something.

Faith drove him to the hotel and waited while he went inside to see if there were any news of Pod. He came out shaking his head.

"No. No one around here has seen him since morning."

"Perhaps," suggested Faith, "he feels that you no longer need his sympathy. I mean," she hastened to explain, "he may feel that you no longer have a three-legged character."

## CHAPTER X.

The following afternoon Barry drove Sally Braddock up to Nekewood. It was a pretty little colony, made up for

the most part of houses designed after the ideas of country-life magazines. Art with a capital A predominated. The places, obviously, had been built primarily to sell, secondarily to live in. The backgrounds of velvety little cedars were in key with the size of the dwellings and lent them the distinction of estates.

The Nekewood Club, where Faith had told them to meet her, was down at the edge of a little bay, protected by two thirsty tongues of land lapping out into the Sound. Four excellent clay tennis courts, built up upon the salt meadow behind the clubhouse, were filled even that early in the day, for Nekewood was largely made up of men neither poor enough nor wealthy enough to have to attend to business very regularly.

Faith spied them from one of the cars lined up in the road along the courts, and hailed them. While they were hitching their cart in the shed by the club, she came to meet them.

"I came down in the Heggins car," she said. "And guess who is with them for over the week-end? I've been telling her all about you, Mr. Barry, and she's crazy to meet you. Mrs. Jarvis!"

"Mrs. Jarvis?"

"Yes, the wife of your beloved Jeffery."

"Wife? Why, I didn't know—He never mentioned her."

"Well, she does nothing but mention him."

Barry glanced at the occupants of the car. Mr. Heggins, large and impressive, his well-groomed face neatly punctuated with a nail-brush mustache, sat in front. The bulging, uncomfortable woman with the jewelry was undoubtedly his wife. They looked like the sort of people who seek to substitute expensive hotel and traveling accommodations for natural importance.

It was the woman beside Mrs. Heggins who most interested Barry. She

had rich coppery hair, set off by a dead-white skin. Her delicately penciled brows gave to her eyes a bored expression. The general effect of her was one of lazy, feline-grace. You would have known that her hand was long and slender even if your attention had not been attracted to it by the huge green bishop's ring that she wore. She was just such a woman, Barry felt, as might have appealed to Jarvis.

Faith introduced them. Mr. Heggins was boomerangly playful to her. Mrs. Heggins gushed amiably. Mrs. Jarvis looked Barry over with mild curiosity. Her eyes were the color of petrified wood. He noticed that Father Time's dreaded crows had already left faint footprints at their corners. Her lips were frankly carmine. If not actually a woman with a past, she seemed a woman with a past still to look forward to.

"They tell me, Mr. Barry," she drawled, "that you are a great friend of my husband's."

"Why, hardly that," said Barry, surprised that she should have mentioned him. "I merely had the pleasure—and it certainly was a pleasure—of working for him for a while at his bungalow this spring."

"Oh," with a shade of disappointment. "From the way Faith spoke, I thought you must at least have been classmates at a correspondence school or something. Where is Faith? Oh, I see. She and Miss Braddock are over talking to the Allens. Did Jeffery say nice things about me?"

"I'm afraid he never even mentioned you," Barry laughed.

"Just like him. He probably made a vow or something never to mention my name again. Outside of his one little weakness, he's so obstinate that people name mules after him. Grace dear," turning to Mrs. Heggins, "do light me a cigarette. That's a lamb. Where are

your gold-tipped ones? My rouge comes off on these."

Sally Braddock returned to the car just then.

"Faith has gone swimming," she told Barry. "She left word for you to take Freddie's bathhouse. It's number seventeen. You'll find the key on the hooks by the water cooler, and his suit's in the house. I'm going to watch the tennis."

Barry bowed to the Hegginses. Mrs. Jarvis languidly held out her hand.

"I do hope you'll get to know me well enough to be really frank, Mr. Barry. I so want to hear about Jeffery—like touching a sore spot, I suppose, to see if it still hurts," she explained with a smile.

From the open hall of the clubhouse Barry drank deeply of the crisp salt air. He did not go to his bathhouse immediately. The sight of the sparkling water drew him out on the pier a ways. Only one bather was in, and she was swimming far out beyond the raft. Why, it was Faith.

He called to her. Perhaps the bright red kerchief that bound her hair kept her from hearing. As she turned over to float, he waved his hand. Suddenly he saw her knees draw up. Slowly she sank beneath the surface. As she rose again, he seemed to hear a faint "Oh! Oh!"

Already he had flung off his coat, kicked off his shoes, and was dashing up the pier. He caught the end of the springboard in a mighty leap—Plunk—whr-r-r-rr—a graceful arc—the surface cleft as with a knife blade, and the next instant—swish, swish, swish—he was shooting through the water.

He raised his head for breath. Swish, swish, swish, swish.

"Hold tight! I'm coming!" he called. Swish, swish, swish—swi-i-ishsh—He reached her just as she was again going down and drew her to him. Her

face was deathly pale. Her eyelids flickered and then remained closed.

In order to get a better hold of her before the hard swim back, he lowered his feet to tread water—and touched bottom!

They were on a sand bar and the water was little more than waist deep. Instantly, just as the events of a lifetime crowd before a drowning man, the whole glorious truth flashed upon this rescuing man. She loved him!

She loved him enough to want to test his love for her. She *had* heard him call, she *had* seen him on the pier, and, believing herself in deep water, she had shammed drowning that he might rescue her! She wanted to be rescued by him because—she loved him!

Barry's impulse was to stand up and proclaim his joy to the whole world. But with rare discretion he restrained himself and, keeping his knees bent so that his head was just above the surface, carried his fair burden as if he were treading water or swimming with her. She seemed so beautiful, so helpless, that to keep from kissing her he had continually to remind himself that she was only shamming.

Soon the sand bar sloped\* off into deep water, and for the rest of the distance he was forced to swim. Just before they reached the steps of the pier her eyelids flickered again. Then her eyes opened and she gazed about her bewilderedly.

"What has happened?" she asked, as if still in a daze. "I must have—"

By the time they were on the pier she was almost recovered. Perhaps she knew that, while being rescued may be very romantic, being resuscitated is—not alluring.

He accompanied her to her bathhouse.

"You're sure you're all right now?" he asked anxiously. "Hadn't I better get Miss Braddock or some one?"

"No, I'm all right—now. But you—

*you're wringing wet! Hurry and change your clothes.*"

Change them to what? He went out on the pier and picked up his coat and shoes. They at least were dry. Then, taking the key, he hunted up bathhouse No. 17. By substituting Freddie's bathing suit for his underwear, and appropriating a pair of tennis flannels that he found hanging on one of the hooks, he was dry, all but his socks. And how often one gets one's feet wet even in everyday life! With his coat collar turned up to hide his lack of linen, he was respectable, if not fashionable.

He waited in the passageway for Faith. At last she came, so pale, smiling so bravely, that he forgot it was all a glorious sham. He took a few steps toward her.

"You're sure—you're all right again?" he asked tenderly.

She looked up at him. Though close, the distance between them felt less than it actually was.

"Yes—all right—thank you. I—"

Her eyes, the subtle perfume of her hair—everything—drove reason from him. Warm lips met. His arms instinctively went round her. He felt a delicious intoxication. Suddenly she pushed herself from him and hurried down the passageway.

"Faith! Faith!" he called, pleading.

She turned, her expression coldly questioning.

"Forgive me," he humbly begged. "Please—I didn't know what I was doing."

She regarded him doubtfully.

"If I felt you really meant it—if I thought you were truly sorry—*Are you?*"

"Sorry!" Another wave of madness swept through him. "Sorry? Good God, no! I'll cherish it all the rest of my life!"

"In that case—" she began coldly; then her eyes softened with a mischievous twinkle. "In that case—I think I

forgive you." And she darted down the passageway, out toward the tennis courts.

Barry found her at the Hegginses' car.

"And was the water good?" Mrs. Jarvis was asking.

"It was perfectly glorious!" said Faith, with enthusiasm.

## CHAPTER XI.

On the drive home Barry asked Sally what Mrs. Jarvis had meant when she had referred to Jeffery's one failing.

"Why, didn't you know?" she asked with surprise. "His drinking. They say he drinks terribly. Not all the time—that's the worst of it—but just when no one expects it—usually when he's just finished a book or something. I thought of course you must know."

All at once Barry did know. The strain when he was on the high places; then the let-down; the reaction; and the subconscious craving for stimulants to raise him up to the high places again! Barry now understood more than merely that. He realized now why Jeffery had discharged him so abruptly. He had felt another of his spells coming on and did not want Barry to know. He had argued against drink, had sought to convince himself of its futility. It was the old, old fight between a man's conscience, unanswerably logical, and his weaker self, humanly erring. And how many of us do not secretly love the weaker side of ourselves the better? We are all of us at heart forgiving mothers to our own failings. Ah, yes; Barry knew. And when Jeffery had seen that the old fight was to be lost again, he had gone away, that Barry might not be weakened in his own fight.

"I like Jarvis," said Barry simply.

"Everybody seems to like him—when he's really himself," said Sally. "They say that even Anne Jarvis is still fond

of him. At first, of course, after their final break, she did go round a good bit. But now, if he'd only meet her half-way—— I know she still loves him."

Barry thought of Anne Jarvis as he had seen her that afternoon. Yes, she did look as if she had "gone round a good bit"—and had grown weary of it. He thought of the tiny crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes, and recalled that Jarvis had once said to him: "A man will keep a faded flower that has been given him when it was fresh and cherish it forever because of its memories. But who will cherish a faded flower that has been given him after it has lost its freshness?"

They were turning off the Post Road into the lane when Barry resumed the subject aloud:

"Do you remember in 'Singed Wings' where he speaks of love as a God-made blend of affection and passion, and then goes on to say that love in woman is like the water in a river—where the river spreads wide, the water is shallow; where it is narrow, the water runs deep? A woman who is something to every one can be everything to no one. If——"

"That isn't fair," broke in Sally, coming to the defense of her sex. "Anne Jarvis may have——"

"You're right," admitted Barry. "If Jarvis had had his wife in mind when he thought that, he's too fine a gentleman to have told the world so in a book."

"Of course I hardly know her at all," conceded Sally, as soon as she had gained her point. "But Faith, and every one up at Nekewood——"

Faith! Glorious recollections of the afternoon so filled his brain and heart and soul that he heard little else of what Sally said the rest of the way home.

No sign of Pod either at the Abbots' or at his hotel. Barry had had no idea, before the dog's disappearance, how many friends the little fellow had made.

Even the crabbed landlord betrayed the fact that his heart was not entirely wooden nutmeg by an admission that he had asked Tom Skinner about the cussed little three-legged pest, and that while Tom hadn't seen him himself, he had heard Jeb Pratt, the liverymen, say—— And so forth, and so forth.

The day after his visit to Nekewood, the Fanshawes' man came down with the clothes Barry had left to dry. In all probability, Faith wanted to see him so much that she felt too embarrassed to come herself. But with the sensitivity of lovers, he chose the unhappy interpretation of her staying away, and felt that he had one more grudge against fortune to add to his collection.

Friday, the night before the Neke-wood Club dance, Barry's mind was crowded and restless. At the dance he would surely see Faith, he consoled himself. As he was dropping off to sleep, he felt himself swaying with her to the rhythm of a throbbing waltz. He was looking down into her eyes, the heavens behind their clear blue alight for him; he was bending over her; their lips were about to meet—when—crash! The dreamy music stopped with a gasp; the terrified dancers shrank back against the walls; and in the middle of the room stood Uncle Isaac Woolwich, grinning evilly.

"To him that hath shall be given!" he croaked.

Then he passed around among them. The men, white with fear, dropped bills, silver, even their watches and shirt studs, into his battered old hat.

"Well?" he snapped impatiently when he came to Barry. "Well? 'To him that hath!' 'To him that hath!'"

Barry miserably turned his pockets inside out. A lone coin jingled to the floor—the pocket piece that Faith had given him. Uncle Isaac stopped its spinning with his foot and stooped to pick it up. Suddenly he stared. The dancers, too, had gathered around and

were staring at the coin. The ghastly grin faded from his uncle's face. The face itself became dimmer—dimmer—dimmer—until the whole blurred picture completely melted away, leaving Barry lying on his back gazing open-eyed at the ceiling of his shabby hotel bedroom.

What did it all mean, he wondered. And then he remembered; it meant that he had eaten the soggy under crust of a piece of apple pie.

The next morning when Barry entered Doctor Abbot's library, the old gentleman laid aside his morning newspaper with a sententious shake of his head.

"These are certainly trying times they are having in Wall Street," he said. "Another house failed yesterday, I see."

Money again, thought Barry bitterly. Was money everything to everybody? Couldn't even a gentle old dreamer like Doctor Abbot be free from its taint?

"Really? I haven't seen the papers lately. It seems to me," he said, as much to convince himself as Doctor Abbot, "that we all attach too much importance to money. We confuse it with wealth. What I mean is, it seems to me that real wealth isn't how much money you have, but how much you want that you can purchase with it. If I can get two dollars' worth of enjoyment out of a play, while John D. Rockefeller can't enjoy it at all, then, so far as that particular play is concerned, I am wealthier than Rockefeller with all his money."

Doctor Abbot was nodding his head in approval.

"Mr. Barry, you have precisely stated the great trouble with our country to-day. We think we are wealthy because we have money. In reality, we are poor because we have lost the imagination that gives value to the things we are able to buy with our money. We Americans have come to think that the only real things of life are the things

we can touch and weigh and take apart. We are poor because we have lost the knowledge that the only real things are the unreal things—the rainbow, the mirage on the desert, the things that lie over the next hill. Most of us would think that this book is real," picking up a heavy volume from the table, "because it has covers, paper, type; because it is heavy to lift. But its true reality exists only for him who can read it.

"When I was a boy, Mr. Barry, the theater in every town of any size—the Opera House, it was usually called—had a trapdoor in its stage through which the dazzling queen of the fairies used to arise just at the moment when evil seemed about to triumph. Nowadays we have no trapdoors in our stages. I fear that the modern audience would not be wise enough to realize that it was anything more than an actress being hoisted up through a hole in the floor. They think they want realism. They cannot see that the only true realism is idealism.

"Mr. Barry, I do not know who you are nor where you came from. I only know that you have true wealth, which you have freely shared with a musty old man. In your life's stage there is a trapdoor. Never let them board it up. And never let them convince you that it is only a trapdoor!"

The old gentleman's eyes were shining and there was affection in his voice. Barry vaguely wanted to grasp his hand and say something; thank him, perhaps.

But the kind old gentleman turned abruptly to the mess of papers on his desk and began fumbling nervously among them.

"Hmmm—er—hmmm. That reference on Butler's excavations at Sardis—I remember distinctly placing it somewhere."

That evening, when he had finished dressing for the dance, Barry waited on the hotel veranda. The Vanderhofs were to go down the lane for Sally first,

and then stop for him. At last they came, in a shining limousine driven by one of those rare and priceless chauffeurs who possess all the dignity and self-respect of the old-time coachman. As the car stopped and the interior was flooded with light, Barry could see the woman sitting with Sally Braddock—an unobtrusively pretty little woman, whose jewelry and expensive clothing attracted attention to themselves rather than to her; the sort of woman who dotes on chocolate pudding and her husband.

Mr. Vanderhof sat in front of them. He was finely made, with delicately regular features, tired eyes, and a carefully tended mustache that did for his face what a gardenia does for the lapel of a coat. Sally introduced them. As they sped along the Post Road, it soon became evident to Barry that Vanderhof did not look forward to this particular dance with any great enthusiasm.

"You're always such a gloom about going to dances," his wife protested. "If you'd only make up your mind to have a good time—"

"All right, dear," said Vanderhof, with affected docility. "I *will* have a good time. I promise you that I'll enjoy myself even if I have to think of something else all the time it's going on."

In the embarrassed silence that followed, Barry took note of the luxurious fittings of the car. Of course, any limousine is bound to look a little like a night-lunch wagon, but— He began to speculate upon the feasibility of putting a kicker in a night-lunch wagon—just a little four-mile-an-hour engine. That, now, would be real luxury. Hot coffee, potted chicken sandwiches, hot "dogs"—all while you traveled. And you could sit on a high stool facing a red stained-glass-window portrait of President Garfield, while your white-

aproned chauffeur opened condensed-milk tins and talked about the war.

"Mrs. Jarvis is going to be there," Mrs. Vanderhof told her husband, "and you know you like Mrs. Jarvis."

"Just look at that sunset," broke in Sally Braddock. "Did you ever see anything more gorgeous!"

They had turned out of the Post Road and were skimming along toward Nekewood. They all obediently turned and looked.

"I never saw a place that had such wonderful sunsets," agreed Mrs. Vanderhof.

"And the sunrises," persisted Sally. "Have you ever—"

"Never," said Vanderhof firmly. "I have always made it a point of decency never to intrude upon even the sun's rising." With a yawn he held his cigarette case out to Barry. "Cigarette?"

The Fanshawes lived in a remodeled farmhouse on the crest of a wooded slope just outside of Nekewood proper—or Nekewood improper, as Mr. Fanshawe insisted upon having it.

When the Vanderhofs, with Sally and Barry, drew up in front of the house, the long, deep porch was crowded with chattering men and women, who had taken advantage of the Fanshawes' standing invitation to "come up for a cup of tea or a drink after the bathing."

Faith came to the steps with a cordial "Hello, people." There was something in her greeting to Barry, brief as it was, that set his heart to beating a little faster. She led them to her mother at the end of the porch. Mrs. Fanshawe, a handsome, unruffled-looking lady, showed that she possessed the born hostess' gift of being able to welcome new guests while receiving the acknowledgments of departing guests without in the least slighting either.

Wouldn't they just leave their things

in the hall—any place? Faith would show them.

Inside, the man was taking their things, when Mrs. Jarvis, already dressed for the evening in a daring gray-green gown of some soft, clinging material, came slowly down the stairs. She put her hands to her ears and raised her eyebrows in annoyance.

"Heavens!" she said. "Haven't they gone yet? How anybody can stand tea! I don't so much mind the taste of it, but the noise of it drives me mad!"

"Well, and aren't you going to say good evening?" asked Vanderhof.

"Good evening," she repeated with a little grimace. Then, turning to Barry: "Faith told me that you were coming to dinner. That's why I hinted to be invited; so that you could get to know me well enough to be perfectly frank with me."

"You all go on in," Faith told them, "and make yourselves comfortable. If you want anything, just ring. I'm going to rush up and start dressing. The tide wasn't high until after six, and everything is frightfully late."

In the long, low-ceilinged living room, Mrs. Jarvis picked out a deep wicker chair and sank back becomingly among the cushions. Vanderhof seemed about to be going to sit next to her when she asked him if he would mind touching the bell, and motioned to Barry.

"You won't mind *very* much, Mr. Barry, will you, if they put me next to you at dinner?" she wondered, with half-closed eyes.

She ignored his polite rejoinder. She was watching his face.

"Faith is a dear," she told him with seeming irrelevance. "I don't blame you a bit."

The servant entered in answer to the bell.

"James, you might bring us some cocktails now, I think."

"Yes, madam."

A few minutes later, when he passed the tray, Barry declined one. Mrs. Jarvis paused with her glass halfway to her lips.

"Don't you ever drink them?"

He smilingly shook his head.

"Gracious! Any one as virtuous as that must have been very bad in his youth."

Again searching his face with her lazy eyes, she thought she detected a shade of embarrassment.

"Still, I don't hold that against you, Mr. Barry. A person who has never done anything he's sorry for is usually sorry that he hasn't."

Barry laughed.

"Do you get it from Mr. Jarvis, or did Mr. Jarvis get it from you?"

She did not pretend to misunderstand.

"You *do* know Jeffery, don't you? And I think you can understand the greatest grievance I have against him. I used to like lots of men before I liked Jeffery. And then, after we were married, he not only wouldn't let me like him, but he made all other men seem so stupid."

While they were talking, Mrs. Vanderhof, with affected aimlessness, had found her way to the piano. Running her fingers lightly over the keys a few times, she gradually worked herself up into one of those pyrotechnical piano displays that may have given nerve specialists their start.

"I wish I could play like that," said Mrs. Jarvis, with a sigh. "Just to be able to prove that if I could, I wouldn't," she explained to Barry.

When the last of the crowd had buzzed off in their cars, Mr. Fanshawe, with a guest, Mr. McKeown, came down and joined them in the library. Mr. Fanshawe was a big, clean-shaven man with close-cropped white hair. Twinkle tracks at the corners of his steady gray eyes contradicted their seriousness. One felt instinctively that

he liked Dickens, but that if he hadn't, he wouldn't have hesitated to say so.

Mr. McKeown was a thin, ferret-eyed man with an eagle nose and bushy black brows. His affected heartiness of manner, the nervousness with which he felt at his tie from time to time, and his general lack of ease, all proclaimed him a friend for business, rather than for social, reasons.

A moment later, Faith, fresh and radiant in a simple gown of white, came into the room. Her father greeted her with an affectionate little hug, and introduced her to McKeown. The latter bowed with the exaggeration of a man lacking assurance, who, for fear he may not be doing the right thing, wishes to convey the impression that he is not quite serious about it. He mumbled something about having long looked forward to the pleasure, and Barry mentally made note of concrete reasons for disliking him. For one thing, his waistcoat was atrocious.

When Mrs. Fanshawe came down, dinner was announced. Mr. McKeown was seated at his hostess' right, and Faith between him and Barry. Yes, Barry was sitting next to Faith, after all. As he looked up, he caught the amused gleam in Mrs. Jarvis' eye, and put too much tabasco on his clams.

Faith, possibly because she wished to be agreeable to her father's friend, more probably because she was afraid of being too agreeable to Barry, was exceptionally gracious to Mr. McKeown.

"Who is this wonderful person they are going to have dance for us tonight?" Mrs. Vanderhof asked.

"Mantilla, or Panteletta, or some Spanish article of ladies' dress," hazarded Mr. Fanshawe. "Who is she, Faith?"

"Why, you remember, dad—the girl who used to dance in 'The Yellow Domino.' She went in for cabaret dancing when the craze first started.

Dickie Worden got her up here. They say she's perfectly wonderful."

"Was Mr. Worden at all affected by those dreadful Wall Street failures?" wondered Mrs. Fanshawe. "He seemed frightfully worried when we saw him at tennis the other day."

"Oh, Dickie's all right, I guess," Mr. Fanshawe assured her.

"Attractive young chap," put in Mr. McKeown, to show that he knew him. "And that's what counts in the business world to-day. Any man with an attractive personality and a fair amount of efficiency is bound to succeed."

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you," remarked Barry calmly. "To my mind, it is the unattractive personality combined with a certain amount of inefficiency that usually succeeds."

McKeown flushed, conscious of his own success and taking offense accordingly. Mrs. Fanshawe raised her eyebrows. Mrs. Jarvis leaned forward, elbows on table. Even Faith turned slightly toward him.

"What I mean is simply this," he went on to explain. "Take your efficient man—call him X. A chance comes up for promotion. The chief goes to his manager.

"How about X?"

"Oh, no," the manager tells him. "X is indispensable where he is. He's the only man in the department who knows all about so and so. We couldn't spare him. 'Twould disorganize everything."

"Well," suggests the chief, "how about Y, then?"

"He might be just the man," agrees the manager. "He doesn't seem to get the hang of his present work exactly, but he has brains. I think he might just fit in."

"In consequence Y, through his comparative inefficiency, gets the promotion, while X, because of his cursed efficiency, probably stays in the same position all the rest of his life."

"So that's why I've never progressed,"

decided Vanderhof. "I'm too good for 'em—what?"

"And what about personal unattractiveness?" prompted Mr. Fanshawe, amusement filling the twinkle lines about his eyes.

"Well, take stenographers," continued Barry. "When one who is trim, good looking, and possessed of charm, begins to make mistakes, you know at once you are doing her no injustice in discharging her. But if a woman is fortunate enough to have carrot hair, watery eyes, and insists upon asking you inane questions when you are trying to think, you never discharge her, no matter how many blunders she may make. Every time you almost decide to, you wonder if you aren't prejudiced against her because you dislike her so; consequently, rather than run the risk of being unfair to her because of her unattractive personality, you keep her on forever."

Mr. Fanshawe looked at him with mock suspicion.

"How do you know so much about my office, Mr. Barry?"

It was after ten when they reached the clubhouse, and a score of couples were already weaving in and out around the floor of the big room. Flowers and boughs modified the harshness of the white plaster walls, and Japanese lanterns over the electric bulbs induced the lights to disclose beauty instead of prying into ugly defects. And, wonder of wonders, there were musicians who did not kill the waltz by driving its heart to palpitation with drums and cymbals; musicians who knew that the heart of a waltz, responding to the caresses of loving violins, will set its melody a-throbbing with life and romance.

When the ladies had removed their wraps, Faith glided into Barry's arms, seemingly more through the spell of the music than in response to his invitation, and together they were wafted out

into the dance. No modern waltz, with its arbitrary punctuations and artificial restraints, was this; but the old swaying, surging, languorous translation of warm youth, soft breezes, moonlight upon the water.

Once she looked up into his face. He smiled down at her. Neither spoke. They danced—danced madly as the music swelled; then floated, drifted, as it died down into a yearning sigh.

At last it was over. The other dancers began applauding in the hope of an encore. It was like the unpleasant awakening from some beautiful dream. They walked out on the veranda, overlooking the Sound, where the others were sitting around in little groups looking in through the French windows. All was buzzing with conversation.

"You and Faith dance beautifully together," Mrs. Fanshawe told Barry.

McKeown returned with Sally Bradock, flushed and out of breath.

"Did you see us Bostoning?" he asked triumphantly.

"Maldening, wasn't it?" drawled Vanderhof. "Malden's just outside of Boston, y'know. Who's tried the punch?"

A one-step started up, and immediately the floor was a bobbing mass of everything from elderly couples, proving with grim determination that they were not elderly, to dashing youths who bent far over their clinging young partners, barely touching the palms of their hands with the tips of their gloved fingers.

Barry asked Sally to dance. She was still a bit overcome from the effects of her Bostoning with McKeown. He asked Mrs. Vanderhof for the encore, but she had just given it to Mr. McKeown. Then another divine waltz with Faith.

When it had finally melted away, and they were starting back toward the veranda, he paused.

"Couldn't we—" he suggested.

"It's such a glorious night—couldn't we go out on the pier?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Wait. I'll get my wrap."

The gold of heaven glittered down at them through myriad little pin pricks in the sky. The velvety water offered up jewels of phosphorescence as it gently splashed against the posts of the pier. They leaned upon the railing, gazing out over the water in dreamy silence. A shooting star! He quickly laid his hand upon hers to call her attention to it. It was several moments before she gently withdrew it from his.

"Faith," he said at last, "I suppose I have no right— You don't know who I am. You don't even know my name. It—"

A repressed giggle from somewhere below them caused Barry to start. On the bathing steps beneath them, a youthful couple were sitting very close together.

"Come," said Faith hurriedly, noticing that back at the clubhouse people were dragging chairs and crowding about the doors. "She's going to dance now. We mustn't miss it."

Barry found a place for them in front of the hallway leading from the bathhouses to the dance room. The Fanshawes and the rest of their party were sitting by one of the French windows at the other end. Mrs. Fanshawe saw them and beckoned.

"Mother wants me," Faith told Barry. "You stay here and save our places."

One of the violins lightly rehearsed a bar or two of its part. It vibrated to some subconscious memory in Barry's brain.

A moment of expectant silence; then the eerie, will-o'-the-wisp notes of "Anitra's Dance." "Anitra's Dance?" Why, that was what— A dancer ran tripping out from the dressing room on his right, with little, twinkling steps. She stopped short in the center of the

room. The rose of her tights blushed through the filmy, clinging black of her skirts. Arms slowly extending, body sinuously swaying, suddenly she turned. It *was* she—the girl who had danced for "Nuggets" Nugent that night in the little French road house in the Bronx; the girl who— Now she was slowly gliding toward him. She would recognize him. Barry shrank back a little. She must surely recognize him. Then, with the music, she whirled sharply. He breathed deeply with relief.

Her motions were still graceful and beautiful; still the symbols of passion and seduction. But now, with the clearness of vision that comes only from honest work, clean living, and plenty of sunshine, he saw that they were only motions, were merely symbols. He straightened up with a certain sense of inward satisfaction. This dancing woman was the spirit of the city; the soul of the thing that had been keeping him away from his better self; the thing he had fled from. And he had eluded her, had eluded all that she symbolized. He had found himself.

Slowly, with head back and eyes half closed, she sank, with perfect rhythm, to her knee. The tips of her long fingers touched her half-parted lips. Then, as the music melted away, she broke the spell with a quick little nod, and ran tripping toward the door amid a burst of handclapping and congratulations.

"A glass of water," she panted, as she started down the hallway.

Suddenly, as she was passing, she caught sight of Barry. She stopped and stared at him, for the moment frankly puzzled. Then her eyes lighted with recognition.

"Why," she exclaimed delightedly, "*mon beau garçon!*"

In the next instant, she had seized his face between her hands, kissed him full upon the mouth, and, with a little laugh, was off down the hall.

Barry, stunned with confusion, turned to look after her.

Faith—she had been coming to rejoin him just then—she *must* have seen! She *had* seen! He hurried after her.

"Faith!" he called. "Faith!"

She could not very well ignore him without attracting attention. She paused and waited for him.

"Well?" she asked coldly.

"You don't understand. I—Faith! Listen! You've got to listen!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barry, but I see my mother is looking for me."

And in order to help her mother find her, she went in search of her.

## CHAPTER XII.

Sunday morning Barry awoke in his narrow hotel bed with the vague hope that he had suffered some horrible dream. Fearfully, he tried to remember. That divine waltz, the stars dancing upon the water, Faith—that was all real. He remembered. It must have been real. Then—that other dance—the city, with its sinuous, seductive lure—and—She *had* kissed him. Faith—the cold reproach of her dear eyes—God! It *was* true; she *had* kissed him. He threw the covers from him with a groan.

And why, he kept asking himself. Why? What had he done? Why?

Fortunately this was Sunday. He did not have to go to Doctor Abbot's to-day. He did not have to face Sally Braddock and wonder how much she had seen or heard. He pulled on his clothes and went down to the dirty dining room for his breakfast. He welcomed its repulsiveness. He loathed himself and the world in general; he welcomed every new grievance that would justify him in that loathing.

His breakfast overcome, he jammed his hat down over his head and started out. The landlord was standing by the door.

"No sign of the dawg yet?"

"No, damn it!" growled Barry. And the landlord almost liked him. All people cannot be born in Connecticut, of course, but some achieve the state through trouble, while a few have it thrust upon them by Fate.

Barry walked and walked. Fate certainly had kicked the slats out of his bed of roses. He tried to smile at his own sorry jest. He wished he did know where Pod was; Pod would have understood, and in some queer dog way, Barry felt, he would have helped. Literally, Barry was tramping up the Post Road; figuratively, he was trudging through hell. What was the use, he kept asking himself. He would go away. Where? Back to the city? Why not? And yet—

Outside the shaded show window of a dingy old dwelling house that had been converted into a grocery store, a group of weedy natives were lounging. Barry wanted to prove something to himself. He beckoned to one of them.

A loose-mouthed youth first spat very deliberately, in order to show that he was just as good as any one else, and then shambled over.

"Waal?"

"Say," said Barry confidentially, "do you suppose a fellow could get a drink around here to-day?"

The youth eyed him with suspicion.

"It's Sunday."

"I should say it was!" said Barry. Then, seeing that his impatience added to the native's suspicion, he continued more soothingly: "I know there isn't anything open to-day, but I thought—" taking a dollar from his pocket.

"Waal, I dunno. Jerry might open up jest as a personal favor in case of sickness—"

The dollar unostentatiously changed hands.

"Come on," drawled the native. "Jest up the road here a piece."

"Oh, I don't *want* a drink," Barry

told him with a smile. "I just wanted to be able to *get* one. I wanted to make sure that I wouldn't want one even if I could get it. Much obliged to you, just the same." And he swung on up the road, while the native scratched his head and stared open-mouthed after him.

No, he was through with the city for good; or, at least, through with what it had formerly meant to him. He would go on farther up into the country. He would work and make good and forget. No, he would not forget; he did not want to forget.

Full of his new resolution, he walked briskly back to the shabby old hotel, went to his room, and began jamming his few effects into his duffle bag. After luncheon he started down the lane for the Abbot house to tell the professor. He could tell the landlord afterward. He dreaded telling the landlord.

"Well, well, this is indeed a pleasure," the old gentleman said, as Barry was shown into his study. "After the grind of the week's work, it is good to have you drop in just socially. Have a cigar." Strange to say, he was able to find the cigar box.

"Doctor Abbot," Barry began, "I don't know just how to say it—. You and Miss Braddock have been so kind to me. You took me in knowing nothing about me, and now—it seems gross ingratitude—but I'm afraid I'll have to go away. I can't very well explain why, but—I'll have to be going farther on. I—"

"You mean—you feel that you must leave us?" All the pleasure faded from the kindly old face. "You've found you must—go away?"

"It isn't that I want to go, Doctor Abbot. I only wish I could make you know how very little I do want to go."

"Is it—. Don't think I would pry into your affairs—but if your decision is due to anything that we could cor-

rect—through anything that we have done to cause you discomfort here—"

Barry shook his head.

"I never have been happier in all my life than since I've been here with you."

"I'm sorry; very sorry to hear that: Ah—er—what I mean is, of course, that in such case we might have been able to alter such conditions as—er—hmm—" His voice trailed off into silence. He started to take a cigar from the box, but noticed just in time that he was already smoking one. "Sally will—. But you'll see her at tea. Of course you must stay to tea with us this last day. She and—. H'm, hm—."

There was a sound of wheels on the road, then footsteps coming down the stairs. The professor went to the hall.

"Sally, my dear."

Barry had risen and was standing just behind him as the front door opened and Faith and Mrs. Jarvis came in.

"I brought Anne, too, you see," Faith told Sally. "How do you do, Doctor Abbot? I—." And then she caught sight of Barry.

The professor stood a little aside so that Barry might come forward.

"Mr. Barry has just been telling me that he must leave us. Hm—unexpected—er—he is going away to-morrow."

He had started out addressing Sally and Mrs. Jarvis, but as he ended up, he was watching Faith's expression with gently reproachful eyes. A glance back at Barry seemed to confirm some suspicion he had formed. Real knowledge is often hidden away amid the academic learning of a scholar.

"Frankly," said Mrs. Jarvis, "I think he's going away on my account. I'm getting to know him so well that he's afraid I'll pry into his secrets." Then, deftly disarranging her hair while apparently attempting to smooth it, she turned to Sally: "Would you mind

taking me up to your room a minute? My hair—it must be a perfect fright."

"Tea is out under the big beech," Sally told them, as she started upstairs ahead of Mrs. Jarvis. "Uncle, will you show Faith and Mr. Barry? We'll be down in just a minute."

"I think—" Faith began.

Probably she had decided that her hair, too, needed fixing in Sally's room, but Doctor Abbot, taking it for granted that she and Barry were following him, was leading the way through the house, asking after her father, mother, brother, and others, as he went. He swung open the French windows for them to pass out into the garden.

"My cigars," he suddenly remembered. "If you will go on ahead—er—h-mm—"

And there seemed to be nothing else for them to do.

For a few moments they stood in uncomfortable silence. Barry, without glancing directly at her, felt that he should say something to relieve the situation.

"I hope— Perhaps sometimes you'll think of me when I'm gone?"

"I won't!"

"But if you don't, how will you be able to remember not to?" Then, instantly regretting his tone: "Listen, Faith. You must hear me. You must let me explain."

"Nothing you can explain will make the slightest difference to me."

"But it can make all the difference in the world to me. You must listen!"

His earnestness was compelling. They had strolled some distance beyond the house.

"That woman—the dancer—I never saw her but once before in all my life."

He told of seeing her in the little French road house where he had worked; how she had seemed to take some sort of mischievous pleasure in trying to embarrass him. They had paused in a little grove of trees.

"She kissed you," accused Faith.

"But could I help that? I swear to you— Faith dear, I know I'm not worthy, but not in that way. I know I have no right to tell you that I love you now; I suppose I have no right to ask you to wait. But—but—" He stopped, his emotion stifling his expression of it.

"Barry boy, or whatever your name is—you haven't told me yet, you know—I—" She faced him and looked bravely up at him through bright, smiling eyes. "I don't blame you. I don't think I can blame even her—very much."

He had taken a step toward her when they were both startled by excited yelpings of joy. A scurrying flash of white fox terrier—and a moment later Pod literally hurled himself at Barry.

"Pod, pups!"

He tried to pat him, but the dog was whirling about him so, leaping, barking welcome, with now and then a sudden leap of greeting toward Faith, that he could not get his hands on him.

"Pod, old pup!"

And then, as suddenly as he had come, the dog tore off again, around to the front of the house. Again he darted into view, then stopped short and turned, panting, as if to make sure that some one was following him. A little later the professor came into view, accompanying a tall, younger man.

Doctor Abbot looked anxiously out over the garden, and then, seeing Barry and Faith, pointed them out to his companion with a courtly sweep of the hand. Then, bowing, he withdrew. The younger man gravely returned the bow, ignoring Pod's impatient barking. Then he started toward them.

"Why," exclaimed Barry, "it's Jef-fery Jarvis!"

He went eagerly forward. Jarvis held out his hand with rather an aggrieved air.

"Well," he said, "you've certainly led

me a pretty chase. If it hadn't been for Pod, here— Down, sir! And why on earth didn't you come forward yourself and let them know where you were? They've been hunting high and low for you. I wrote 'em that I'd try to find you, and just by luck Pod—I was having a pretty bad attack of my old trouble, you know, and Pod, here, evidently knew—dogs do—evidently knew I needed some one, and one morning—just when I needed him most—his feet all sore and his tongue hanging out—he came hippity-hopping into the bungalow, and—"

"The bungalow? But when did you get back from New York?"

Jarvis flushed and stammered.

"Why—er—you see I changed my mind and didn't go—"

It flashed across Barry's mind that this had just been Jarvis' fine, tactful way of getting him out of temptation. He put his hand on Jarvis' arm and gripped it to show that he appreciated.

"And when Pod went to you," Barry told him, "he tried to get me to come, too. He knew you needed me, but he couldn't make me understand."

"It was Pod that led me back to find you, too," said Jarvis, affectionately permitting the little fellow to mouth his hand. "Lord, what a journey! We rode to Stamford on the cars because I knew you'd started from there. Then that awful, plodding tramp up here! Twice we lost our way. I've made the name of Barry famous in every little country dive along the way, asking for you. I was hoping you might have stuck to the name of Barry. And then, when the little pup had at last succeeded in getting me up to your inn in the village here— How many miles is it, anyway?"

"Yes, but—"

"When your uncle died—"

"My uncle died!"

Jarvis stared at him in amazement.

"Good Lord! Do you mean to say— Why, the papers have been full of it! Don't you ever read the papers? That queer will—" A sudden fear stopped him. "You've *some* money, haven't you? That half dollar—that precious pocket piece you wouldn't let me touch—at least you have that, haven't you?" he pleaded.

Barry, bewildered, automatically took out his wallet and unwrapped the cherished coin.

"Bully!" cried Jarvis, clapping him on the shoulder. "Bully! Don't you see it? Why, look, man! Isaac Woolwich died Thursday. You're his heir. You're the missing Barry Owen. You told me about his will yourself. 'To him that hath'—and you *hath*, you golden idiot! I knew who you were the minute I read about it. The lawyers say there isn't the slightest doubt about the legality of the fool thing. Don't you see it? Your cherished half dollar has brought you riches!"

"But Walter Woolwich? Cousin Walter?" said Barry, unable to believe his ears.

"Walter Woolwich? And you mean to tell me you don't even know that— My dear Barry, your precious Cousin Walter, who would have liked to wear a diamond ring if he had dared, went under in the very first of those Wall Street smashes over a week ago. When your uncle died, *you* had fifty cents. I can prove it. Cousin Walter *owed* a trifle over seven hundred and fifty dollars!"

Barry stared. Suddenly the full meaning of it all dawned upon him. He turned to look for Faith. A trifle hurt at having been so completely ignored, she had wandered some distance away, and was telling Pod of the rudeness of certain gentlemen.

"Faith!" cried Barry, hurrying toward her. "I'm rich!" triumphantly displaying the fifty-cent piece in his hand. "We don't have to wait!"

Jarvis, completely forgotten, watched them for a moment with merry-sad eyes. Then, noticing that there were only two people in all the world just then, he whistled to Pod and started back toward the house.

"Come on, pups. You'll be lonesome back there. Do you know," he told the dog, with a weary note in his voice, "I'm afraid I've gone and done it again. The critics are always accusing me of commercializing my art. I'm always making happy endings."

"Always?"

He looked up quickly. Anne Jarvis, smiling a little doubtfully, was standing at the bottom of the steps to the house. He took the hand she held out to him, and, bending over it, lightly touched it with his lips.

"Do you *always* make happy endings?" she repeated with a shade of wistfulness.

"Could I—Anne?"

"Because—I think I should like to collaborate—if you'd let me?"



### THE WAYFARERS

TIME was, long since, when Happiness and I  
 Might never share the highway side by side,  
 Save only when from out a cloudless sky  
 The sun streamed clear across the moorland wide.  
 No stone might mar the roadway's powdered gold,  
 No dark-winged storm cloud hover in the west,  
 No brier catch the passing garment's fold,  
 No footpath dare a hardly ventured crest.

Ah, then, perhaps, along the rose-fringed way, when all was summer-sweet and fair to see,  
 I might cajole my Happiness astray, to turn and stroll a sunny mile with me.

I know not how or when we comrades grew,  
 That, faring through the countryside, we learned  
 That storm clouds blotted darkly to the view  
 To clearer, dearer sunsets golden-burned;  
 That dagged thorns hem round the roses' breath;  
 That velvet roadways clog the faring feet;  
 And at each inn of Life and Love and Death,  
 The flagon's vintage mingles, bittersweet.

I only know the skies may brood with storm, the weary road be stony, all untried,  
 Yet through the dark I feel her handclasp warm, and know that Happiness is close beside.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK.



# His Chance

By

Bonnie R. Ginger

Author of "That Morbid Whale," "Reeley So," etc.

**H**E was a fellow this-high and with him was a puppy this-long, and they shared all views and enterprises, which latter were of a number not computable, and they lived in Unbornland, along with all the other unborn youngsters and youngster animals, waiting for their summons to take up the mortal life.

It was the venturesomeness of this particular unborn boy, his happy impatience with the familiar, that led to his saying to the pup one day:

"You see, I can't have a mother till I'm born. But I don't want to wait till they send for me. I want a mother now. I guess I'll just go to Bornland and find my mother, without waiting. You and me, we'll go to Bornland and find her. What do you say to that for a nadventure?"

For they had pretty well run through their present stock of nadventures, and while they had never breathed a word of it to each other—that is, the boy hadn't; as far as the pup was concerned, whatever the boy liked suited *him*—yet the truth was things had been just a bit dull lately. And with them, dullness was very much like a state that born folks call the "dark before the dawn"—that is to say, that was the very time when the boy was sure to be cogitating in the back of his head some nadventure that in daring and originality surpassed all the others that had emanated from his lively brain.

Now, it was not within the pup's capacity to question the sanity of this ut-

terly unique proposition, but it is not stretching the truth to say the idea did take away his canine breath for a moment. But only for a moment. And at once he nodded the stump that was his tail, and wrinkled the skin around his eyes till they glistened with the wetness of anticipation, and ran out his pink tongue several times, so that the boy nodded complacently and said:

"All right, then, we'll go. We'll go the first chance we get, and we'll find my mother, because if we didn't, we might have to wait ever and ever so long, because lots of 'em do wait ever and ever so long, and it's no use asking the 'Thorities, because *they* never know whose turn comes next, and I don't want to wait. I want my mother now. But we'll have to run away, and that's called 'scaping, and we have to 'scape, because they'd bring us back if they caught us at it, because 'scaping isn't allowed. That's what makes the fun—when it isn't allowed."

And the pup signified didn't he just know that, though? And so they set about the escape, the details of which are not relevant here.

Suffice it to say that, by divers ingenuities on the part of the boy, they did make their way out of Unbornland, without the Authorities so much as knowing they had gone. And so they came to Bornland, to a great city thereof.

There they found themselves, very early of a morning, in certain great streets of that vast town. In these

streets stood big, orderly houses, fine and splendid, just as the boy had imagined them, except that they had no yards. But they had wonderful stone steps, with big, smooth balustrades, and suddenly the two wayfarers were taken by an impulse of play. The boy instantly ran up some of the steps and slid down on the balustrade; and as a feature of play, this was so exceedingly successful that he at once tried it again on the very next flight of steps, and then on the next, and finally, bounding and shouting, on all the steps and all the balustrades in that block, the pup tumbling and sprawling after him, yelping at the top of his voice.

They played at this glorious new game till they hadn't breath left for so much as one more step, and then they sat down and panted in speechless union, while the boy looked at the houses and wondered how anything could be built so high, and whether the sun could get past them at all, a feat it had as yet been unable to accomplish, sure enough.

And then, when they had rested, they wandered on again and came, some two hours later or so, to some streets where the houses were much more beautiful; only instead of steps and balustrades, they had deep marble entryways and beautiful glass doors that flashed like jewels. But what excited the boy and the pup was the fact that beautiful ladies were coming out of them, and nearly all the ladies carried little dogs in their arms.

Now, the boy had always desired a beautiful mother, just as he preferred a very fine sailboat or a superior velocipede. (I take it you know there are toys in Unbornland.) So he said to the pup:

"I think we'll find my mother here."

And at once the thought made him as shy as he was eager, and the pup felt just the same. And so they went along the fine street rather bashfully, sticking close together.

Now, neither of them knew, of course, the meaning of "invisible," and it never occurred to them that while they could see and hear everybody and everything around them, no one could see or hear them. In happy ignorance of this truth, they went on slowly. But presently the pup began to be excited by the numbers of little dogs he saw, which he thought were puppies like himself, and he fell to lagging behind the boy while he yapped invitations and squeaked little ingratiating overtures, until at last the boy heard him and turned around. And a thought struck him.

"Of course *you'll* be looking for a mother, too," he said. "Because we both want to be born, don't we? It would never do if I found a mother and you didn't find one."

This bare suggestion had a tremendous effect on the pup, who went flat on his stomach and vented a dismal howl. The boy himself was more than a little perturbed, but he concealed this and tried to reassure the pup.

"We won't be born if we can't be born together. We'll look till we find a very beautiful lady with a very nice dog, and we'll explain to her. We'll tell her just how it has to be. So don't you feel the least little mite scared."

So the pup smiled a radiant relief and adoration, and, in fact, gave his attention once more to thoughts of dog play, trying artless enticements on the dogs-in-arms, and not at all discouraged yet because they did not in the least little bit return his interest.

The boy, however, was of the purposeful sort, and suddenly, seeing a very lovely lady in furs and gems coming out of a marble entrance, he ran toward her. But because he was still bashful, he was just a second too late, for she got into a big automobile that stood in the street, and it went away with her.

"We'll try another," he said.

So he watched for another lady, and presently one came, just as lovely as the other. And the boy shuffled up shyly and pulled his forelock and said, "Good morning, ma'am!" and smiled.

The lady stopped and looked right at him—but she was not smiling, she was frowning.

"Oh, dear, I've forgotten it again!" she exclaimed, and she turned back to the shiny door and pressed a little button, and the door swung inward, and she went in, and the door closed.

The pup stared wistfully up at the boy. The boy laughed gamely.

"I guess I didn't say it loud enough," he mused. "I'll say it louder next time."

Then, on a sudden thought, he went up to the door and pressed the little button the lady had pressed. But the door didn't swing open, though he pressed the button several times, quite hard, and waited a long time. So he decided to give up this house and try another.

Just across the street at that moment came, not one, but three beautiful ladies from an elegant entrance. He ran across and spoke to them. But while he was trying to attract their notice, a limousine drove up, and they all got in, and the limousine whirled noiselessly away. This time the boy stood so thoughtful that the pup came and bumped him with his wet nose and made little sounds of sympathy and love. Besides, the pup himself was almost downcast on his own account, because none of the dogs-in-arms had paid the least attention to him, or so much as shown they had even seen or heard his overtures.

"It's funny. It's very funny," decided the boy. And tears came to his eyes, which he dashed away.

But just then he saw the very loveliest lady of all coming out of the very next entrance. She was lovelier than anything the boy had ever dreamed of, and she stood looking about her with

such a smile that he ran right up to her and, all shyness gone, spoke to her and even pulled the silken folds of her dress.

"Lady! Lady!" he piped in his young treble. "Don't *you* want to be my mother? Oh, you're so beautiful and you do smile so sweet! Won't *you* be my mother, lady?"

And the pup, who had lolloped after him, clambered against her knees, trying to get at the little born dog that sat on her muff.

The lady turned and looked strangely, not at the boy, but just beyond him, with a look of arrested listening. She put her hand to her heart, and her breast heaved, and her eyes shone. Then all at once they grew sad, sadder than anything the boy had ever seen, and she looked up and down the street, and sighed heavily.

"It seemed so bright—for a moment—so bright!" she murmured.

Then she drew up and spoke to the negro boy who stood behind her in the doorway.

"James, I'll not be going out, after all."

And the negro bowed and gave place to her.

The unborn boy seized her dress again.

"Oh, lady!" he shrilled, and jerked the soft fabric.

She paused and drew the folds away.

"And, James, there's a nail or a splinter somewhere—hadn't it better be fixed before it tears some one's dress?"

And she went into the elegant house, and the negro, bowing obsequiously, followed her and closed the great door.

The pup was on his tail, wailing with vibrant grief. The boy knuckled his eyes fiercely.

"Come!" he cried. "They don't want us! We'll go back to Unbornland. I guess we're not to have any mother. It mustn't be the right way. Come,

we'll go back. We'll go back and wait till it's time."

And not knowing that perhaps they couldn't go back, he turned and walked erectly away, the pup following limply and whining a small whine now and then by the way.

Now, the boy was too little to read, or he might have seen that over all these elegant entrances were little squares of wood or metal, and that on them were inscribed these words: "Apartments. No Children Allowed."

They not only did not know the way back to Unbornland, but they couldn't find out, for there was nobody to hear them when they asked. There was something so terrible in being ignored in this way that it disheartened them more than the great failure itself. They wandered miles and miles, and sometimes rested in areaways, for they had now reached a very different part of the city. Once they lay down and slept, and when they awoke, it was dark. They were hungry now, with a hunger that was pain. More than once the boy had to knuckle his eyes, and the pup to wink and blink to keep down the howls that gurgled inside his soft, pathetic little muzzle. And they wandered on and on.

The houses now were ugly and poor, and swarmed with strange, stunted people. The streets were still more crowded, and they smelled horribly. At first the boy held his nose, but the pup did not seem to mind.

All at once, as they were crossing somewhere, the pup set up a yelp of excitement and began to run after a dog who followed a little born boy.

"Where're you going?" cried the unborn boy, and at the sound of his voice the pup stopped.

The pup capered, and then cringed—ran to the big dog, and then ran away again. He was both howling with grief

and yapping with joy. The boy at last knew.

"It's his mother!" he whispered. And then aloud, "Are you going to leave me?" But he knew.

The pup sat on his tail and pierced the air with poignant emotion. The grown dog turned and waddled to him and licked him with her big, greeting tongue, wagging her tail. The pup wagged back, even while he cringed.

"Oh!" said the boy, low.

The pup made as if to come to him, but the big dog prevented him, so that he sprawled broadcast on his stomach. And then the boy turned away, and when he looked again, both dog and pup had vanished.

The boy had lost his little friend. The pup had been called to be born.

With a choking sob, the boy turned and ran in another direction; ran as fast and as far as he could go, down blocks and blocks and blocks of swarming, smelling streets.

He ran till he could go no farther, and he reeled against a railing and half fell down some greasy steps that led to a dimly lit, vividly odored basement.

At the same time, a woman staggered from the low doorway, and after her tumbled a red-faced, unshaven man of unbelievable odors of raiment and breath, who shouted oaths at her and clenched his hairy fist, and then went back into the hole from which he had come. The woman sank beside the boy and wept convulsively, shuddering all over.

The boy drew back in horror as far as he could against the vile bricks; but presently, because the woman cried so hard, he reached out his hand to her timidly. She partly stopped crying, and he took courage to come a little nearer, putting his hand on hers. At that, her own hand seemed to grip the little hand, and quite stopping in her sobbing, she very slowly turned around until she saw him.

She gave a loud cry that frightened him into rigidity, glaring at him with gleaming eyes that were full of horror and hate.

"Another!" she cried. "Another pasty-faced, starving brat to get sick and die like the rest! *Good God!*"

And she flung him against the wall and began to beat his head against it, so that from terror and pain his consciousness slipped away from him.

When he began to come to himself, he felt himself being rocked against the woman's breast and she was crying out pitifully in words he could not understand, and kisses were falling like a summer shower on his wondering face.

"My baby! My baby!" she sobbed.

He stared up at her.

"Why—are you—are *you* my mother?" he asked, marveling.

He reached up and touched her face. All at once his eyes went like saucers, and then he laughed, happily.

"Why, *you're* beautiful! You're as beautiful as the others! You're beauti-  
fuller—mother!"

She clasped him to her in a passion. And then the basement way and the dim lights and the street noises and the vile smells faded and faded, and the boy's eyes closed, and even as he held up his little bruised, sooty hands to put them around her neck, all became void and darkness, like a gentle blotting out of everything that had ever been.

He, too, had been called to be born.



### BOULEVARD CHILDREN

THEY do not know—  
These happy, happy children playing here,  
Their faces all aglow  
With life and joy, their laughter clear  
And birdlike, with no fear  
That any morrow will have less of cheer,  
Riding their cushioned coasters down the walk,  
Dodging their nurses, hailing passers-by,  
Mocking the tall policeman's stately stalk,  
Scarcely unhappy even when they cry  
Over some hurt, so soon their tears are dry—  
They do not know—thank God, they cannot know!—  
That but a mile or two from where they play  
Children who might have been as glad as they  
Are cold and hungry, and their toys  
Just sticks and junk, to gain which many a fray  
Is waged o'er refuse heaps; nor that to boys  
And girls as eager as themselves for all the joys  
Of babyhood—a cart or hoop or ball—  
Is treasure-trove, if ever owned at all.  
They do not know. Thank God, they cannot know!  
Pray God that in the years to be  
Joy will be made a thing so free,  
They will not have to know.

RANDOLPH BARTLETT.



# The Woman Who Broke the Rule

By May Edginton

Author of "He That Is Without Sin," "Happiness Ever After," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

**S**HE looked into her glass. "Tina," she said to herself, "you little fool, even to imagine that—"

She looked closer.

A faint tiredness dulling her skin, faint shades—all too frequent now—under the eyes, a tiny line running down from each nostril to the corner of her beautiful bow of an upper lip, and perhaps a hint of deadness in the carefully waved flaxen hair, all supported her dreadful idea. Yet at twenty-two—even a hard-driven twenty-two—these things, surely, could be no more than a phase of passing weariness? Nerves? Neuras—neuras—

"Marg'rite!" she called. "What's that big word beginning with 'neuras'?"

"Neurasthenia," said a deep, husky-rich voice from the tumbled bed.

"I believe I've got it."

"What damn' nonsense!" replied the husky-rich voice.

The girl at the dressing table laughed.

She fidgeted about among the scattered toilet accessories which belonged to both of them. The rouge and the hare's foot and the pink lip salve were Marguerite's, and one by one Tina fingered them.

She never had "made up," though, so she put them down again, rather regretfully, one by one. Perhaps, after

all, she need not yet relinquish her right to say to the other girls at Silver's—the society photographer in the Brompton Road:

"I wish I had your knack of putting on a little, dear. I don't know how you do it. I've never done it in my life, I assure you. My face, such as it is, is my own."

If Addlebourne, the nicest of the assistant photographers, happened to overhear that, he could be trusted to say, tenderly and warmly and with the approval of conservative man:

"You don't need it, Miss Laurie. You've got a skin like a baby's. At your age, Miss Laurie, don't you ever think of such a thing."

Tina sat before the dressing table, in her fluted petticoat and the pink silk camisole that it was like her extravagance to buy, and put down Marguerite's hare's foot.

"I'm glad, anyway," she said, "that I'm going down into the country for the week-end."

The recumbent figure in the bed heaved itself into a sitting posture and showed a dark-browed face with a mirthless smile and sleep-flushed cheeks.

"It's nice," prattled Tina, tying all her camisole ribbons—and they were many—one by one, "to have one's family living in the country. I don't know what I should do if I was some of you

girls who couldn't get out into the country for a week-end sometimes."

"Well," said the girl in the bed, with a slight sneer, "we can."

She put out first one white foot, then the other, lazily, dragged herself to her feet, and stood stretching her arms, revealed as one of the pair of beauties who acted both as models and as portrait finishers at Silver's, the other beauty being Tina.

"I don't mean what *you* mean, dear," replied the flaxen-haired girl at the mirror.

Marguerite dragged, on her white feet, reluctantly, to the almost paintless bathroom. Tina knew that she was very tired. She had been tired all spring, and now the beginning of the season was close upon Silver's, when they would be busier than ever. The weddings alone made a heavy list.

"It would be nice," Tina thought to herself, "to be married and out of it all, in one's own home."

It was going to be a warm day, one of those moist spring days on which it is very charming to drive in a big car round the Park, but was not nearly so charming to sit in the rather stuffy small room off the main studio, retouching portraits of women far, far plainer than she and Marguerite, yet whose photographs would emerge from the skilled hands upon the front page of some social weekly, with all the honors of noted belles. It was the sort of day on which one wanted a tempting lunch, an ethereal lunch, with perhaps a glass of that goldy wine Mr. Addlebourne had given her once, when standing a dinner and a theater. It was the sort of day when, going down into this poem-sung country, one would like to step from a first-class carriage into a waiting car, be wafted along lanes hedged with brand-new green, be set down on such a dream of a lawn as that on which they had photographed a wedding party

last August, and partake of tea with forced strawberries and seas of cream.

And afterward, there should be leisure—hours, days, weeks of it.

"Not much!" said Tina to herself. "Not for this girl!"

She pulled on her little limp silk blouse.

She knew what she would say to the other girls at Silver's—to the dressing-room attendants, the secretary, the cashier:

"Warm day, dears, isn't it? Sort of day you want to go down into the country. Sort of day you seem to want reviving. I'm going down to my people this week-end—Bucks, you know. The scenery there's simply lovely. Not that I mean to walk much. I shall sit out in our garden all the time."

Thank God, one could keep one's chin up on two pounds a week! Thank Him, anyway, for a little swank!

Tina smiled, and her anticipations—well as she knew the end of the journey before her—gave first-class style to the third-class coaches, limousine springs to the milk cart, variety to the straggled flower garden, and dignified space to the bumpy grass patch, so that she almost believed, herself, in what she was going to say at Silver's.

Marguerite came back, in her exotic flowered night robe, bathed, scented, and glowing.

"Here," she said, "give us a turn at the glass. We're late now."

"Just my hat." Tina pinned it on. "Just my coat." She donned that. "Now I'll go."

The charwoman had been in and gone already, leaving a boiling kettle and eggs in a saucepan. Flying to and fro, Tina made tea, gathered together this scrap and that scrap, and announced the result in a clear call:

"Breakfast's ready."

They ate it as hurriedly as they had dressed. They threw little manicure tools into their silk hand bags.

"I'll have to do my nails at Silver's."

"And me."

They ran down the many flights of stone stairs to the street, the inimitable, luring, dirty King's Road, and from there they took an omnibus up Sloane Street and right to the door of Silver's in Brompton Road, with the London girl's distaste for walking. They passed into their own little room beyond the studio, where, side by side, at the same table, they "retouched."

A young man came in, a young man whose face was like a faulty copy of Henry Ainley's, whose eyes held a dogish sincerity, and whose overlong hair was swept back in a wave from his forehead. For the rest, he was lean, and affected a slouch that some one had once told him was smart. It was Addlebourne.

He gave Marguerite the look that most men gave her and, drawing up at Tina's side, seated himself on the table corner.

"Morning, Miss Laurie. I'm afraid you've got a busy day before you."

"It doesn't matter."

"You look a little tired. Not that it spoils you—it gives you that sort of darkness under the eyes—"

"I am tired, but the week-end's coming."

"Ah, the week-end's coming. And that reminds me. What are you doing on Sunday, Miss Laurie? It's a little early for the river, perhaps, but I always think that's so much the better. If you are disengaged, Miss Laurie, perhaps—"

Leaning back, polishing her nails with an inch or two of chamois leather, Tina drawled:

"That's awfully sweet of you, Mr. Addlebourne, but I'm going down to the country."

He looked disappointed, but very respectful.

"Oh, to your people in Bucks? I hope it'll do you good, Miss Laurie."

"Yes, thank you, I expect it will. I'll be able to sit out in the garden all the time and get plenty of fresh air."

"You're lucky to have a nice place in the country."

"You all seem to think so."

"I suppose you have a very large garden."

"Well," she said languidly, "I suppose, kitchen-garden and all, it's a good size."

In the acute way of girls, she knew what the young man was thinking:

"I couldn't offer her more than rooms, or a very small house in a very cheap locality, and then we'd only have a back yard or something."

Leaning back, negligently polishing her nails, she kept the spoiled-baby air, with which weapon such poor, pretty girls wrest from mankind all the little soft and desirable things that mankind's money can pay for.

She did not wish to forego a day upon the river with Addlebourne, either.

"But some other Sunday, Mr. Addlebourne—"

"I'll arrange for a punt any Sunday you like, Miss Laurie."

A dressing-room attendant sauntered in and said:

"Is Lady Bellamy's portrait ready, you two?"

"Will be in a mo'," replied Tina, seizing her brush. "Mr. Addlebourne's hindered us, talking about the country."

"You going down to Bucks again to-day?"

"I am."

"You're lucky."

"Oh, I don't know," languidly.

"I wish I had a nice place in the country to go to when I'm off color."

Addlebourne and the dressing-room attendant hurried away at a call from the studio, and Tina bent industriously to her work. Her thin, skillful fingers smoothed and smoothed, one by one, all the lines and the hardness from the pictured face before her.

"Marg'rite."

"Er?"

"I wonder if Merchant'll come in to-day."

"It's no business of yours if he does."

They painted on, improving portrait after portrait. The morning grew warmer, full of vaporous languors that the sun did not disperse. From time to time the high, imperious voices of sitters penetrated to the little room. Marguerite said:

"Silver wants me to sit again to-day. He wants a dark girl for the show case. Mr. Addlebourne's taking me."

She went away, by and by, for her sitting.

As the cuckoo clock in the studio chimed twelve, after a lull in the high, imperious tones, there crept to Tina's ear, as she still bent over her work, another voice—a big, suave, mellow voice that made her bow of an upper lip lift over her teeth in a little grin. The voice said rather boomerly:

"And so, Silver, all the photographs are O. K. I have taken a personal interest in them, as the scheme was really mine, and I dropped in to speak to you about it. We shall be wanting another series of theatrical portraits——"

After a long discussion, the owner of the big voice laughed and added:

"Where's your Miss What's-her-name this morning?"

A low flow of words sounded smoothly from Silver, punctuated by the big voice uttering here and there: "Ah! Oh! Ah!"

Tina, at her table, thought to herself: "I guess he was going to ask Marg'rite out to lunch, and I've a very great mind to slip into Addlebourne's room and tell her who's here. I'll say I'm going to show him Lady Bellamy."

She picked up the plate, opened her door, and came forth demurely into the great studio. Silver and Merchant were standing together in the center of it. Silver spoke shortly:

"Well, Miss Laurie?"

"I was going to ask Mr. Addlebourne if Lady Bellamy would do."

"Oh! Ah!"

"Silver, introduce me," said Merchant blandly.

As he set his large, light eyes upon her, his gaze seemed to concentrate. She felt it and she did not mind, for she was still young enough to love admiration of whatever quality, because she knew very little about qualities. All that Marguerite had tried to teach her had as yet made no impression. She saw before her the great, big man, Merchant, director of rich newspaper firms, sole proprietor of a daily, with a finger, also, on the pulse of those magazines which had published the series of theatrical photographs; and he looked at her as many men had looked at her, in the street, in restaurants; as, she thought, Addlebourne looked at her. But there she was wrong.

She remembered, all in a flash, while she stood before them, appraised by Merchant's big, cold, blue-lightning eyes:

"Marg'rite went motoring with him two Sundays. His car's a Rolls-Royce. They had lunch at the best hotel in Brighton; she said so. He took her to the theater, in a *whole box to themselves*. He always dresses when he takes a girl out in the evening. He gave her that wrist watch; and a lunch at the Savoy is just nothing to him."

"This is Miss Laurie," Silver was saying.

She bowed demurely. Merchant bowed with an empressement that delighted her. She moved away slowly. There was one thing Marguerite had managed to teach her and one only, and that was: "Run away. Let 'em follow. Always keep 'em following."

"But, Marg'rite," Tina had said, "supposing you get tired and they don't?"

Marguerite had not answered.

So Tina moved away slowly from Merchant, and left him looking at the vanishing perspective of her thin figure, until, with a gesture full of natural and artful beauty—for she had learned how to pose—she opened and shut behind her the door at the far end of the studio.

She came upon Addlebourne and Marguerite, who was swathed in some supple white stuff and looking remote and classical.

"Will Lady Bellamy do, Mr. Addlebourne?" Tina asked; adding: "I couldn't ask Mr. Silver. He's busy talking to Mr. Merchant."

She did not look at Marguerite as she said this, and Marguerite retained her austere pose; so, leaving the plate in the young photographer's hands, Tina retraced her steps.

"At least, I've let her know."

She had a little thrill at walking right through the great studio in full sight of Merchant, who still stood there with Silver. He made a slight bow as she passed him, but, scarcely lifting her eyes, she went reticently into her small room and closed the door.

"Let him," she said to herself, elevating her chin and alluding to the door, "look at that."

"Treat 'em, my dear," said Marguerite, "like dogs."

"I'll let him see," mused Tina, settling to her work, "how I'm to be treated."

Merchant, in the studio, was smiling, and some of the boredom had left his cold, big eyes.

"That kid," said he, "has the face of an angel."

"I don't think," said Silver, "that you'll find anything else angelic about her."

Merchant laughed, collected his hat, gloves, and stick, and left.

Marguerite came back five minutes later, looked around, entered the small room, and said sourly:

"You might have tried to keep him."  
"I," replied Tina, elevating her chin, "would never try to keep any man."

## CHAPTER II.

At the close of the moist day, Tina left Marylebone for the little South Bucks village where her parents lived. Just as she liked to swagger before Silver's, so she liked to swagger before her old home friends, and she had put on the new blue coat and skirt that had robbed her of real lunches for weeks, and the very low-necked blouse, and a cocky turban borrowed from Marguerite. As she entered the carriage, flung her week-end holdall and scarlet sunshade into the rack, sat down, and unfolded an evening paper, she felt herself very much the luxurious traveler. The sensation was better than a tonic, better than the tea that she had not been able to afford, better altogether than a less desirable appearance at the cost of a more fully nourished stomach. She felt a little faint and faded, and rubbed her lips vigorously. She hated to look washed out.

She glanced out presently, from behind her paper, at her vis-à-vis, and quickly back again.

"How men stare!" was her thought, and full of the fluttery thrill that had chased down her spine as she had crossed the studio before the eyes of the connoisseur, Merchant, she rubbed her lips hard again.

She was still a stupid little girl child taking a first taste of the world.

The man opposite had not stared, though. He had looked, respectfully, admiringly, and softly; and when her eyes caught his, he turned them away, as if discovered in some gross impertinence, and surveyed the landscape from his window. His eyes were clear and kind; his mouth was clean and kind; his large face was as brown as his boots, and boyish. But when he took his hat

off, Tina, surreptitiously behind her paper, noted that there was gray in his hair.

She had acquired a good eye for tailoring.

"A gentleman," she said to herself, much as she had thought of Merchant, who always wore evening dress when he took girls out to dinner.

They passed Harrow, Pinner, and Northwood.

"I wonder," said Tina to herself, "what his voice is like. You can always tell by their voices."

Then she asked, in her most cultured tone, hardly getting so much as an eye around the barrier of her paper:

"Excuse me—is the next station Great Missenden?" although she knew as well as he that it was not.

He was in a pleasurable hurry to answer her; at which she retired behind her paper and laughed with a straight face. It was a thing girls had to learn to do, for men *were* funny.

Some of the tired feeling passed away.

"I'm glad I borrowed Marg'rete's turban."

They passed Chorley Wood, and Rickmansworth and Amersham, and as the train stopped at each station, from the windows on either side lay views of fresh fields, young-leaved hedges, and long lanes, all winding away reservedly through the spring dusk. To all the trees came homing birds, in every wood slept flowers, and the spirit of the lovely country about which she talked so uppishly at Silver's stretched out both hands to Tina and called her beauty-hungry soul. She forgot herself and Marguerite's turban entirely as she stood up to crane out of the window and look at all the swift things passing.

Her small, ethereal face presented a sharp—a too-sharp—silhouette to her fellow traveler.

His voice roused her, speaking again with that effect of pleasurable hurry:

"Pardon me, I—I seem to know your face so well—I must have—have seen your portrait, perhaps. I hope you won't think it inexcusable to ask—"

She drew in her face, with the fair hair round it ruffled and dancing with the wind, and spoke icily:

"I beg your pardon?"

He repeated very humbly:

"I seem to have met you somewhere, and if it is not inexcusable to ask—"

"Oh!" she said in her little drawl: "O-oh! Perhaps you have seen me in Silver's window. There are half a dozen of me in the show case there."

"Silver's—the photographer's in—Let me see—"

"Brompton Road."

"Oh, thank you. I forget things. I've been out of England so much for the last few years. Allow me."

"Thanks," said Tina languidly. "The holdall and the red umbrella. Thanks. I get out here."

She left him looking after her. She knew he was looking, could feel his eyes through the back of her head. Again she laughed, with a straight, serious angel face.

"He'd have liked to begin a regular conversation!" she said to herself. "I dare say!"

Beyond the platform, in the gathering gloom of the station yard, she could see the sturdy outline of a milk cart. She lingered about a little, carrying her holdall and red umbrella, for he might be imagining that she was about to step into a car of dreams, whose door was held for her by a servile chauffeur. But as soon as the train drew out, she hastened from the station and climbed into the milk cart.

They jogged away, to the jingling of one or two empty cans, down warm, white, narrow, uneven roads, traversed a field track, and came to her home.

This was not the "nice place" spoken of so respectfully by Addlebourne, and one could hardly call the garden,

kitchen plot and all, large; not even was it the fair size Tina had described. About the house dwelt an aspect of gloom, an air of chastening; it looked the keep of stubborn minds and thwarted bodies. And the garden, overrun with cabbages and old and bushy wallflowers, set itself antagonistically down among the redundant life outside. Tina, in her little incongruous blue suit, her low-cut blouse, and her saucy turban, ran in.

"Evening, father."

He came forward with the grim manner habitual to him.

"Evening, Tina. What? You've been buying a new bag?"

He surveyed the holdall severely.

"Can't travel with a brown-paper parcel," she replied, flippantly.

"Yes, you can, Tina," said her mother, coming forward, too. "You don't want anything in the way of luggage but the tin box we got you to go to school."

Tina kissed her mother.

"Well," she said, "it's done. The money's gone—bang!"

Her father turned back into the room, and Tina and her mother were left together in the hall.

"I'll go and wash," Tina murmured faintly.

"Don't be long," replied her mother. "Your father's waiting supper for you, now."

Tina set her feet reluctantly on the stairs and slowly began the ascent.

"Hurry, my dear," her mother said tartly.

The girl replied over her shoulder:

"I can't. I'm tired."

"Tired?" said her mother, raising her voice, for she stood below in the hall. "You oughtn't to be. You don't do any work."

"I've been working all day."

"That isn't work—just sitting in a chair and touching up, or what you call it—"

Tina ran into her room and slammed the door.

"Always the same!" she whispered. "Always the same! Don't believe they were ever young, not frivolous young. What do they think a girl's made of? Not work, indeed! Not work! I'd like to know what she expects! I'd like to know—"

"Tina! Hurry!"

She threw off her coat and hat and descended with tumbled hair. She sat between her parents at supper, and ate languidly of pudding and bread and cheese, flanked by cocoa. She answered a catechism as to the new holdall and the red umbrella. The red umbrella held them dumb for two whole minutes when they heard that it had cost ten shillings. Her mother did not like her low-necked blouse.

After supper, she helped to wash up, for the young servant was out; and after the washing up, she would have gone out into the garden, for after all there was the bumpy grass patch, there was the moon and the spring night, and what she had said at Silver's need not be entirely fiction. But her father liked to lock the doors at nine-thirty.

So she went to bed.

She cried a little.

"They don't know what luxury is," she said, "and they can't miss it. But I—"

For a little while she lay awake, watched by the huge, bland moon, and things came to her head—fretful longings and womanish desires. Marguerite's flowered nightgowns and her bath scents and soaps and the perfumes for her hair—oh, how dainty! How exciting, luxurious, and mysterious they were! And how did she get them?

"My dear, he took me to—guess!—Morny's, if you please! And he bought me a gr-reat—big—bottle—" and so forth.

Lunches, too, Marguerite had, at the Carlton and Prince's, and it seemed that

no sooner did she express a wish—to some one eligible—to be taken to the theater than a choice of stalls or a box was placed at her disposal, with the delicious and inevitable accompaniments of dinner, a taxi, chocolates.

Tina lay on her bed with wide, wet eyes looking out at the bland moon that had seen the world move around for centuries upon centuries, always on the same old road, at the same old games, and she sighed and cried in a storm.

Suddenly she slept.

She dreamed of the country—"going down into the country," as she used to say at Silver's—but it was Marguerite's country, not Tina's; beautiful pleasure places through which you drove in a big car, with a guinea box of chocolates on your lap and a big, worshipful man, with Merchant's face, beside you, a very smart man in whose company any girl might be proud to be seen.

When he parted, at the inevitable close of day, with the adored, he gave her a gr-r-eat big bunch of roses and exclaimed:

"I shall count the hours until we meet again."

Through these dreams, Tina traveled to the Sunday morning's awakening.

She wore again the low-necked blouse.

"In the morning!" cried her mother. "You look all dressed up, and it's absurd."

During the function of washing up the breakfast things, which they performed together, Tina weighed matters with her unproven weights and found her affairs wanting.

While she helped, as requested, with the subsequent cooking, she found the shortage greater than ever.

The disposal of her life was calamitous.

In the afternoon some one called. It was the busy woman of the parish, and while she sat drinking the tea that Tina had hastily made, she explained

the object of her visit. She was collecting for new hassocks—a purchase of some magnitude; in fact, several pounds.

She looked ingratiatingly at Tina's mother, and her mother looked expectantly at Tina.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "you earn plenty of money, I'm sure, and you can afford to give something. You're always buying luxuries for yourself."

"I hear, Miss Laurie," added the visitor, "that you have a splendid position in London."

A little silence fell, during which the pleasantness of being supposed in the country to have a splendid position in London, and being supposed in London to have a nice place in the country, brought Tina a welcome renewal of gratification. Rising, she smiled graciously her photographic smile.

"I'm sure," said she in her little drawl, "I'll be delighted to help."

She fetched her purse. In it were thirty shillings, to be rigorously saved for a day at the sea with Marguerite, going down in the restaurant car, taking the half-crown lunch, tipping the waiter

— Oh! Oh! Oh!

"Charmed," said Tina with another photographic smile, as she gave away her day at the sea without a pang.

But the pang came afterward, as she roamed through the straggling wall-flowers and the stumpy cabbages, trying to imagine herself in an ideal setting for the very fine sunset, and with the pang, she cried to her mother in a gust of regret:

"I wish I hadn't given anything for the hassocks! I wanted it to go to the sea."

"The sea! *The—sea!* Whatever next?"

"Well, I'm tired, and I want a holiday."

"You're having one."

"Am I?"

"You're always spending your money. There's that new holdall——"

"Well, you didn't mind me giving it to the hassocks."

"Hassocks are different."

"You're right there, mother. They are."

"Hassocks are things of importance."

"Mother, so's a girl."

The last train on Sunday evening was to carry her back to town. She gave an extra rake to the turban, walked about among the wallflowers and cabbages, taking the last long look, as she would presently tell Silver's, and asked her mother:

"Please be sure to send me the next parish magazine with my name in as subscriber to the hassocks, won't you?"

So she went back to the two-roomed flat, which she shared with Marguerite, in the King's Road, upon the imimitable purlieus of which a London Sabbath evening had cast its dreary cloak.

She found Marguerite putting the finishing touches to a new frock.

"You not been out, dear?"

"No. I've spent the week-end sewing."

"Ugh! Horrid! Thanks for the hat, dear."

"You had a good time?"

"Gorgeous."

"Garden looking nice, I expect?"

"I've never seen it better than this year."

Seating herself on the rickety corner seat that they had built up, somehow, together, Tina rearranged her crushed hair with the aid of a hatpin.

"The worst of being in the country, you know, Marg'rite, is that such a lot is expected of anybody who is anybody. I subscribed thirty shillings yesterday to buy some hassocks."

"You fool!"

"Not at all, dear," Tina demurred, rising with dainty dignity. "My people having the position they have, I couldn't

refuse. My name will be in the printed list of subscribers."

She passed into the bedroom and flung the holdall and red umbrella on the bed.

"Mother," she said through the open door, "didn't care for this holdall. Thought I ought to have bought a better one. She likes everything very good. I always say to her: 'It's all very well for people with your income to talk——'"

She sat down before the dressing table, dallied with the hare's foot and powder puff, relinquished them regretfully, as ever, and added:

"My father has a simply *rip*-ping horse now."

"Do your people keep a horse and trap?"

"Of course, dear. In the country mother says it's an absolute necessity."

She sauntered back to the sitting room, lighted the gas ring, and began to fry the sausages for supper. Marguerite curled up in the one large chair and watched the thin angel face bending over the purring flame.

"Don't get burned!" she cried suddenly.

"All right."

"Tina! Tina, I envy you!"

"What? Having people in the country?"

"Lor', no!"

"What then? The garden?"

"Not that."

"The horse and trap?"

"No, no!"

"What then, Marg'rite?"

"I—I just envy you. That's all."

"O-oh? I do want my supper."

"And me."

"I am sleepy."

"So'm I."

It seemed such a short hour or two before once more they were out together in the King's Road, among a new week's bustle, yellow sunshine, and venders of daffodils as yellow, running

for the bus that would carry them up Sloane Street.

Monday morning, that bitter, regretful morning among mornings, had laid its hand upon Silver's as elsewhere, but lying upon Tina's table was a letter that gilded her return.

The name of a good club was embossed upon the envelope flap. Her heart raced.

"Don't know the writing." She took it up. "A clubman," she added carelessly to Addlebourne, who had followed her in.

Addlebourne went dark as night, and Marguerite turned on her a look like a sword.

Merchant wrote:

MY DEAR MISS LAURIE: When we met at Silver's the other day, you vanished from, as quickly as you came to, me, leaving me feeling not only desolated, but severely snubbed. I am sure you did not mean to be so very unkind.

Or did you?

I shall translate your answer into your acceptance, or refusal, to dine with me at the Carlton one evening this week—to-day (Monday), Tuesday, or Wednesday, as best suits you, at, may I suggest, seven-thirty? It would be a real delight to me thus to promote our acquaintance.

Believe me, dear Miss Laurie, with kind regards, yours to command,

M. MERCHANT.

Tina folded up the auspicious letter. Her heart beat elatedly, and her white cheeks fired crimson. She said, with a little laughing thrill, to the two who listened:

"How men worry! They've got audacity, haven't they?"

Marguerite had not seen the writing on the sheet that Tina had held, with seeming carelessness, but a real purpose, well away from her; neither had she, in her swift, daggerlike glance, been able to catch the name of the correspondent's club. She only asked, therefore, while Addlebourne preserved a dark silence:

"Who's your friend, dear?"

"Just a person I met casually the other day."

"Oh!"

"Yes, just that. Don't let me keep you, Mr. Addlebourne."

Tina worked.

She worked solidly, rapidly, perfectly. A new agent had entered her life—the glamour of a dinner at the Carlton. Revivified, she went through, over and over, in her head, the answer she would give, the dress she would wear, the smart, sharp things she would say, and the adulation she would receive from a great, big, rich man who owned a daily paper and a Rolls-Royce, and who could with a nod bring to his feet the important Silver himself. In the small, warm room on this languid, warm day, Tina plumed herself upon a conquest of magnitude.

She asked the secretary kindly to oblige her with a sheet of note paper and an envelope, and on the marble-topped table of an A. B. C. restaurant a few doors away, she wrote the answer that was of more import than she knew, while Marguerite looked away ostentatiously.

With many nibblings at the holder of her fountain pen, Tina wrote:

DEAR MR. MERCHANT: I was very surprised to receive your kind invitation. I do not generally go out with gentlemen unless I know them quite well, but I shall make an exception in your case, and accept for Tuesday (to-morrow) evening. Yours sincerely,

TINA LAURIE.

"I think," she considered as she tucked the letter away in her bag safe from Marguerite's studiously averted eyes, "that I've been dignified enough. I think I've let him see I'm not just anybody. He ought to understand from what I say that I'm not like some girls."

"Oh, Marg'rite, lend me your crêpe de Chine coat to go over my frock to-morrow night, there's a love."

"All right."

"I'll drop in to Harrods' on our way

home and get a new pair of slippers, I think. Wouldn't you, if you were dining out with a man?"

"No, I shouldn't. But then——"

"But then what?"

"I've had it all. I've done it all. I'd not spend a farthing to please any man. I'd not—— Eat your lunch."

"I shall have to sit up and mend that dress to-night."

"You fool!"

"I don't know, Marg'rite, if you think it's very ladylike to be always using words like that."

"I never think."

"People ought to think. It's so ignorant not to."

She ate listlessly and distastefully through her lunch.

"I shall get a knot of violets at Harrods'. On that cerise coat——"

A real color forced up hotly under the pink on Marguerite's cheeks.

"Violets," she stammered, "on my cerise coat? Oh, yes, they look—they look——"

"Look well?"

"They look awf'ly well."

"You'd surely think me wise to buy slippers, too?"

"Wise? You—wise?"

"Oh, say yes or no!"

Marguerite uttered neither.

The night, warm and languid as the late spring day, stole into the two-roomed flat in the King's Road, and they kept all the windows wide open to the heat and noise and smells and the magic of Chelsea. Marguerite curled herself up as usual in the one big chair and smoked and dozed, but Tina, bolt upright on the quaking corner seat, mended a wispy gray frock.

She wore upon her feet new gray satin slippers, "to get used to them." A great breast knot of artificial violets lay upon the supper table. Her cheeks, fired crimson, grew hotter with the ecstatic beating of her heart; her eyes

were little suns; her tongue clucked and prattled endlessly.

"I was wise to get the slippers, Marg'rite. Wasn't I wise?"

### CHAPTER III.

Trembling upon a cab seat, Tina was carried heavenward. She thought it better to take a taxi, rob her as it might of lunches during the next week, for it was not every night that a girl dined with a rich and celebrated man at the Carlton. She was wrapped from chin to heel in Marguerite's magnificent cloak of *crêpe de Chine*, from the blazing color of which her small flaxen head rose with the pale purity of a child's. While she drove westward, she was occupied with a horrible problem, the problem of knives and forks.

"First there'll be *hors d'oeuvres*, like I had with Mr. Addlebourne at *Les Gourmets*, and I'll be all right over them. And soup and fish ought to be easy. But supposing I don't know what the *entrée* is, or supposing I mistake it for the fish, or supposing——

"Why, I can refuse it! I'll refuse everything I don't know. Why—why, dining out's easy!"

But she felt very friendless and fearful, if happy, when her cab left Knightsbridge and drew near the Carlton and Merchant.

She alighted and walked in with a desperate composure, her thin face white with excitement; and in the Palm Court was Merchant, looking handsomer than ever, and finer, in evening clothes without a fault or a blurred line in them.

He watched her come. His big, cold eyes appraised her, widening a little at the cerise garment that covered her. He noted the smallness of her feet in their cheap shoes, the slimness of her silk-clad ankles, the sheen of her well-dressed head—for Silver's had taught her something about coiffure—and the

angelic quality of her face. The angelic quality stirred him not a little; he thought it very knowing and extremely piquant, and it is no wonder that his stereotyped smile was infused with real gratification as he came forward to meet her.

Her head swam.

"How good of you to come!" he said mellowly, caressing her hand rather than shaking it.

Tina replied with the words she had rehearsed during the drive from Chelsea:

"I made a *special* exception, Mr. Merchant, in your favor."

"Well," said he with his slight, secret, satirical smile, "that's all the dearer of you. Our table's over here."

She was seated with him in a scene that seemed to her all pink lights and pink shadows; where well-dressed women and well-dressed men sat all around her; where the luxury and ease and quiet opulence smote her nearly breathless. He had taken her cloak from her shoulders, dropping it over the back of her chair, and was now seated opposite, caressing her with his eyes and undoubtedly gratified by what he saw.

Often and long as Tina had studied herself in her glass, well as she had learned her attributes as Silver's model, she was too young and light and stupid yet to guess at a part of her frail, fair magic; nor did she know the ageless message that her shadowy eyes gave; nor did she know of the worldly wisdom at which her artful coiffure hinted; nor did she know that the cocksureness of her suggested ripening experience rather than just her young-girl vanity.

Oblivious of these signs which Merchant was pleasurable reading, she looked about her at leisure, drawing off, finger by finger, her white gloves, and tucking the hands of them into the wrists as casually as if to-night's program were a frequent affair.

Merchant had ordered dinner, a chaste and elegant meal, where the knife-and-fork problem was uncomplicated, for, versed as he was in the art of thus entertaining girls and women socially untutored, he would not have dreamed, had Tina only known it, of allowing so gauche a detail to mar the insidious joy of the hour. He was now choosing a wine and speaking confidentially to the waiter.

When Tina turned, therefore, to a contemplation of her immediate future, *consommé en tasse* had been set before her, and Merchant was smiling at her, gayly, if satirically, under the pink lights.

"You look," he said, "simply charming."

A thrill ran all down Tina from head to heel. He pursued:

"But a little tired, if I may be allowed to say so."

"I'm always tired in the spring."

"But the spring," he said slowly, "is a great time. There's all kinds of romance in the spring, and old people feel young." Here he raised his eyebrows with a whimsical trick he had and paused long enough to let her feel the inference to himself. "When old people feel young, and young people do the maddest and most delicious things —" And here his eyebrows and his teeth, and his barely perceptible bow, pointed the allusion to her.

"Oh, but you're not old."

"Kind of you," said Merchant. "Sweet of you. So I'm not old? I wonder just what you do think of me? Oh, I would love to know all the bad things you think of me!"

The tiny, light, exultant thrill ran up and down her.

"Oh, would you?" she thrilled, tilting her chin.

He laughed.

She drank her soup daintily, and the warmth revived her. Color came into her cheeks and lips, and she felt herself

more equal to this brand-new situation; nay, quite equal to any situation in the world that included a man.

"Perhaps," she gasped impertinently, "I'll tell you some day."

"Yes," said Merchant easily, "you shall. But you must tell me soon."

"I don't know."

"But I do, for I'm an impatient person who never waits long for what he wants."

She exhibited all the spoiled-darling mutiny, airs, and graces, which he had seen practiced so often and knew so well; and which—though of this he was not aware—translated in no way whatever her little drab, hungry, simple mode of life. And while she was still exhibiting these caprices, and while he looked on indulgently, answering indulgently in the easy terms with which he was so familiar, a green bottle was brought wearing a necklace of gold foil, and Tina knew that she was to taste champagne.

"I felt," said Merchant, with his raised eyebrows and mock humility, "that I should not be wrong in ordering champagne, a sweet champagne?"

"It will do nicely, thanks," she replied, keeping down her bubbling enthusiasm.

Inwardly he may have been smiling that slight, secret, satirical smile, but outwardly he expressed only a devout and humble thankfulness at finding his choice approved.

He raised his glass and his eyebrows appealingly.

"Many happy returns of to-night."

Tremulously Tina put up her glass, feeling, rather than knowing, what one was required to do in these circumstances, chinked it with timorous bravado against his, and with timorous bravado drank.

The waiter was serving again, and she felt privately glad of the interruption, for she had a sense of having done a very intrepid, almost a delightfully

dangerous, thing. She kept her eyes down, sipped more champagne, and played her small fingers nervously round the stem of the glass. And under the pink lights Merchant kept upon her his concentrated, analytic look of eager examination. By the time the interlude of service was over, he was leaning forward, inquiring:

"What makes you always tired in the spring?"

"I—I really don't know."

"I do," he said caressingly. "It's want of change. You share in the general unrest of all nature, and perhaps you don't get enough holiday."

"I go down into the country sometimes for a week-end."

"Do you?" he said, thoughtfully. "And where do you go?"

"Into South Bucks."

"Always South Bucks?"

"My people live there, you see."

"Oh! And how do you like spending your week-ends in South Bucks?"

Tina drank champagne. Already it had fired her a little, waked in her a new recklessness and irresponsibility, and a sort of pleasure that she had never tasted before. She replied with an abandon of confidence, a flinging away of her spoiled-darling pose, that she would never have permitted herself, even among her intimates, at Silver's.

"I don't spend my week-ends as I like."

"Oh, shame!" said Merchant lightly. "Shame! Don't you know that life is created for a pretty woman to seize with both hands and enjoy with every sense she possesses? Don't tell me you miss your chances as badly as that!"

Tina trilled a little champagne laugh.

"I shan't tell you anything."

"Yes, do," he urged softly. "Do tell me what is your ideal of a holiday. I suppose you get a good deal of motoring?"

"Me! N-not a great deal."

"Ah, but I should have said that I

supposed you get all you want and to spare?"

Tina said within herself: "He can ask and ask, but I'm not going to tell him I've never been in a private car." Aloud, she answered, affecting her little drawl:

"Of course, Mr. Merchant, a girl in my position gets asked out a good deal, as you suggest."

"Care for the theater?"

Her heart jumped. She replied guardedly:

"Sometimes."

"Is there anything you'd care to see to-night?"

Her heart jumped and fluttered.

"I really d-don't know. A person c-can hardly decide all in a m-minute."

"Let's send for a list," he said imperturbably. "Waiter, a theater list."

He passed it over to her with his exaggerated mock humility, and she bent her eyes upon the ranks of printed words, which she scarcely saw. The champagne seemed to attack her, lovingly, but dangerously, and she had an excited fear of displaying her inexperience. While she looked, Merchant leaned forward looking at her, and he approved her long-lashed eyes, like big shadows in her little face, and the white clarity of her skin, her lithe thinness and her moonlight hair. He liked the airiness of her wispy gray corsage, and the dead pallor of her neck and arms against the bright background of the cerise cloak.

"Well?" he asked, smiling.

She faltered out hastily the title of the first play on the list, and Merchant lifted an eyebrow at the nearest waiter.

"Waiter, telephone—"

While he gave his directions, she found quite an intoxication in listening to his voice, smooth, flexible, and imperious. She liked a man to be imperious for her. She looked around her with ineffable happiness.

"You look better. You've a little color," said Merchant's voice through this blur of content. "I'm sure, you know, my dear Miss Laurie, that you don't take sufficient care of yourself. You don't feed up enough; you don't rest enough; you girls are so rackety."

Rackety! Rather—rather gratifying to be adjudged rackety, even by a man of the world like Merchant! She trilled another of those soft champagne laughs.

"I like a little life."

"I'll bet you do!" he exclaimed instantly. "Rather! And I'll bet you have it, too! But, seriously, what you want, this enervating weather, is one of those little motoring holidays we spoke of just now. You really ought to take one. A good car and the right companion and your favorite kind of picnic basket—eh?"

Some voice whispered to her indistinctly that she was approaching the rocks, but hardly listening to its puling messages, she murmured a kind of hazy agreement.

Merchant veered away from the subject immediately.

"You like these *pêches Melba*? Girls always do, I find."

"It's very nice, thanks," she replied dreamily.

"Do you know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking you very clever."

"Oh? Why?"

"For your taste in coloring. That cloak"—his eyes rested on it half doubtfully again—"is just the right background to make you stand out like a little white flower."

"Really?"

"Don't be so cold to me. Are you offended?"

"How silly you are!" she said with a catch in her breath.

She wanted to laugh immoderately.

"It's no good," he said. "I know you're very knowing."

She had a keen feeling of pleasure

that she had not given her greenness, her inexperience, away.

"It's no good," he said, shaking his head. "It's no good."

They then had coffee in the Palm Court, and she smoked a cigarette with him and no longer envied Marguerite her distractions.

"For two pins," she said to herself elatedly, "he'd offer me a present. I should decline it, of course."

She was charmed with herself that she possessed the accomplishment of blowing smoke rings, which Marguerite had taught her and at which Merchant uttered the banal remark that he should have been weary of making:

"Ah, my dear girl, you're an old hand, I can see!"

He wrapped her in the cerise cloak, lingering over the fastenings and letting his finger tips brush her throat.

"Beautiful skin you've got," he said casually, keeping a wary eye upon her face for effects.

She tilted her chin a little.

"Re-ally, Mr. Merchant!"

He smiled his secret, satirical smile. Leaving the vestibule, he tucked a hand in her arm and pressed it.

"Evening's not over yet," he said lightly, "is it?"

They passed out to the waiting taxicab, and the commissionaire shut them in. Tina snuggled down into the extravagant cloak with a fine sensation of wealth, luxury, and life, and each lamp they passed showed the man her little pale face smiling, and showed her the fixity of his regard turned upon her. Soon he found, under folds of crêpe de Chine, one of her small, nervous hands.

"Not cold, are you?" he asked caressingly.

"Not at all, thank you, Mr. Merchant."

In spite of the dignity of this reply, he did not, however, relinquish the hand he had taken, but his clasp remained

warm and firm. She thought confusedly:

"He'd better not go any farther, though! He'd better not make any mistakes about me!"

All the while, like a child madly enjoying its party, she reveled in the delirium of her excitement.

In the lobby of the theater, Merchant murmured:

"We've got a box."

"Really?"

He knew the stereotyped nonenthusiasm as thoroughly as he thought he saw in her the usual grabbing instinct of predatory woman. Pressing her arm, he ushered her into their box, bought chocolates and a program, and settled down beside her. He was deciding that the girl was really worth everything he felt moved to give her, and that the piquant unusualness of her type more than atoned for the everlasting and senseless capriciousness that her sort seemed always to think it incumbent upon them to display. Under cover of the cloak that, loosed from her shoulders, still lay about her lap, again he found her hand.

"What size do you take in gloves?"

"What a lot you want to know!"

"Yes, you sweet little girl, I do."

Throughout the evening his whispers stirred her vaguely. When the curtain was up and the auditorium in darkness, he kissed the hand he held, and when she said petulantly, with her heart beating high: "You're not to do that!" his soft, satiric laughter and his low-voiced question: "What are you going to do about it?" robbed her, somehow, of any stability she might have retained, and put her completely at a loss as to what she was to do about it.

"Supper?" he suggested, when the play was over.

He took her to Romano's, where, over more champagne and deviled chicken, she walked farther on the new road in which she had so joyfully set

her feet. It was at supper that he asked:

"What are you doing next week-end?"

Recklessly she confessed:

"Nothing."

"Oh," he said lightly, and keeping that wary eye upon her face, "what a pity! Here's lovely weather, young-April weather, when one simply yearns to be away on the road. Don't you simply yearn to be away motoring next week-end? Now, look here."

Her breath labored; her heart seemed to stand still; tremors seized her. And yet—and yet—

Almost before he spoke again, she saw long, white, rushing roads, green fringed; she saw a car of beauty, symmetry, and power, with herself leaning back beneath fur rugs, beside—

Her companion was almost out of the picture. She saw herself and the great car, the fur rugs, lunches at approved hotels, a height of bodily luxury of which one mentioned afterward:

"I was motoring all last week-end in a Rolls-Royce."

Merchant was talking on easily.

"I can get away on Saturday," he said. "Saturday till Monday. Do give me the pleasure of your society and of showing you a remarkably lovely route. The best motoring country in England—"

And the rest she did not hear. An overwhelming rush of thoughts filled her mind; thoughts that now seemed, curiously, never to have left her since, three hours before at dinner, Merchant had spoken of such a holiday and had left her to digest the idea. The thoughts formed themselves with rapidity and perfection:

"Other girls often do it. It's nothing. It's life. I've been far too particular. You can't always be denying yourself every little pleasure that comes along. Marg'rite would go like a bird."

She was answering, almost simultaneously, to Merchant:

"Thanks. That would be delightful, I'm sure, Mr. Merchant. I'll be charmed."

His cold blue-lightning eyes stared and his eyebrows lifted for a second; he smiled.

"You sweet little girl, I knew you'd come! I knew you were a sport! And I'll give you a good time. You shall have everything you want. Let's make our arrangements."

After these arrangements had been made, she said suddenly:

"I'd better go home."

He acquiesced at once.

"Where are you living? I don't think you've told me."

"I share a flat in King's Road with Marguerite Allen."

"With—I say, I wouldn't tell—the young lady—of our plans. What?"

While she laughed more of that wine-lighted laughter, once again he was fastening the cloak around her, and his eyes, as they rested upon it, were no longer doubtful; but filled with a certain amusement. They passed out, his hand beneath her arm.

In the cab, a breathless expectation of impending events shook her. They turned into the smooth, wide space of the Mall, and between lamps Merchant's arm gripped her waist and his mouth closed on hers.

"You're a darling!" he whispered.

Tina lay back, laughing and, within herself, relieved to find the harmlessness and ease with which this dire step had been taken.

"A kiss," she would have thought had she been able to think, "is nothing, after all. Everybody kisses everybody. I don't know the world, like Marg'rite said."

So she came back into King's Road, Chelsea, and parting from Merchant with a brilliant smile for his urgent "Don't forget!" she ran upstairs.

Her feet felt light as a deer's feet upon the many stone steps. The vague inertia, the weary discontent, had left her; she could have sung as she thrust her latchkey into the door.

Marguerite was in bed when Tina whisked in and turned up the light.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Had a good time?"

"Gorgeous!"

"Ah!"

Marguerite asked no further question, but turned over with her face to the wall and shut her eyes again.

"Marg'rite!"

"Hello?"

"I'm going down into the country next week-end."

"What? Home again?"

"Wouldn't you like to know!"

"No. Don't care tuppence."

"All right. I shouldn't tell you anyway."

Tina left the borrowed cloak and her own gray frock in a heap on the floor, crept into her nightgown with an exalted sigh; and tumbled into bed, where, through the thinly curtained window, the bland moon watched her and recorded another regulation move in the world-old game.

"It was wise of me to borrow that cloak of yours, Marg'rite," she was murmuring before she fell asleep. "The man I dined with admired the color. Said—all sorts—of—things. Glad I—borrowed—I was wise—"

#### CHAPTER IV.

In Merchant's car, when he picked Tina up at their rendezvous, was a surprise.

The surprise was a fur coat.

"I thought I'd bring a wrap, in case you didn't think of it. I hope you like it?"

She snuggled into the coat luxuri-

ously, red spots of delight on either cheek.

"It's new," she told herself. "I suppose he means to offer it to me out and out. I've been a silly girl—oh, I have! All this time I've been going without things—"

Merchant was steering the great car with a mobility wonderful to watch, in and out of the traffic; and in an amazingly short while, it seemed to Tina, they were running into open country. The day was blue, white, and green, washed over all with pale gold; woods and fields and little villages slipped by one after another; this was the real, the ideal week-end in the country.

Dusk was soft and pale, gray and warm; the scent of April blew in the tiny breeze. Merchant took short cuts now and again round obscure corners, into enchanted places, and every time he turned into the completeness of evening solitude in these byroads, her heart began to beat thickly and she hardly dared think why.

He pulled the car up, presently, in the deep shadow of a great hedge.

"Rotten place, London, to meet a little girl in," he said, and he put out two irresistible arms, drew her in, and kissed her till she was trembling and tired.

She said nothing, but crept down into the fur coat, and life and the night began, dimly, to haunt and scare her. They kept to the main road by and by, and after an hour or two's racing speed, came into Bath.

Merchant lifted her out, and under his guidance she stepped into one of those hotels which she had often dreamed of entering from a rich car, with a rich man, in a rich coat.

Sunday found her like a lost child that has followed a false light over a trackless desert, and left her without even the glimmer of that light to lure her. True, she breakfasted *en negli-*

*gée*, in the matinée jacket and the lace cap borrowed from Marguerite, and breakfast in attractive deshabille had been to her hitherto one of the desirable experiences of the fortunate and leisured classes. True, there was the fur coat, beautiful and supple, lying over a chair back for her eyes to rest upon if they would. True, a Rolls-Royce, temporarily her own, was garaged without, awaiting her commands. True, there was a guinea box of chocolates opened upon the bedside table. True, upon the same table lay the bunch of violets Merchant had bought her the day before, the faded, dying, purple cluster of sweet, spoiled things, to remind her—

To remind her of yesterday, before she had followed the false light over the pathless way.

And there, under the charming cap, over the pink silk jacket, stared her small, wan, sick, frightened face, and her heart was as bitter as aloes. It weighed like a stone in her breast, and she knew what many stupid girls have known before her—that no car, no furs, no silk jacket and matinée cap, no Bond Street chocolates, no ease of body, no empty words of any man, were worth the joyless squandering.

Pride supported her; she wasn't going to show herself downed, to show herself green, ignorant, or dull. She laughed and babbled. She kept catching at bits of Marguerite's wisdom—"Treat 'em like dogs," and, "Always get what you can." She treated Merchant consistently, therefore, with all the airs, graces, and vain caprices that had long been stale to him.

All day they motored, lurching by the roadside from a picnic hamper, and they reached, by beautiful roads, the sea and one of the south-coast resorts.

"A day at the sea," he said, with the transient tenderness that the situation called for, "would do you lots of good. You're looking better already. Now,

where'll we stay, dear? I'll drive along the front, and you shall pick a hotel."

A scream rose in her throat. A hotel, and more waiters and chambermaids, with horrible, tolerant experience in their eyes— A hot wave of color bathed her at the thought. She checked the sound in her throat and sat silent, while Merchant drove along the front.

After all, it was he who chose their hotel. He garaged the car, gave her tea, and suggested a walk before dinner.

"The pier, perhaps?" he said.

He had found they always liked piers, and bands and chocolates—always chocolates.

"Can't we go somewhere quiet?" she said in a hard voice.

"Delightful!" he answered, smiling.

"Let's go down on the beach and walk along by the sea."

"But how about those little shoes?"

She looked down at her best suède slippers.

"I don't care about my shoes."

She did not care, either.

They went down to the beach, past the scattered promenaders, past the pier, out of sight and sound of the band, and walked along by the sea toward the ever-evasive evening distance of golden gray. A clear red sunset flushed the sea, and on the cliffs above them a line of trees stood up dark against the opal sky.

This was the beautiful world, this clean, quiet, sweet-smelling place; and behind, in that hotel that reeked of money—money—money, she had left the tinsel net whose tawdry glories had trapped her. Strange thoughts came to her, big, new, and chaotic. A sad wisdom came, and vision such as she had never known before. But there visited her, too, a sense of appalling loneliness, of desperation and fear. She looked up into the sunset, and out over the sea, and ahead along the sands to where the cliffs faded into the gold-gray distance,

and all her mind was one formless prayer for haven.

Merchant's hand closed upon her arm.

"Don't *run*," he begged derisively.

She stood still as if impelled, with her feet near the water's edge. Her face was milk-white, and she shivered.

"Look!" she said wildly, flinging out her hands with a gesture that embraced those limitless waters. "Look! Doesn't it seem as if I'd only to walk in there and wash—and be clean?"

He started, dropped her arm, checked some exclamation, and fixed his blue-lightning eyes quietly on her face.

"My dear child—" he began easily.

"But," she cried, her voice rising and shrilling, "I shall never be clean again! Never! Never! Never! Oh, what have I done? What have I done?"

While he stood staring, transfixed, she sank into a heap upon the sand at the sea's edge and sobbed. He bent and patted her shoulder, and she shrugged off his hand. He began to speak comforting words, to ask caressing questions, and she broke in with wild, violent, ejaculatory lamenting. After some while, he caught the repetitions of:

"It isn't worth it! No, it isn't worth it! If only girls knew it's better to be good! If only we knew! Oh, God! If I'd known!"

Merchant stood staring and frowning out to sea, and suddenly light broke and staggered him, robbing him for a few moments of speech. Then he said, in a curiously gentle voice that she had never heard from him before:

"Tina, my child, what's all this? Get up and tell me."

She did not get up, but, her head bent nearly to her knees, she sobbed out what enlightened him further.

"I wish I'd not come! Oh, I wish I'd not come! It isn't worth it, and it spoils things! It spoils life! People w-would despise me! Men would despise me! It—it's not worth while,

being bad! Money doesn't matter so much, after all! I always wanted a fur coat, and to have a motoring holiday like other girls talked about, and to s-s-stay at hotels, b-b-but—"

"You're disappointed?" said Merchant gently.

"I'd like to die!"

"You won't die, dear," said Merchant gently.

Tina wept.

Merchant stared and frowned out to sea, a deep flush over his face, and suddenly went on one knee beside her.

"Tina, my child, do you mean that this is your first experience of the wicked world?"

Tina lay on the sand, sobbing out broken repetitions of assent.

"My God!" said the man to himself softly.

He got up and threw pebbles out to sea, and tried to find just a glimmer of alleviating humor in the situation, but there was none.

"Tina, get up. Here—here's a hanky. Let's dry the poor face."

As she would not get up, he went down beside her again, took her on his knees as if she had been a small child, and dried her face very carefully. Looking up out of her drowned eyes, she met his with the blue lightning gone out of them.

"Now, kiddie," he said, "just what do you want to do?"

"G-g-go home."

"Get up, then."

The storm spent, she rose and shook out her skirts.

"What's my face like?"

"Pull your veil down, kiddie."

As they walked, he looked at his watch.

"You'd rather cut dinner to get home, Tina?"

"I don't want dinner."

They walked on swiftly toward the town.

"Tina," said the man in a kind voice,

"you know, least said, soonest mended, and other girls besides you have learned how to hold their tongues about their little escapades. If you knew the world rather better——"

"I hate the world!"

"You hate it to-day. But there's always to-morrow."

Once more she was wrapped in that defiling fur coat beside him in the car, and they were flying northeastward. Now and again in the moonlight, she took a shrinking glance at his profile, cold, set, and masterful as she had known it throughout their acquaintance. It seemed very long ago that she had felt that acquaintance so gratifying, so infinitely desirable—long ago and most incredible. She cried softly to herself most of the way.

Merchant drove into London at midnight, and down the King's Road just before one o'clock. He was hungry and spent, and inclined to a little worldly admonition by way of parting.

"Now, my dear child, you've been a little donkey, and when you talk about spoiling your life, remember you've spoiled my week-end, and lost me my dinner, and been far, far luckier than you deserve." He lifted her down, stupid with fatigue and sleep, adding: "Tell me if I can say or do anything for you at any time, and keep in mind my advice: Always forget what it's better not to remember."

"Good night," she stammered, stumbling into the dark hallway.

Marguerite was awake when Tina entered their bedroom.

"Hello!" she called through the dark. "You back, dear? Light up, and——"

The electric switch clicked, and in the full light she saw Tina standing near the door, very pale and very tragic.

"What a coat!" said Marguerite, after a pause.

Tina dragged it off with a muffled cry of hate, and flung it into a corner, and Marguerite sat up.

"Well?"

"Nothing!" cried Tina.

Marguerite put one white foot after the other lazily out of bed, and fetched the coat for examination.

"Nice," she said, trying it on over her flowered nightgown.

"Keep it."

"Why? Who gave it to you?"

"Merchant."

Marguerite rested both hands on the dressing table for a moment, and in that moment the timbre of her husky-rich voice had changed, but she did not look around.

"You've been——"

"I've been motoring with Merchant."

Driving in a Rolls-Royce, staying at the best hotels, receiving furs and sweets and anything one had a mind to ask for! Yet how bitter was the boast! Tina sank into a basket chair and put her face in her hands, and in the mirror Marguerite watched her.

"Have—you—really?"

"Yes. And I—— Marguerite, I hate myself! I'd like to die!"

"You won't die."

"That's just what—he—said."

"Oh! Did you tell him you'd like to die, then?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This evening."

"And then?"

"He brought me back. Marg'rete, he thought I was a different kind of girl."

Marguerite, still standing with her supporting hands on the dressing table, broke into her contralto laugh.

"How dare you, Marg'rete? Can't you see I—I'm wretched?"

"Yes, I see you're wretched."

"Marg'rete, when a girl's done wrong, how does she ever get right again?"

"She never gets right again."

"Oh, don't! Don't! Oh, God! What'll I do?"

"What others do."

"Marg'rete, yesterday morning—Sat-

urday morning, I mean—everything seemed so gay. It felt like—like a lark."

"And now?"

"I'm old. I'm very old. What'll I do? I feel so old, and I'm tireder than before, and I want to die."

Under her black brows Marguerite watched in the mirror, and she knew that Tina was indeed very old, as old as the world.

"Marg'rite, I'm going to be good forever and ever."

"What are you going to get out of life that way? Retouching and sitting at Silver's on two pound a week?"

"I suppose—perhaps—I suppose girls marry."

"Not when they've started that sort of game."

"Why not?"

"Men don't care about having them."

"Don't, Marguerite, don't!"

"I think you'd better go to bed, fool."

"I will—soon. But—I wish I hadn't thought about him at all! I wish I hadn't borrowed your cloak that evening 'cause the color suited me!"

Still in the fur coat, Marguerite stood with her bosom heaving quickly.

"Ah? You were dining with him that evening?"

"Yes, yes! And, you remember, I bought new slippers—and violets."

"I," said Marguerite, her contralto laugh strangled in her pulsing throat, "wore violets on that cloak one evening when I dined with him, and he admired the contrast."

"Oh-h-h!"

"I expect he's amused."

"Amused!"

"Of course."

Very slowly Tina got up and began to undress, dropping her clothes one by one in a heap on the floor.

"I hate—I hate people to laugh!"

"Then they will laugh more."

Half past one struck from a neighboring clock and shivered the tense air.

"I'll get back to bed," said Marguerite, yawning and dropping from her shoulders the fur coat.

"I'm ready, too."

There came darkness, silence, and remembrance to Tina, and darkness, silence, and remembrance to Marguerite; out of which she spoke huskily, by and by.

"Tina, I don't envy you any more."

## CHAPTER V.

Bitter, regretful Monday morning broke upon Tina, as she lay facing the sunshine streaking in through the thinly curtained window, and she received Monday morning unwillingly, with tears. Long before she had summoned resolve to rise from bed, Marguerite, with unwonted zeal, was up, splashing in the bathroom, perfuming her clouds of hair, even grilling the breakfast bacon. And when Tina dragged reluctantly into the minute sitting room, their meal was ready.

"Hello!" said Marguerite.

It was the first word she had spoken that morning.

"Hello!" Tina replied.

They ate and drank in silence, put on their hats in silence, and caught their omnibus. In silence still, they reached Silver's, where they went straight through the big studio to the retouching room. They hung their coats and hats upon the hooks on the door and took turns, as usual, at prinking into the ten inches of looking-glass.

"I look awful!" said Tina.

"You'll really have to begin to use a little color," said Marguerite suavely.

They sat down at the table side by side, and sorted their brushes, and in a few minutes two or three young women looked in, to say futilely: "Well, you two, here's old Monday again. I feel pretty washed out," and other statements much to the same effect. The dressing-room attendant perched on their table, swinging her feet.

"Tina," said Marguerite suavely, with a jocular wave of her brush at the white-faced girl beside her, "has been out motoring all the week-end."

Sounds of envy and curiosity assailed Tina's little trismoning ears.

"With her best friend," Marguerite added in her loving husky-rich voice.

"Mind your business, Marg'rite," Tina faltered.

"Shan't," said Marguerite. "Tina went motoring with her rich aunt."

"Got an aunt who keeps a car?"

"You lucky girl! You're always having a good time."

No answering jubilation of gratified vanity swelled in Tina's breast, where her heart lay like a stone. Murmuring something incoherently, she fell to work upon a plate. One by one the young women slipped away, and the two retouchers were alone again.

"Couldn't you have left it alone, Marg'rite?"

"Dare say I could."

"I hate you!"

"You make me laugh."

"I hate you more for laughing!"

"Then I laugh more."

"You've got a cruel heart!"

"If you don't laugh in this world, my child, you'll cry."

Addlebourne came in, with his face flushed and his eyes full of fear and anxiety, to linger about their table.

"Morning, Miss Laurie. Morning, Miss Allen."

"Morning, Mr. Addlebourne."

"Beautiful weather."

"Isn't it?"

"It's been a beautiful week-end."

"It has indeed."

"I went to a concert at the Albert Hall," said Addlebourne tensely.

"Was it good?" replied Tina, in a bright ecstasy of interest.

"So-so," said the young man miserably.

A silence intervened while he hung

over Tina's chair, affecting to look at her work.

"I," said Marguerite in her loving voice, after the pause had become of considerable length, "stayed at home and polished up the flat and mended the stockings."

"Did you?" replied Addlebourne, waiting eagerly.

Marguerite smiled, while Tina's small hand, cold as ice, moved on mechanically.

"I heard just now," Addlebourne pursued, licking his tongue round his lips, "that Miss Laurie had had a lovely time motoring."

"She did," said Marguerite again, after waiting a fruitless moment for Tina to speak. "She's been flying about all over the country with her rich aunt."

The young man laughed and stuttered with pleasure, while the faintness that had assailed Tina passed away. She worked on with industry.

"It was glorious," she said hoarsely. Addlebourne went away.

"Oh, Marg'rite!" whispered Tina.

"Don't be a little fool."

Presently, during a momentary absence of Marguerite's, Addlebourne came back with a purposeful air. A new resolve seemed to have informed him, which made his eye eager and his feet light.

"Miss Laurie, where are you lunching?"

"Anywhere."

"Couldn't we take something—sandwiches, cake—to Kensington Gardens? You used to like to get a little fresh air during lunch time."

She said: "Oh, thank you, Mr. Addlebourne."

Again he went away, full-hearted.

They took an omnibus to within a stone's throw of the Albert Gate, drank hot milk at an adjacent A. B. C., and walked on into the Gardens. Here, with the surge of traffic dropped right out of sound, was peace, space, and

leisure, where they walked until they found a remote green seat, on which they sat, side by side, both infused with a breathless expectation.

Addlebourne was certain that the slip of womanhood in frayed black serge beside him embodied every desirable factor in the world; and Tina was certain, suddenly, in the glare of her new enlightenment, that marriage safe and secure, marriage devoted and true, marriage, the wall set up between a frail girl and her worldly desires, was the haven for which she had wept on the seashore last night.

Addlebourne, and home, and three pounds a week, which had seemed, a short while ago, contemptible to the point of impossibility, were the fairest prospects on earth. She had learned a new and terrible measure of humility. To creep away from the scorn of man and emerge with a triumphant wedding ring upon her finger was the end to live and pray for.

Her lover sat watching her while she ate daintily. He felt emanating from her this new softness, tolerance, and humility, which amazed him, but encouraged him to tell her what he would not have dared to tell her before. Tentatively, after they had finished their meal, had fed the sparrows that chirped around them, and raised and dropped many small immaterial matters for conversation, he took her arm and walked away over the grass, into such obscurity as he could find. He began on a hesitant note:

"Tina."

It was the first time he had put aside the formality of "Miss Laurie," and she smiled. Emboldened, he said:

"Tina, you always seem such a fortunate girl. You always seem as if you can have everything you want. Not that it is to be wondered at, for if a man possessed the world, he would only want it to give to you. But what I mean is that when a girl is pretty and sought

after, when she only works for a hobby, as I remember you told me you do, when her family has a nice place in the country where she could go and live if she chose, and when she has relations rich enough to keep cars, it sort of frightens a fellow from saying what he longs to say."

Addlebourne paused, the thudding of his heart robbing him of breath to continue, and while he paused, she murmured:

"Why—how—what do you mean?"

"If I ask a girl to marry me," he said, hurrying over the great words, "it means being fairly hard up—at least, what you might consider hard up."

"Why," she almost whispered, "should I, more than any other girl, consider it too hard up?"

"Because you've been used to luxury. You have a good home and—and—For instance, you were out motoring with your aunt all this week-end. Now, Tina, motoring means money, and I'm not fool enough to persuade you to think I could give you all that."

Merchant's face, the great car breathing gold, the expensive hotels, the fur coat whose embrace seemed to soil, all rose up before her, turning her sick with strong revulsion.

"I don't want," she whispered, "don't want—all that."

"Think—think," said Addlebourne, "if you could be happy with what I could give you."

"I have thought."

"Tina! Tina darling! You mean you've thought—of me?"

She nodded.

Behind a great tree, Addlebourne took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Tina—when?"

"When you like."

He began talking fast.

"You see, darling, there's nothing much to wait for. I shan't be any better off six months on than I am now, and I've been saving for the last year

and a half, hoping somehow that I should be able to ask you and that you might say you would, although till today I never really felt sure enough. So I've got enough to furnish a small place, and I'm afraid a very small place is all we can afford. And there only remains to look for a house. Or shall it be a flat? And shall we go on Saturday?"

Again they sat down on a green seat to make plans, heedless of the flying time. With the lamp of this new humility held to her life, she began to understand how gladly little people do the little old, dull things that make the world go round; and how the little old, dull things, the daily work, the daily struggle, marriage, and the rearing of children are, after all, the primal things. The shop windows vanished, and the restless streets; the small competitions and vanities were no more; for dress and sweets and dearly bought pleasures shrank, all, to their true proportion. And in this moment of tremulous decisions, Tina could look a very long way ahead and see eternal woman's one, far goal.

"I've loved you always," said the young photographer. "I've loved and adored you since the first day you came to Silver's."

"I answered the advertisement."

"You'll never answer advertisements any more, thank God! Tina, you're too pretty, too dangerous, to run about a city looking for some place to fill. Oh, Tina, my dear, there are hundreds of places, hundreds of hells, waiting for girls like you!"

"Yes," she cried involuntarily, "there are!"

"But you don't know anything about them," said the young man, with a sudden air of still reserve. "That's why I've wanted you so—because you're different from most other pretty girls. You're the kind of woman a man dreams of making his wife some day.

You're so fastidious and self-respecting. You're *good*."

Tina rose suddenly.

"Let's walk," she said tremblingly.

Addlebourne fell into step beside her, continuing:

"You're too good for your present life, too good to meet evil. Oh, Tina, I've dreamed so often of taking you out of the path of evil, setting you in our home—being so happy together! Tina, when we're married, I want you to promise me something."

She could not answer; some great impulse struggled within her—a madness for confession, a certainty that she could not leave him in this make-believe paradise that he had built around her. Yet all the while, pending the culmination of the struggle, words of Merchant and of Marguerite hunted her like bloodhounds, implacable in pursuit.

"Learn how to hold your tongue."

"Girls never get right again. Men don't marry them—when they've begun that game."

The young man, swiftly pressing her hand that fell inert by her side, received her silence as assent.

"I want you to promise me that you won't be such friends with Miss Allen; in fact, to promise me, dearest Tina, that you'll give her up entirely."

"Why?" Tina stammered.

"She's not—not your sort." And again Addlebourne uttered: "Thank God!"

More words of Marguerite's—"Tina, I don't envy you any more"—hunted Tina right down to the confessional, as she stood before her lover, with shaking knees, though her chin was up.

"I ought to tell you, perhaps, since you—"

Addlebourne stood at quick attention.

"Since you—you think all that of me, that—"

Choking back the difficulties in her throat, she rushed on:

"How do you know I'm not—very like Marg'rite?"

"Because I do," he began hotly, but stopped there, arrested by the clear admission in her face.

"I won't deceive you," she said. "I—lots of girls— Marg'rite says lots of girls—think nothing—"

"Go on."

"I've—I've—I've—"

Addlebourne suddenly caught at her wrists and held her facing him under the same tree where, not long ago, he had kissed her.

"Where were you last week-end?"

"Motoring with Mr. Merchant."

Amid the chaos of the terrible silence that followed, she asked in a dying tone:

"Does it make so much difference, then?"

"Yes," said Addlebourne heavily, but crisply.

After a moment he dropped her wrists; after another moment he dropped his eyes, raised his hat with some irony in the courtesy, and turned to go.

"Wait!" Tina quivered.

"No," he said, "I'd better not. I've been a fool."

"Why—why—"

"Men don't care to marry your sort, Tina."

A small moan that she smothered in a cough broke from her lips; she kept her chin up and all her hardihood in her eyes.

"When a man marries," said Addlebourne before he moved away, "he thinks of things—so many things. It isn't like taking a girl out to dinner, or on the river, or—no, it's not like taking her out motoring for the week-end, either. It's his life and his world that are at stake, and the lives of others—his children's. A man always wants the best—to marry." Then, with a change of tone to the merely formal, he added: "Good morning, Miss

Laurie. I think I'll walk on," and so left her.

Tina leaned up against the tree trunk, biting her under lip.

"Oh!" she panted to herself. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Blue and white, green and gold, the afternoon awaited her, and from the sheltering shadow of the tree she looked out into it. A few men and women walked, in couples, across the grass; along the distant paths nurses sauntered; and playing children, knowing nothing of sorrow, darted here and there. Tina looked at them all, loath to leave her seclusion, to walk among them all and see their commonplace, every-day, beautiful happiness.

Custom impelled her to glance at the watch upon her wrist, and custom sent her on running feet to the nearest gate; and the habit of work, which has saved many, saved her in this emergency. She had not time to weep or time to think or time to waste. She was late for Silver's.

She ran on flying feet over the grass, across the intervening paths to the gate, past which the line of omnibuses and cabs rumbled ceaselessly, and leaped upon the steps of a bus that, having recently stopped, had not yet got fully under way. Upon a front seat on the top she surveyed the world, and it was not very different, only—

"Only I'm like all those other girls I've despised, and if they knew, they'd love it, like I loved despising them."

Fuller and fuller wisdom visited Tina as she sat upon the omnibus top surveying the world, and she braced herself to assimilate it.

"Was I stupid to tell?"

That was unanswered when she alighted at Silver's and ascended at a run to the top floor. She caught a glimpse of Addlebourne before she slipped unostentatiously through the big studio, where was Silver himself, chatting persuasively to a fidgety actress.

Marguerite was working when Tina entered, hung up her hat and coat, and slid into her seat at the table.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

Side by side they worked, and Marguerite took swift and furtive glances at the younger girl.

"Enjoyed your lunch, dear?"

"Quite."

"It was a pity you were out so long."

"Why?"

"A man's been here inquiring for you."

"Oh!" For a second, with a swift sickness, her heart thudded at the idea of Merchant. Shortly she asked: "Who was it?"

"Don't know, dear. A tall man as brown as a boot, who must have been looking in the show case, for he came up to inquire about a sitting and began talking about you. Oh, most inquisitive, my dear! Silver told him you were one of the models."

"Oh!"

"And I told him, when Silver's back was turned, that you worked here every day and all day, but that at the moment you were out."

"Oh! Thanks for nothing, Marguerite."

"Don't be stupid, dear. One can't afford to miss anything that's going in this life, and he's dead certain to come in often. And he's *quite* the right sort, Tina—lots of money, I imagine, and very good looking. He looks as if he's traveled a good bit—perhaps in the tropics, for he's as brown as—"

"A boot. I heard you say it before, you know."

She bent over her retouching, and tears rose to her eyes until her work and Marguerite and the room were all blotted out in their flood. She remembered, too well, the tall man as brown as a boot in the railway carriage traveling down to Bucks, and where her

elation, vain, empty, greedy, had been, lay regret too heavy for the carrying.

"Oh, wasn't I young then? And wasn't I silly?"

Steadily she winked back the encroaching tears.

"I don't care," she uttered thickly, "if all the men in London come inquiring for me."

"He's arranged a sitting for to-morrow," said Marguerite in her voice of sweets and cream, "and his name is Stranger."

"Didn't I tell you I don't care?"

"Very well, my child, very well."

Silver himself looked in presently to say:

"You seem to be monopolizing the public interest, Miss Laurie, what?" and to linger a moment for the sweet answering smile that would lift Tina's bow of an upper lip over her short teeth, but he went out again without the smile, philosophically, for one could never account for the moods of young women. Last week the incident would have pleased her, and this afternoon she heard the hint of her conquest in silence that gave almost the effect of dungeon.

Marguerite sent her another unfathomable look after the door had closed behind Silver.

"Tina, you shouldn't get sulky."

Tina would not reply.

At the close of another soft, oppressive afternoon they walked the whole way back to the flat in King's Road. All the way down Sloane Street Marguerite would have her companion stay to admire the subtleties in the costumiers' windows, but for the first time during their friendship, she could awake no answering enthusiasm.

"What's a frock more or less?" said Tina. "What's a hat, anyway?"

She walked on, and Marguerite hastened by her.

"Tina, the world hasn't stopped."

"You say such stupid things."

"You do them."

"Marg'rite," said Tina in a small voice as they reached the Square, "the man who called after lunch—what did he say, exactly?"

"I thought you didn't want to know."

"One must talk about something."

"So one must," said Marguerite, with the unfathomable look again on her face under her wide, tiptilted hat, "and if you would care to know, he looked around the room till he saw a copy of you, which he picked up, and he said:

"I saw this in the show case downstairs. It's a charming face."

"Yes," says Silver.

"Whose face is it—just any one's? says your friend.

"Just any one's," says Silver.

"Then the brown man looks horribly uncomfortable, and after some staring at you, says:

"Well, I suppose just any one must have a name. Who is the lady?"

"Then Silver told him your name, and mentioned that you were a model."

A sidelong glance, during her relation of the incident, showed Marguerite the wistfulness in Tina's face.

"Feeling better?" she laughed.

"No," said Tina in the same small voice. "I feel worse."

With another sidelong look Marguerite asked:

"Tina, did anything happen between you and Addlebourne to-day?"

"Yes."

They reached the flat, and Marguerite put her key in the door, while Tina stood limply by.

The charwoman had been in, had swept and dusted the place, and had left dinner cooking on the gas stove. Tina went in, and sitting down at the table, put her chin in her hands and watched Marguerite setting about the business of dishing up.

"Marg'rite," she said, "wait a minute. Listen. I want to tell you—"

"Well, tell me."

"Mr. Addlebourne asked me to marry him."

"And?" Marguerite cried, abandoning her work to seat herself on the kitchen table and listen with a woman's spontaneous eagerness about a love affair.

"I said—I said I would—but—"

"Of course," said Marguerite, and she looked at Tina far more kindly than she had looked since the mention of Merchant between them the night before, "your Addlebourne's poor, Tina, and married poor is worse than single poor, you know, my child. But if you care enough—and I never thought you did—and if you're content to scrape along as you'll have to do, then it doesn't matter. At least, people always tell one so, but whether it's their bluff or not, Tina, I've never been able to make up my mind. Only one thing I know, and that is I wish I had your chance and were the kind of girl to take it. But I'm not. I—I like a good restaurant, and I'd get tired of poor food and a poor man and of washing saucepans. No, Tina, I'm not your kind of girl, but you—go in and win and be happy."

"But, Marg'rite, I'm not going to be happy."

"Why not?"

"I'm not going to marry him."

"Why not?"

"Because I told him."

"Told him? Not about Merchant?"

"Yes."

"You— There aren't words for you!"

Tina looked up at Marguerite standing above her with her vivid face full of derision.

"He found words," she cried.

"What words?" Marguerite asked.

"He said: 'Men don't care to marry your sort.'"

It was Marguerite who winced the more. Flushing a furious red, she stood

for a moment or two stock-still before she said aridly:

"You shouldn't have told him. I warned you."

"Yes."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because I want to—to be straight."

"You can't afford to be straight in circumstances like that."

"It seems not."

"Women need all their weapons, Tina, but honesty isn't one of them."

"Marg'rite, do you ever think that men are very hard on women?"

"*Hard!* God will allot an angel's crown easier than a man allots a wedding ring!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

Tina had the feeling of an entirely new strength, the strength to endure given by suffering, the strength that men and women, having beaten up against a hard rock and still surviving, realize in themselves; and the result was that she ate her breakfast. Also, she could talk without effort about inconsequent things, and the King's Road was not the gray track of despair that it had looked to her yesterday morning. The breeze could refresh, and the sunshine warm, her, and she stopped by a flower seller for a bunch of violets to pin in her old black coat. On the bus top, driving down Knightsbridge again, she looked out, as she had done yesterday after that parting with Addlebourne, at the new world that yesterday had made, and the new world was not bad.

Ordeal came at Silver's, though, where, that morning, she was to pose for a new portrait, to Addlebourne.

"I shouldn't care," Marguerite whispered vibrantly, as they hung up their hats. "If I were in your shoes, I'd show him I didn't care tuppence! I'd hurt him. I'd trample on him. Men are—"

Tina was tired of hearing what men

were, from Marguerite. Moreover, she was trying to reach a decision in this matter by her bewildered, stumbling self; so she left the retouching room without answer.

Silver was in the big studio as she passed through to the partitioned-off smaller room where Addlebourne worked, and as the girl walked by, Silver looked up, smiling, and said:

"Your new admirer, Miss Laurie, will be in this morning," and he laughed fat, indulgent laughter. "You girls!" he said.

Tina hated Silver—who did not mean badly—and she hated him violently. She felt she knew him only too well, and he was—whatever Marguerite had been about to say. He liked his two beautiful—and cheap—models to be admired; and he did not mind their attracting men to the studio if it brought remunerative custom and gave them the good time that, in Silver's opinion, should keep any reasonable woman contented. Had it not been the *diablerie* of Marguerite that had caused Merchant to order that long gallery of theatrical beauty and to advertise Silver's most handsomely thereby? So, as Tina slid by, she only lifted her lovely bow of an upper lip a hair's breadth in return for the sally, and she uttered not a word, though he was continuing, after her retreating form:

"I'll bring him in if you're sitting, Miss Laurie, shall I? Miss Laurie—Miss Laurie—shall I bring him in?"

Tina set her teeth and walked in brazenly upon Addlebourne, who was palpably nervous.

"Morning," she called, in a voice as breezy as her manner of entry.

"Good morning, Miss Laurie," said Addlebourne stiffly.

"Silver says I'm to do two new poses."

"Yes, if—if you please."

"I don't please," she said impertinently.

"Nor I," he returned, losing none of his coldness.

A pause ensued, during which, angered by her flippancy, he lifted his eyes and stared at her full and critically.

"I want the head and shoulders first," he said in a hard voice, "and then a classic study."

"What? Just draped?"

"Just draped."

She nodded abruptly, went into the small dressing room, and began, in a passion of resentment, to tear off her blouse and camisole. Of all men in the world, how hateful to pose before Addlebourne! To have his hand arranging a shoulder drapery higher or trying its effect lower! To be touched—and despised! From a chair back she whipped a length of gauze, drew it round her shoulders, and returned.

Addlebourne was sitting down waiting for her, his eyes fixed in moody contemplation on the door from whence she was to reappear, and without a word he got up and dragged his tripod into position.

She seated herself and waited, and the inevitable question came.

"One moment—Mind if I arrange that chiffon a bit?"

"Not at all."

Addlebourne came across and with icy fingers twitched the gauze here and there. She felt the tears swelling behind her eyelids, but somehow choked them back.

"Won't that do?" she said petulantly.

"In a minute."

She jerked herself away.

"Do let me alone!"

"You're very particular this morning, Miss Laurie."

Before he got back to the camera, he heard her small voice saying behind him:

"You're a beast!"

He made no reply; but she saw the furious, sardonic smile on his face before it disappeared under the black

cloth. She winked back the tears again, allowed herself the relief of two great, heaving breaths which she hoped he did not hear, and felt better.

"Thank you," he said after some minutes.

"Now the other side?"

"Please." And after some minutes more, again his ultra-polite "Thank you" relieved the restraint she was keeping.

She jumped up, ran to the dressing room, put her head down, and wept as much as she could allow herself, before beginning to shed her other garments. Had Addlebourne, in his moody soliloquy in the studio, known of her weeping, he would have been sorry, but as it was, he was thinking to himself much the same hard and bitter thoughts that she was thinking of him.

"Women are all the same, when you find them out. They haven't got it in them to go straight where money's in question. Money—money—money's everything, and a man's soul's nothing. And she's hard as nails. She doesn't care. She's nearly laughing!"

He went about small details of business precisely.

"And I might have married her!" he thought.

Tina came out again presently, in thin white, cunningly swathed and folded, that left one arm and shoulder completely bare. Her feet were bare, too, for their perfection was recognized as a rare asset at Silver's. Her hair clung in the simplest lines about her head.

"Yes, that's right," said Addlebourne, mechanically approving. "That hairdressing is quite correct."

She was posing for the third time when the door opened to admit Silver and a newcomer, who stood framed on the threshold.

"Aha!" said Silver's genial tones. "Sorry to interrupt. I thought the sitting might be over. That pose is good;

it's very good, Miss Laurie. Isn't it charming, Mr. Stranger?"

"Charming," replied a voice that sounded very familiar to Tina's ears, as if the episode of the railway journey had been only yesterday.

"Miss Laurie will be free directly," said Addlebourne, with a wry and scornful smile that only she could see.

But Tina's gaze had met the gaze of the brown man in the doorway, and she cared not at all for Addlebourne's sneer.

"She gives quite an angelic effect, doesn't she?" said Silver jocosely. "We always think of her here as our little angel, the first and last and only specimen."

She cried out suddenly and harshly:

"Have you finished, Mr. Addlebourne? Can I go?"

But almost before she had gained the dressing room, the tall man had turned abruptly from the door.

She was into her clothes with lightning movements, knotting all the ribbons of her camisole with shaking fingers, and crying to herself:

"Oh, Silver *is*—he just *is*—"

She tried to find words hard enough for Silver, but failed.

Toilet vinegar and a dusting of powder cooled the flush on her cheeks; anger dried the moistness of her eyes. She swung out, with a venomous glance for Addlebourne as she passed him, and came upon the brown man called Stranger lingering about in the corridor outside, on pretense of looking at the varied photographs on the walls.

The sudden apparition of him thus, so laconic, so disarming, yet so obviously purposeful, took away her breath, and she stood there looking at him, while he stood looking at her. It would have been a blow to her belief in her own *savoir-faire* had she guessed that the flush of an excited child had returned to her cheek and the open gladness of a child to her eyes.

"I waited to apologize for my intrusion just now."

She used stilted words—"Not at all"—which he put aside with a gentle resolution.

"I wonder if you remember me."

Cautiously she admitted that she seemed to recollect some occasion—

"I remembered you," he said.

They stood looking at each other.

"English girls, of course," he said in a few moments, with a pleading, self-conscious laugh, "are so conventional, and I'm sure it's the right thing. But having returned from many years abroad, you see, I'm all so new to it, and I don't know if you—"

During his hesitation, she turned away slowly to the door of the big studio.

"We—we're not all so terribly conventional."

"I'm coming again to see the proofs of my photographs."

"Are you?"

"I wonder if I shall see you."

"Do you?"

And all at once laughing, all at once light-hearted once more, she ran in and, closing the door behind her, hurried on to Marguerite.

Marguerite was smoking a cigarette and wasting time in defiance of all rules. She had a wise smile for Tina, with no mirth in it.

"Well," said she, "did he stay?"

"Yes, he did. Marg'rite, I don't believe he's like you say all men are."

"Wait and see."

But they went out to lunch by and by, into a spring day against which no murmurings of Marguerite's could prevail, and Town smiled at Tina like a rogue in conspiracy.

"Marg'rite, things are not so bad, after all."

"Glad you're feeling better."

"Don't you think Mr. Addlebourne is a prig, anyway?"

"He's not the only one, Tina."

"I expect he was brought up very narrowly."

"So was I. So were you, I suppose. So are most people."

"I wonder—" Tina began softly, and fell to musing.

"Are you wondering if Mr. Stranger was brought up narrowly?"

"No, I was not!" Tina cried stoutly, but warm color rose in her cheeks to betray the lie.

"Don't expect too much," said Marguerite.

"I don't expect anything, my dear. You're *altogether* wrong. But all the same—"

"You think he's different from other men?"

"All the same, since you *will* persist in dragging in Mr. Stranger, Marg'rite, I do think that a man who has traveled about the world and met thousands of people and seen millions of things would be very wide-minded."

Her eyes were big with terror and anxiety.

"That's where you're wrong," said Marguerite. "The more a man sees and hears of evil—and I suppose evil is what we mean—the more particular he is about the girl he chooses for his wife. Men are strange, Tina, and their ethics are past any woman's understanding, for while they will make evil on the one hand, they will sit in judgment on it on the other hand; and what is more, they will condemn what they have made to everlasting damnation."

"Oh?" Tina uttered unbelievingly, and she stopped before a shop window. "Marg'rite, that blouse—"

"Buy it!" said Marguerite crudely. "Buy it and throw it after the slippers and the flowers!"

"You're always so cynical about everything."

"You'll always be such a baby that you're past praying for."

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE sins that a man confesses are those of which he is secretly proud.



THERE are two kinds of successful wives: the one who succeeds in convincing her husband that she knows everything, and the one who succeeds in convincing her husband that she knows nothing.



# Hung Upon the Clothesline

By William Almon Wolff

Author of "Behind the Screen," "Ebenezer Timpson's Son," etc.

**R**OBERT CHANLER, walking along the dusty road that led from Lenbridge station, came to a flat rock and sat down, with a luxurious sigh. For the first time since he had set out, some hours before, from Lenbridge, he rested. He might with profit have regarded the beauties of the autumn landscape. Low hills, rolling in long, smooth undulations, were within the range of his vision; goldenrod, flaming sumach, wild asters, offered nearer delights. But they were not for him.

He was more concerned, for the moment, with the blisters upon his heels, which hurt outrageously. True, he did not choose to inspect them. But there were other things of a personal nature to engage his attention. To put it plainly, he was dirty, and he was feeling that intense sort of discomfort that dirt brings. His collar was wilted; his shoes were white, like a tramp's; the pervasive dust had settled upon his clothes—he knew, indeed, that it had spared no part of him; and the marks of the heavy bag that his hands, in turn, had carried all that day remained.

Chanler's friends were in the main profoundly ignorant of his whereabouts. And, despite a certain lofty purpose that moved him, he was unregenerate enough to be glad that this was so. He was still glad that he was engaged upon the enterprise that had brought him to this rock; he knew that such humiliation as he had suffered

was good for him. But—and again but. He had come from Lenbridge station, it has been explained. Let it be added that he had stopped on the way. He had stopped, to be exact, at each of the pleasant retreats along the way, the summer homes of people very much like himself. And at each he had endeavored to sell to the lady of the house a clothesline—or perhaps several clotheslines. He had even, it should be said, sold a few of the lines.

Now, for a certain sort of man, it is a simple matter enough to sell, or to try to sell, clotheslines, or any other article for which the demand is brisk enough. But for Chanler the enterprise was anything but simple. There had been, in the beginning, a certain complication of his impelling motives.

Chanler, you must understand, did not need the small commission allowed to those who sold these clotheslines. The whole business, in fact, was curious. It was owing to a combination of circumstances, peculiar to say the least, that he had come face to face with a crisis that had made it seem desirable that he should do this thing, so remote from anything those who knew him would have expected him to do.

The concern that made these clotheslines made many other things, and sold them in all parts of these United States. It did a great business, built up, through long years, by Chanler's father, who was now dead, and his uncle. Chanler had expected, without giving the sub-

ject much thought, to inherit the half interest in this business that had been his father's. And, with conditions, he had done so. His father had not wholly trusted Chanler. He had felt it unfair, his will explained, to saddle upon his brother a partner who had, by the frequent expression of certain opinions, given evidence of the possession of a mind visionary, rather than practical; a partner, therefore, who might be expected to prove unequal to the responsibilities of a great business.

Therefore, conditions had been imposed. Chanler had a certain option. He might pitch in and prove himself worth his salt, or he might—for a fixed price, involving a sacrifice—sell out to his uncle. When the time came, his uncle had named the conditions that would, in his eyes, constitute the required proof. The selling of clothes-lines from house to house was Chanler's first ordeal, so to speak.

Chanler, facing this crisis, had discovered a number of things. In the first place, he would not greatly have minded the financial sacrifice involved in taking the easy way. His tastes were comparatively simple, and there would have been a great deal of money, in any case. But he had balked at the admission of incapacity that was involved, being decidedly an American.

Even so, however, he had found himself facing another crisis when his uncle's ultimatum concerning the clotheslines had been delivered. He had contemplated this task with shocked amazement—and it was precisely this that had, finally, made it impossible for him to refuse to undertake it.

It was because he had been rather visionary, because he had, while in college, gone in for social work in settlement houses, because he attended socialist meetings and had a good deal to say about the coming social revolution, that his father and his uncle had distrusted him. They were kindly men

enough. They had treated all who worked for them with a marked liberality and generosity. But they were business men, too, and they had always insisted upon regarding what they did for their employees as an evidence of good nature on their part, rather than as the discharge of a solemn obligation. It was here that their views and those of Chanler had come into such sharp conflict.

Being business men, it seemed to them a horrid thing that one of their blood should succumb to the sinister influence of radicals and revolutionaries. Chanler's uncle believed that personal contact with the hard facts of life, a chance to be, for a time, one of the working class, might cure his nephew of his fancies. And it was this view of the matter, which he had not at first seen, that had forced Chanler's hand.

Precisely because he felt himself above such a task, because he had imagination enough to foresee the humiliation, the mental distress, involved in seeking to sell clotheslines from door to door, Chanler had forced himself to do it. Here was a chance to get first-hand information, to cease being a theorist. He had blushed at the discovery that he was, after all, in love only with the idea of democracy; that the thing itself had no power to stir him.

Here, on his flat rock, Chanler looked back over the road that he had come and thought upon his experiences. He reviewed the rebuffs that he had experienced, beginning with the mute but dreadful anger of Mrs. Borden. Mrs. Borden, it chanced, lived in the first house upon his list. He had come to it while still, so to speak, in excellent repair, and the servant who had answered his ring had borne a false report of him. Mrs. Borden had not been nice when she had learned the truth. And there had been other and similar experiences.

It wouldn't be true to say that Chan-

ler had not minded these things. He had minded. He had suffered grievously. He was a sensitive sort of chap, and things had been said— But he had gone on, selling a line here and there and accumulating a rich fund of personal experience of the way canvassers and agents are treated. He was going to accumulate more. The next house was visible through the trees, and in it lived people called Hartley. He was resting now because of the blisters on his heels, and not at all because he was wavering. He meant to go on. But when he started, he found that it had been a mistake to rest. His feet protested, and he humored them to the extent of a limp.

Early in the day he had made the mistake of going to the front doors of houses. Mrs. Borden had cured him of that. So now he went past the steps that led up to the veranda of the Hartley house, following a path that ran around and presumably led to the kitchen entrance. He scarcely noticed the girl who sat on the top step. She was rather a nice-looking girl, but he wasn't interested in her. He didn't even wonder why she was frowning or why she looked so petulant. And then she called to him abruptly.

"Where are you going?" she asked.  
"And what do you want?"

He didn't like this. For some reason, he was convinced that she meant to be amused, to make sport of him in some way. And this, it seemed to him, was grossly unfair. He turned around and looked at her, and his look was just a little sullen.

"I want to sell some clotheslines!" he said indignantly.

She looked him over rather carefully. Her look wasn't a bit sympathetic, though she took in his travel-worn condition and though she must have noticed his limp. He grew annoyed and embarrassed under her cool scrutiny. It seemed to him that this

was going too far. All day, you see, he had had two separate and distinct personalities—his own and that of the man whom fate compelled to sell clotheslines to earn his daily bread. If she hadn't spoken just when she did, he would probably have turned and gone away.

"Well, you'd better come up here and show me your clotheslines," she said. "I don't see how you can expect to sell them if you don't show them to people."

He was rather suspicious. She didn't look like the sort of girl who would be interested in clotheslines. Nor was she at all the sort of girl he cared to have make fun of him.

"I didn't think you'd be interested," he said dubiously. "At most houses they'd rather have you take your samples around to the back door."

"That wouldn't do you any good here," she said. "Show them to me. I'm Miss Hartley. And I think we probably ought to have some. If we don't need them just now, we shall some time."

So he went up, but without any of the enthusiasm that his instruction book said a salesman ought always to display. He opened his bag and took out one of the lines and pulled out the wire for a few feet before he touched a spring that made it snap back into its case.

"You see how it works, don't you?" he said ungraciously. "You don't have to wind it up. And it can't rust. It's treated by our patented process, and it's absolutely guaranteed. It's—"

And he went on, reeling off his memorized discourse on the supreme merits of that clothesline. He couldn't help it. It was second nature to him by this time. He forgot his distrust of this girl, and talked exactly as if there were some chance of making a sale.

"That's better," said Miss Hartley. She didn't speak to him, exactly; she

seemed to be commenting on his performance to herself. You would have thought that he had shown her his credentials, and that she was approving them. But he didn't hear her. After a while he stopped and looked at her, as if it was time, now, for her to say something. The truth is he was surprised and rather grateful. No one had let him get to the end of his speech before.

"Yes," said Miss Hartley. "I think they're very nice clotheslines. I think," she said, with a good deal of decision, "that we ought to have quite a lot of them. About fifty, say. They're sure to come in nicely some time. Have you sold many?"

"No," he said, with a certain bitterness. "But you've made it quite all right. Your order makes this much better than the average day."

"Have you stopped at many places?" she wanted to know next.

"I started from the station at Lenbridge," he told her, "and I haven't missed a single house on the way here!"

She brightened perceptibly when he said that. And now there did seem to be a certain sympathy in her look.

"You must be tired," she observed.

He looked at her then, and he was beginning to be interested in her. She was no longer petulant, he saw, nor sullen. And he discovered what should have been obvious from the beginning—that she was very well worth looking at. She wasn't very tall, he guessed, although, as she was sitting, he couldn't be sure of this. She was pretty, he thought, but he wasn't certain that another girl would agree with him. Still, he liked her looks. He liked the firm little line of her mouth, and the fine, even molding of all her features, and the way her eyes looked straight at him. His most definite impression of her, though, was that she must be tremendously alive. Her features were very mobile, too, and they turned in to give

what help they could when she spoke, so that her meaning might be absolutely clear. He guessed that she was used to having her own way a good deal, and that this was because she probably knew exactly what she wanted, and why. She must have a lot of character, he thought.

"Would you like some tea?" she asked him.

He was tremendously surprised. And he did want tea—or something. He had had no lunch. He answered quickly, without quite realizing how odd this was.

"I should, very much," he said.

And then he wished he hadn't, because, of course, he thought she would send for some one and have him taken to the buttery—whatever that might be! —and fed. But she did nothing of the sort. She got up, instead, and clapped her hands and laughed.

"Splendid!" she cried. "Oh, I'll show them!"

That was not meant for him, of course. He stared at her, very much mystified.

"Wait a minute for me, please," she said.

She ran down the steps and disappeared, and in a very few minutes she was back, driving a roadster, a long car, low to the road.

"Jump in," she cried. "I hope you don't mind if I drive fast? I always do!"

This was tremendously bewildering. He couldn't fathom the connection between this roadster, with this girl in her summery clothes at its wheel, and tea. But this was not a time when it was his to reason why. He obeyed her.

"We're going to the club," she said, as if that were an explanation. "It's ever so much nicer to have tea there. Every one does it."

Bewilderment simply doesn't describe his mental state then. He stopped try-

ing to evolve a reasonable explanation. He gave it up—that was all. But he was sure that it was quite all right. This was the maddest of mad adventures, and it simply couldn't be explained. And yet he knew somehow that in her own good time Miss Hartley would not only explain it, but would make it seem the sanest and most obvious of proceedings, too.

He was so absorbed in her by this time that he retained only dim memories of the events of the earlier hours of the day. They were like the things that happen in a dream and try to project themselves into the waking hours.

But tea, on the club piazza, sharpened those memories. About the first person he saw was the Mrs. Borden who had borne the brunt of his first attempt to sell clotheslines. She bowed to Miss Hartley, in a curious sort of way, and it was only a fleeting glance she gave Chanler. But that glance got a good deal done during its brief life. It reminded Chanler of his wilted collar and his dusty clothes and his dirty hands, and it made him think that there must be others there who had seen him in the clothesline-selling phase. He looked around and saw that there were. This made him self-conscious.

"Did you see Mrs. Borden? Did you try to sell her a clothesline?" asked Miss Hartley.

And when he nodded, a look of pure joy came into her eyes.

"Ah!" she said. "And the others?"

He recognized nine or ten other "prospects," and as he mentioned their names, Miss Hartley's pride and happiness seemed to increase. She insisted that he must have not only tea, but lots of more or less related things, and he was quite willing, because his appetite wasn't the least bit affected by his vague consciousness that an hour of reckoning must come. He didn't in the least know what she was driving at; he was as much baffled and mystified as ever.

"Look here," said Miss Hartley abruptly. "Would you order your wife around? I mean to say—would you tell her where she should and shouldn't go, and all that sort of thing?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Chanler. "Why?"

"You haven't got a wife, have you?" she asked next.

He said he hadn't, and was afraid, a moment later, that he had been emphatic to a degree that was not warranted by the circumstances. She frowned slightly.

"Then you don't really know," she said. "But you wouldn't start out that way, would you? I mean to say—you wouldn't get married with the idea that your wife was a piece of property?"

"I should say not!" he assured her.

"Well, lots of people do," she said defensively. "And it isn't just wives, either. Daughters, too."

She stopped, musing. Chanler was thoughtful, too. He was groping all the time, of course, for the explanation of this thing, and it seemed to him that now he was on the trail. He hadn't followed that trail far enough to guess, even, what he would find at its end, but he did believe that he had found the right path.

"Look here," she said again. "I'd like to know what you think, really. You—you're sort of different, you see. Why shouldn't I do what I like? Not outrageous things, of course. But—well, why shouldn't I go and be one of the workers in a settlement, if I want to be?"

That made him jump, and he stared at her so that she was puzzled, and let him see it.

"I don't know—" he said inadequately.

"No wonder!" she cried explosively. "You'd think I was dangerous, the way they talk to me at home! My father says I'm a socialist—and he says it as if he were telling me I was a leper!"

And my mother—really, sometimes I think she's worse! She talks about my duty to Society—with a big S, you know! When I'm just waking up to the idea that I've got a duty to the society you spell with a little s! They make me tired!" said Miss Hartley viciously, and without any regard at all for elegance of diction. "I told them they'd better not push me too far! I told them I'd make them sorry if they did!"

"And did you?" he asked. She had rather taken him off his feet, and it was all he could think of to say.

"Don't you see?" she asked impatiently.

And then, quite suddenly, the most extraordinary change came over her. She began to blush; he could see the color rising in great waves. It began far down her throat—and he knew, somehow, that it didn't really begin there—and it went on up, until her whole face was suffused. And she had been looking at him very straight, and while she didn't stop doing that, the whole quality of her look changed. It was as if she hadn't seen him at all before. She looked utterly appalled.

"Oh, my soul!" she said, with a sort of gasp. "I've done the most dreadful thing—and now I've got to make you see it! Oh—I ought to be whipped!"

And now, if she was appalled, so was he. And while he suddenly stopped thinking about Mrs. Borden and the rest, and gave all his attention to her, she seemed to become acutely, wretchedly, conscious of them.

"What a perfectly beastly thing for me to do!" she said. "Why—I never thought about you at all! I just thought of myself! Don't you really see, even now? I didn't bring you here because I wanted to be nice to you and give you tea! I did it for my revenge—so that all these people you'd tried to sell clotheslines to would see you here with me and know just how much I cared

for them and their conventions and their society! Oh—I can't tell you how sorry I am!"

She stopped, groping for words to express what else she had to say. Of course, though she didn't know it, he had it all by now. He could see from the way she was looking at him that she expected him to be angry. And he wasn't angry at all. He felt more like cheering her, right there on the club piazza, with all those people who couldn't understand looking on and listening.

And yet, in spite of this triumphant proof that he had been right when he had been so sure that this thing would be explained, he was a long way from being out of the woods, and he knew it. His feeling that there was going to be an hour of reckoning wasn't vague any more; it was unpleasantly definite. By this time this girl had become tremendously important to him. He wasn't in love with her—that would have been silly; he knew that. But that didn't in the least decrease her importance. He knew that what she thought of him was going to matter abominably, and he was horribly afraid of what she would think—and say, probably, since she was that sort of girl—when she found out that he was, in a way, a masquerader; that he had, so to speak, got his tea and his time with her on false pretenses.

So, while she was groping for words and trying to see how he was taking her revelation, he was groping, too—groping for the proper way to make the explanation he knew she would sooner or later have to have.

"There you are!" she said. "Oh—don't you understand? But—it does show how right I was! If I could do such a beastly thing—if I could be as selfish and as thoughtless as that after all the things I've said and done and thought—doesn't it prove that the whole business is wrong? But you're going

to believe it was just thoughtless of me, aren't you—that I really didn't think about hurting you?"

"You haven't hurt me!" he burst out. "I don't care! I think it was fine!"

He was too nervous, now, to remember that he had a part to play. But she was a little too excited to notice details, too. She drew a deep breath and leaned back a little in her chair.

"What a good sort you are!" she said. "I don't deserve to have you take it so splendidly. Oh, I believe you do understand—the whole thing—"

"I'm trying to," he told her.

"Look here," she said, in that sudden way of hers. "I've got you into one beastly position—will you walk into another with your eyes open? Will you come home to dinner with me? I want to have this thing out with my family, once and for all."

"I'll be glad," he said at once.

It is probable, as a matter of fact, that he would have accepted with equal alacrity an invitation to dine in a lion's cage at the zoo, if she had promised to be there, too.

"Let's go, then," she said. "You'd better tell me your name, I suppose. You know already that I'm Elizabeth Hartley."

"I didn't know your name was Elizabeth," he said, before he thought. "Mine's Robert Chanler."

She said nothing to that, but led the way to her car. She drove now with the utmost abandon. Chanler rather resented their speed, but he wasn't in a position to complain; so it didn't take them long to reach her home. Chanler, rather out of the tail of his eye, saw that the veranda had new occupants—her mother and father, he was sure. And, as he might have anticipated, Elizabeth wasted no time. She marched him right up to them.

"Here's Mr. Chanler," she said. "I've brought him home to dinner."

Hartley got up, and he and his wife began to say the usual things. Chanler hung back a little; the situation was getting to be a little too much for him. And then, when it seemed to be absolutely necessary for him to say something, Elizabeth cut in.

"Look here," she said, in that fashion that was already quite an old story to Chanler. "I suppose you thought I didn't mean all the things I said this morning? Well—I did! And I've been cutting up—as you'd say, father—this afternoon. Mr. Chanler—he isn't any one I've known, or met at the club, or — I never saw him until he came here this afternoon to sell us clotheslines! He was hot and tired—and I took him to the club so that Mrs. Borden and all the rest of the people he'd tried to sell clotheslines to could see him there with me. And then I realized what a beastly thing I'd done—"

All this time, of course, there had been amazed rumblings from Hartley, and staccato gasps from Mrs. Hartley. But it was only now that Elizabeth's mother achieved a real interruption.

"I'm glad you had some sense of shame left!" she said.

Elizabeth stared at her.

"My soul!" she said. "Do you suppose I was ashamed of being with him, mother? I just seemed to see what a beastly thing it was for him to be shown off that way. And he didn't mind! I'd stopped thinking a man could be so —so decent. And I asked him home to dinner—"

"Well—why not?" said Hartley.

He grinned at Chanler, who understood, somehow, what was coming, and looked rather pale. As for Elizabeth, she was absolutely speechless. Probably nothing else that any one could have said would have silenced her.

"Your uncle and I had lunch together to-day, as it happened," said Hartley. "That is, we did if you're Bob Chanler's son—and you look like him. We

were talking about you and—er—clotheslines."

Chanler didn't say a thing. He couldn't.

"I think he's rather pleased—and will be more so when he gets your report and finds you really covered your territory," Hartley went on. "He confided in me that he didn't think you'd need to stay on the road very long—that your willingness to go was the chief thing he wanted to determine—"

"Look here!" said Elizabeth furiously. "Do you mean to say you're not a real peddler or salesman or whatever I thought you were?"

Chanler just shook his head, miserably. And the next second, when he looked up, Elizabeth was gone. He heard Hartley's low chuckle and the vicious slam of a door.

"It looks as if your dinner invitation had been withdrawn," said Hartley. "Suppose you let me renew it?"

Chanler felt like a fish who hadn't been in the water for some time. He felt that he ought to go away at once, that it was distinctly his duty to place immeasurable distances between himself and this girl, who was so righteously angry. But duty and desire didn't meet at all, you see, and, moreover, going away wasn't such a simple thing. It was so plain that for Hartley the elements of tragedy did not exist. He was, indeed, profanely pleased by the whole affair. He was still chuckling delightedly. That enraged Chanler, of course. In the end he stayed.

The last thing he expected was to see Elizabeth at dinner. Had he been in a condition to reason things out, he would have known that she would appear. She did, and in the few and fleeting moments in which he dared to look at her, his subjection, his abasement, were made utter and complete. She had, obviously with deliberate purpose, arrayed herself for conquest.

He had supposed that, if she did

come down, she would ignore him. He had flattered himself! She achieved the final cruelty of treating him exactly as if the mad interlude of the afternoon had never been. She talked to him about books and golf and polo and beastly things like that. Mrs. Hartley looked pleased, but apprehensive, too, and Hartley shattered an occasional and promising silence with his silly and meaningless chuckles. Chanler didn't dine; he lived through a nightmare. But in the end the spirit of his ancestors rose in him. He stopped being abject and became angry.

After dinner, on the veranda, he heard Hartley's chuckles dying away inside the house. Elizabeth sat, very straight, looking out into the thick darkness of the night, which was lighted here and there by the twinkling of a firefly.

"Look here——" he said.

She stood up and turned to face him, leaning back against the rail.

"I wish you wouldn't try to explain," she said. "You can't, you know. It was all my own fault. I can see what a wonderful joke you must have thought it. It serves me right."

"I—I didn't think it was a joke," he said. He took a quick step toward her and, before she could guess what he meant to do, he had seized both her hands and held them tight in his. "You know I didn't, too!" he said. "You say I can't explain. I can—but I won't! Not until you know why I let you go on this afternoon. It was because I was afraid of what you'd do if you found out the truth—because I hoped that when the time came when I must explain, something would have happened so that you wouldn't send me away——"

"Oh!" she said.

"I thought it was wonderful, the thing you meant to do—that you thought you were doing," he went on. "And you—you—don't you know yet

what you've done to me? Do you suppose that if you'd been any one but you, I wouldn't have told you who I was at once—that any one but you could have frightened me into behaving as I did?"

It was just then that he made a discovery so bewildering, so wonderful, that the power of speech was taken from him. Her hands, which had been struggling to be free, lay still, now, in

his. He could feel, through them, the quivering of her whole body as she leaned toward him, peering at him, searching his eyes with hers.

"Oh!" she said weakly, uncertainly. "I don't understand—"

He laughed, deep down in his throat, triumphantly, as he drew her closer still.

"I'm going to make you understand!" he said.



### LOVE'S MAGICRY

HE touched me with his eyes.  
On some far peak I stood alone  
Under the melancholy skies,  
An outcast, where the wild winds moan  
Of dreams, foam frail, and rocks all overgrown  
With sorrowful seaweed and memory's monotone.  
He touched me with his eyes.

He touched me with his hand.  
I saw the little dawn clouds float  
Through morning in a distant land,  
While, from the stillnesses, remote  
And exquisite, there rang a fairy note  
As some wild bird awoke with music in his throat.  
He touched me with his hand.

He touched me with his lips.  
And, as from fanes where hearts adore,  
Imagery, dear and filmy, slips,  
The common earth was mine once more,  
Yet now uncommon as the love we bore.  
And I am his and he is mine forevermore.  
He touched me with his lips.

FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY.



# A Creed and a Crucible

By Thomas Addison

Author of "St. Anthony's Vision,"  
"The Other Man," etc.

**T**HREE is a ghost of evil romance in every whole man's past—let him be sure of his quits who would challenge this—that will rise up in an unsought hour when he must reckon with it. And there is no convenient door he may sneak through to escape the thing.

Such an hour was come to Willis Kenyon. No prevision of it had been granted him. If there had been one thought farthest from him when he had burst buoyantly into his rooms the moment before, it had been a thought of this—this unclean ghost of other times rising from the grave in which he had imagined it sealed, to point an accusing finger at him.

He slumped down in his chair and stared frozenly at the lilac-haunted sheet of note paper fluttering in his hand. And yet the words written on it Dame Prudence herself might have virtuously penned. He read them again with a strained attention:

DEAREST VERA: Your cards have come. If I could only be present at the wedding! But Alfred has sent for me. He is lonely, poor boy, out in those awful Western wilds, and I am off to-day at four.

I shower congratulations on you—on you both; for Willis is my valued friend. I shall try to find time to drop him a line when I am done with this. For your part, dear child, let me draw from my storehouse of wedded wisdom a word of counsel. To-day it may seem ill offered, mistimed; but to-morrow—ah, to-morrow you will know!

Fasten upon your happiness, Vera dear, and hug it to you, but do not let the joy of present possession dim the larger view beyond. To have is not always to hold. Marriage is simply an opened door through which a man and woman, all untried, step forth to work out their common weal.

Work! Remember that. Everything in this world worth while must be earned. And it is so with happiness: we must strive and plan and toil to hold it fast, else it will fly out through the window whence it came. I know, for I have lived and learned. Always yours,

Alice.

Kenyon slowly replaced the note in its cover. It had been mailed that afternoon, and Alice was gone by now. She would, she had said, try to find time to write to him. The phrasing would have left an opening for him to deny word from her if only this mistake had not occurred; for it was obvious that the letter intended for him had gone to Vera.

He thrust the scented billet into his pocket with a black look on his fresh, well-turned features. What was in that other letter? Betraying reminiscences? Reproaches? Dolorous tendernesses? Plaintive penitences? Or, more incriminating than all, a high renunciation of even the remembrance of ties that on his part had long since been decently put from mind? It would all depend on Alice's mood. It could change, he knew, as the chameleon its hues, and as instantly. To Vera she had written—well, as she had. To him

her tone might be as praiseworthy or—and here was the mischief of it—she might have, old memories flooding in, indulged in a different strain. There was no counting on it; Alice was emotional, impulsive, and perilously quick to respond to any key the passing moment sounded. It was even now a puzzle to him how she had come to marry Alfred Winship—a good, honest, plodding, unimaginative fellow who took life as seriously as a camel padding over desert sands. It was her recoil from this misadventure, doubtless, that had thrown her into his arms.

"Good God!" he muttered. "What did she write? If I only knew!"

He got up and walked the floor. He was not repentant of his sin; his man's creed, inherited from Adam, provided for no such worrisome reflections. The making public of it was the crying wrong; the gibbeting, not the thing gibbeted. Kenyon could set sail on matrimonial seas with an untroubled conscience, were a bill of moral health not required of him. It was only this he feared—exposure. However relentless he might be to exact a stainless record from his consort, he felt it not at all unfair or shameless to conceal from her his own delinquencies.

In a word, Kenyon would keep from Vera the knowledge of that which in her he would have considered past all pardon; and he would do it in the fine odor of a so-called chivalrous desire to shield the other woman. Yet, measured by the communal yardstick, he was an approved and gallant gentleman.

He paused in his restless circling of the room. There was a chance; Vera might not have reached home yet. He had left her with the Horton girls, who were to set her down at her house. They may have stopped somewhere. He caught up the telephone.

"This is Mr. Kenyon," he said tersely, when his number was given him. "Larkins, is Miss Gordon at

home? . . . Very well. Listen to me carefully. Look through her mail. If you find a letter with the monogram 'A. W.' on the flap, hold it out. I am coming for it. A mistake has been made which I will explain to Miss Gordon. . . . Yes. Right away."

By a happy chance a cruising cab was passing as Kenyon issued from the house. He gave the man an address, poked a bill at him, and jumped in.

"Now, get there!" he commanded.

But when he got there, Larkins opened to him with a deprecatory shake of the head.

"Sorry, sir," he murmured. "Miss Gordon came in as I was hanging up. There was no chance, sir. Her mail was on the table, in full sight."

Kenyon passed it off before the servant with a nonchalant shrug.

"It really doesn't matter," he professed. "An absurd error simply. Thank you, Larkins."

Vera was in the library before the fire, deep in the enjoyment of a lapful of congratulatory notes. Kenyon bent over and kissed the eager upturned face.

"Here has been some ink letting, upon my word!" he smiled. "And the theme all one! Don't you find it monotonous?"

She flashed him a look that thrilled him, and her voice was not quite even when she spoke.

"I could cry," she breathed, "from sheer happiness! I am wondering if I deserve it, if I deserve you. They all say such beautiful things of you. Oh, Willis, I am so rapturously proud!"

His eye took swift account of the remaining letters in her lap; those read she had put aside on a stand at her elbow. There were some eight or ten left. He placed a chair for himself by the fire.

"Perhaps," he laughed, "these good people may be mistaken in me, dear girl. Anyway, they would hardly write

me down a rogue in these present greetings. It wouldn't be quite decent, would it?"

She tilted back her fair head and laughed merrily with him.

"Some jealous cat might. But, Willis, I am hopelessly ensnared, I'm afraid. You've bewitched me, and only you can break the spell. Here, Prince Charming, read for yourself what they have to say."

She gathered up a sheaf of the opened letters and tendered it to him. He made a pretense of glancing through the lot; but the corner of his eye was for those she was yet to read. One—two—she opened and passed on to him with little pleased comments. With the third, as she took it up, he made a slight involuntary motion, staying her hand.

"Isn't that Alice Winship's?" he put forward. "I know the cipher. She's rather amusing at times. In this case, for instance. I've a line from her for you, though it's addressed to me. She switched envelopes, it appears."

He was fishing in his coat as he said this, and now produced the note.

"Why, how funny!" exclaimed the girl. She paused uncertainly, the pearl paper knife slowly falling away from the missive she was holding. "Then this must be for you?"

"I think so. Shall we trade? Fair exchange is no robbery." He laughed lightly to cover his keen unrest.

She took the note he proffered, yet retained the other, though his hand lingered for it.

"You have read mine?" she asked him.

"Yes. I got into it before I was quite aware. And then"—he laughed again—"as in a way it was for us both, I went on. It was diverting. Read it, girlie."

With a careless gesture he possessed himself of the other note, and leaned back avidly, seeking in his mind a final

disposition of it. He would have given half he was worth to have dropped it unquestioned on the blazing coals.

Vera read what Alice Winship had written to her. She studied it. At the close she looked in thoughtful silence at Kenyon. He had lighted a cigarette, making the act an excuse to rid himself of the sheaf of notes and pocket his own. Now he sent a thin stream of smoke ceilingward and met her look with a rallying smile.

"Cheerful, isn't it?" he jested. "Crammed full of sisterly advice. A complete guide to connubial constancy. Jove, honey, we'll frame it for the guest chamber. An invitation to pleasant dreams."

His smile went unmated. She was toying absently with her paper cutter.

"She says, 'To have is not always to hold.'" Vera pondered the words. "Is it true, Willis? Though I have you, must I, as she says, 'work' to hold you? Is love so doubtful a property as that?"

"You dear little simpleton, of course not!" he protested. "Love is not a thing to be bought or sold; it is given. Does one work to hold a gift? Alice was in a mood—she has 'em with the weather—and you've got the throw-off."

Something in his tone seemed to puzzle her. A small wrinkle showed between her eyes.

"Alice says," she persisted, "that she has lived and learned. It sounds somehow like a confession of failure—and a warning. To-morrow I will know! Yet you laugh, Willis!"

"Why not?" he countered. "Here we are, almost married, and a good friend comes along and sets up a row of spooks to scare us stiff. Oh, I say, little girl, have we got to stop and knock 'em down? Go on and read the others. Perhaps we can squeeze a bit of gayety out of them."

Vera was regarding him with an odd expression.

"You have put Alice's note to you away," she remarked. "Am I not to see it?"

"What, and pile on the agony? Do you imagine she has let me off without a taste of sisterly counsel?" He shook his head playfully. "Wait until we have recovered from your dose. Let's have Grace Carleton for an antidote—that next one. I could tell her hand the length of Brooklyn Bridge—ten words to the page. She's sketchy; leaves it to you to fill in details."

If he could divert Vera's attention from this miserable letter of Alice's and get it out of the house, he would find a plausible reason for its subsequent loss. If he could only manage it! Manlike, he reckoned without a woman's denied desire, which is desire doubled. Vera, wholly unsuspecting—as far from the actual line of his motive as the stars from earth—was not to be put off. She was curious to learn what apposite advice her friend might have to offer Willis; from what angle she approached him. In brief, she wished to read what was written on the other side of the shield. So she said, with the pretty air of authority she had never known her lover to resist:

"Willis, I want to see it—Alice's letter." And added softly: "Please, dear."

Should he gamble on it—take a chance that might spell disaster? He was not a coward, as the term finds acceptance, but he shrank from this. Again he played his cards wrong.

"By George, I believe I have you teased!" he bantered. "Wait till you have finished with the others. Then perhaps—" He expelled a cloud of smoke and quizzically watched it wreath away as if his decision were suspended in it.

The wrinkle came into view again on the girl's smooth brow.

"I'm not teased," she said soberly.

"I'm curious. And as you have read my note from Alice, don't you think it only fair that I should read hers to you? Now—when I ask it?"

"Oh, surely! Only—"

He came to a stop. What in Heaven's name was he to say? He pitched his cigarette into the grate and moved uneasily in his chair.

The wrinkle deepened in Vera's forehead. She felt as if a barrier had in some way been interposed between herself and Willis—intangible, yet there. Her carriage stiffened, and quite at random—still altogether free of doubt, yet piqued and with curiosity aflame—she threw out a remark that, as random shots will sometimes do, flew true to the mark:

"If you have secrets with Alice, things I shouldn't know, why, of course—" Her dainty shoulders lifted in a shrug meant to express sublime indifference.

"Perhaps that is the reason," hinted Kenyon, with a laugh that, in spite of him, rang flat. He was at his last ditch.

"A perfectly good one," concurred the girl freezing. "I am glad you rescued the letter from me." Then, with a sudden change: "Willis dear, don't be silly! Of course I know you have no secrets from me with any one. Do read to me what she has to say. I'm dying to hear."

The laugh died on her lip. Willis had not responded to it. He was staring moodily at the fire. She paled as she took note of him. A rush of jealous fears swept her, vague, without form, and for this the more disquieting.

"Willis!" she cried out. "It has gone beyond a jest! Either the letter or—Willis, I must know! I have given you my whole heart. There is no corner of it that is not yours; nothing is hidden from you. Isn't it my right to ask a full return? Willis!"

She sat tensely expectant, her hands gripped upon each other, the sea blue of her eyes clouded with a rising mist of tears that she fought arduously to hold back. The letters on her knee cascaded to the floor; a coal dropped in the grate; the mantel clock ticked dully in the stillness of the room. But Kenyon did not speak.

"Willis?" she cried again. "I'm waiting!"

He turned to her now, his face set and grave.

"I wonder if you will understand," he said heavily. "I wonder if I can make you understand. Vera, there are some things better left alone than inquired into."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Well—for the woman's sake," he admitted, driven to it for want of other shift.

There was a pause. Then, very slowly, each word coldly clear, "Which woman?" she asked.

Kenyon, startled to find the issue forced so directly on him, made a stammering reply:

"Why—my dear Vera—that is a question—"

But she checked him with an imperious hand.

"I think you have made me understand—a little. What I wish to know is for whose sake are these certain things to be left uninquired into? Which woman? There are two of us."

There was no escape for him; he must answer. His look grew somber.

"For you both," he said, painfully seeking his words. "But for Alice—more. For me—" He writhed and fell silent.

She considered this a moment. Even now, in her whiteness, the whole truth eluded her.

"But why should Alice write to you of things— Why should you be the one—" She broke off, her hand going to her head in trembling bewil-

derment. "Alice Winship?" A certain fearful incredulity was stifling her. "Why—Willis—I don't know what to think. I—"

Her voice trailed off, vanished in the whisper of the dying. For, as in a stabbing flash, she was enlightened. Her eyes, cleared of the mist that had threatened them, searched his with a terrible intensity. He flushed under it darkly.

"Vera—" he began, but her voice poured out anew in a strange, strained key.

"Is it *that* you would have me understand? You would marry me with this black thought hidden in your heart?"

He sprang to his feet in torment.

"Good God, Vera! You put me in a cruel plight! I can say nothing, or only this—it was before I knew you; and it is a thing buried—outlived—forgotten. Will you not let it rest at that?"

"Buried! Forgotten! This—this thing!" she burst out passionately. "You say this to me, yet fear to show that letter? The grave this forgotten love is buried in must be scant indeed!"

"It is deeper than all hell for me!" he groaned. He took a step or two about the room in a tumult of emotions, and returned to her. "Vera," he pleaded, "surely you must see how I am placed! I am in honor bound—"

"Don't!" She stilled him with a gesture of repugnance. "Let's have no talk of honor in this. Let's do away with the juggling of empty words. I want the truth. If, as you assert, your sin is outlived—buried—why, then, should you assume that this letter is not such as I might see? Have you"—her lip curled—"other intelligence of it? An *arrière courrier*, let us say?"

"Before Heaven, no!" he disclaimed. "It's only what I fear."

She shook her head in slow dissent, unconvinced, watchfully distrustful.

"I wish I could believe you, but, Willis—oh, the pity of it!—I can't. I'm all doubt and disbelief. You have cut from under me the ground love walks on—my faith in you."

"Because I will not betray a confidence!" he flung back bitterly. "Because it would be a dastard thing for a man to do! As it is, I have been plunged into admissions it will scald me to recall, because I was pushed to it by the very need to keep the confidence. God! Was ever a man so falsely circumstanced?"

She rose from her chair and fronted him with sorrowful eyes.

"Was ever so unsuspecting a woman?" she asked.

"But it's past, this thing we speak of," he argued. "It doesn't come into our lives. Since I've known you—"

"Stop!" She drew her slender figure up proudly. "You might spare me that. I should have small regard for myself if, since you have known me, I could believe that another woman—Oh, Willis, we've gone beyond this present issue! The letter—it's nothing. Be what in it there may, it's for you, not me, to care. The knowledge it has brought to me of you is what matters. Only that."

She turned wearily from him as if there remained no more to be said. But he leaped forward and blocked her path.

"Vera! For God's sake, don't go like this! What can I say, what can I do, to blot out this ugly hour? I would have kept it from you—"

"Ah! You've said it—you would have kept it from me!" It was a cry wrung from her suffering. "Not shame, not remorse, not the sting of conscience—not one of these held sway with you. You would have kept it from me because it was something done with, past—and undiscovered! You would have come to me all soiled with this secret sin, and with not a thought of the dis-

honor to me. And this is the measure of your love!"

Kenyon's face went gray, even to the lips. He was dazed in the contemplation of this picture of himself, yet he managed to bring out a feeble plea in his defense.

"You don't understand, Vera. Great Heaven, how can you? A man walks amid temptations your purity doesn't know."

"And he falls!" she scorned. "Yet if the woman fall, who is there—what man—to raise her up again? She is damned! But if, like you, she might perchance hide her sin and bring it, all secret, to a later fancy, then should discovery come, what mercy would be hers?"

She caught sobbingly at her breath. Her bruised and outraged love—still further wrought upon by a whelming sense of the injustice of it all—ached for expression. She went on, hotly disregardful of her words:

"My purity, you say! What assurance have you that I am what I seem? What more assurance than I had of you? I'm twenty-three—a woman. I'm well—strong—normal. Men don't shun my looks. Why should you assume that temptation hasn't come to me? Why should I be credited with powers of resistance that you, a man, admit you lack? Who set the boundaries to our deportment—one that you may pass at pleasure and return, the other that I may not pass but under pain of worse than death? You're a fallen man, yet you expect me to lift you up and cherish you. Answer me this, Willis—if I should say to you now, 'I have sinned. But it was before we met. It doesn't come into our present lives—' Ah! I'm answered without a word; it's written in your face that you would have none of me."

Kenyon stood aghast, stunned under this arraignment. And his soul rose in revolt at the thought she had suggested.

"I cannot picture it," he said hoarsely. "It's unthinkable!"

"Yet," she challenged, "I must think it of you and ask no questions. I must forgive it, forget it, marry you in love, honor, and esteem; my children must be taught to reverence you, to look up to you as guide and mentor—a strong, wise, upright judge in whom they may safely place their trust. Willis! Willis! Can we live this lie?"

Her arms fell hopelessly to her sides. All the fire of her indignation flickered out. She was only a hurt, broken creature bowed before a shattered idol. Kenyon knew the whip of a real repentance as he saw her thus. It humbled him. The amazing arrogance of the special privilege he had claimed was made clear to him—its unfairness, its brute uncleanness. His manhood beckoned to him, entreating him forth from his manufactured immunity into the open where under heaven all stand alike and shoulder their sins alike, the silken gentleman even as the painted drab. He responded to it.

"I am without defense, Vera," he answered, speaking very quietly. "You've brought it home to me. But this I want you to believe—until this hour I haven't stopped to reason out the underlying wrong of my transgression. It makes me no less unworthy of you; yet, as God witnesses me, in my heart my love for you is not one whit less hallowed and supreme."

He waited before her, his hopes resting on her verdict. Her eyes went blind with tears. She put out her hands to him, and in the same gesture drew them back.

"Oh!" she cried. "It's not because I don't love you. I do! How could I in a moment's time loosen the ties that bind me to you? They are too many, and woven of days and days of pure delight. It's because of this that I'm torn with fears. My faith is shaken. I'm afraid for myself, afraid for you!"

Kenyon smote his hands together in the poignancy of his despair.

"I am punished—punished! If I could but make you forget—"

"Ah, it's just that!" she opposed. "It's not that you are wrong or that I am right, Willis—love forgives. It's whether I'm strong enough to forget as well as to forgive. And if I couldn't forget? If always this thing should stand between us? Oh, I must have time to fight it out! I must be sure!"

He grasped at this small straw of hope, though his heart was lead in his breast.

"I can wait, Vera," he said gently. "I can wait until you know. A word—a sign—will call me back; I shall be always ready. For, dear love of mine, what have I left if you are lost to me?"

She was mute, except for the short, quivering intakes of her breath, and with a last lingering look he turned away, going out with bowed head and softly, as from a place death had entered.

In his rooms again, Kenyon sat down, and for minutes did not so much as stir. In the crucible of his mind, he was resolving to its elements this tragedy his own hand had wrought. He went back, step by step, from the final scene to the beginning and beyond—to its antecedent, in which Vera had had no part. His sin had found him out, and now the penalty.

His mouth set itself in a grim line. He felt in his pocket for Alice Winship's letter and brought it forth, destroying fingers fixing on it; but in the act of rending it asunder, he stopped. An impulse moved him to learn what she had said. He broke the seal. The faint, elusive odor of lilac came to him, noxious now as a breath of banewort. An instant later his hand dropped, and he stared unseeingly before him. The note read:

DEAR WILLIS: I have your wedding cards. If there is any one thing that could rejoice

me, it is to know that you have found your happiness. It is secure with Vera. She is gold without alloy—true, fine, and blameless.

May life deal kindly with you both.  
ALICE.

A tower clock somewhere near tongued the hour in deep, slow notes. It was seven, and Kenyon had come in at six. He lifted his head, and with a squaring of the shoulders spoke aloud his ultimate thought:

"It has happened for the best. She knows. I wouldn't have it otherwise."

As if upon this self-shriving followed immediate reward, the telephone burred. He answered, and was thrilled until the brine smarted in his eyes.

It was Vera's voice, and it was alive with love. She had found, as the woman ever does, the strength and courage to forget.



### A BALLADE OF BEAUTY

THOUGH Bess is only five, she knows her glass  
And stands before it with a conscious air,  
Quite critical of the reflected lass  
With bows like butterflies upon her hair.  
She flutters one to give the wing more flare,  
Then gives her beads a twist, her sleeve a pull,  
Touches the pretty laces here and there—  
Milady wants to be more beautiful.

To lovely womanhood does Lisbeth pass.  
Her frills and furbelows show artful care.  
She seems too fine for anything so crass  
As vanity—yet watch her pause and stare  
In mirrors that are hung 'most everywhere.  
She would not stop at law nor holy bull  
Against cosmetics, for they make her fair—  
Milady wants to be more beautiful.

Elizabeth a grandmother! She has  
Lost little of her grace, her bloom is rare.  
She cultivates a poise above harass,  
For worry spoils the face, she is aware.  
In cap and curls she is without compare.  
She has rich silks and shawls of lambkin wool.  
To soften lines of age, she shuns all glare—  
Milady wants to be more beautiful.

#### *Envoy.*

Milord, of arts and clothes do not despair;  
To Venus, first, the sex is dutiful.  
Beyond all gifts that come through work or prayer,  
Milady wants to be *most* beautiful.

DANIEL E. WHEELER.



What makes the super-woman? Is it beauty? Cleopatra and Rachel were homely. Is it daintiness? Marguerite de Valois washed her hands but twice a week. Is it wit? Pompadour and Du Barry were avowedly stupid in conversation. Is it youth? Diane de Poictiers and Ninon de l'Enclos were wildly adored at sixty. Is it the subtle quality of feminism? George Sand, who numbered her admirers by the score—poor Chopin in their foremost rank—was not only ugly, but disgustingly mannish. So was Semiramis. Here are the stories of super-women who conquered at will. Some of them smashed thrones; some were content with wholesale heart-smashing. Wherein lay their secret? Or rather, their secrets? For seldom did any two of them follow the same plan of campaign.

### EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

**A**GAIN and again, during the past twenty years, a bent old woman in deep mourning has driven through the streets of Paris, stopping her hired carriage now and then, as she looked sadly out at some landmark or descended to enter a shop.

Other folk in other carriages gave her not a glance. The people in the street scarce noticed the slender, increasingly feeble figure that moved so slowly across the pavement from curb to shop door. She was, to them, merely a white-haired grandam whose old-ivy coloring and dainty features hinted at earlier beauty.

She was really nothing of the sort. She was a ghost.

She was the ghost of empire, of supreme feminine power, of a fame and a charm that had swayed half the world. No disembodied spirit, returning to its earthly haunts, would find itself more forgotten, more invisible,

amid the scenes of its former glories than did she.

The busy Parisians did not see her as she moved among them. Yet, a few years earlier, these same busy Parisians had clamored for the privilege of rending her limb from limb. And a few years earlier than that, they had sprained their throats cheering her and their bank accounts in heaping gifts on her. They had been swept off their feet by her super-woman loveliness. Their wives had slavishly acclaimed her the whole world's arbiter of fashion.

The fragile old lady in black was Eugénia Maria Ignace Augustina de Montijo Bonaparte, once Empress of the French.

Incidentally, she is the only one of my super-women who is still living, in 1916. Perhaps this may make her story more real, more vivid, though her career was exciting enough without such help. She is credited, among

other things, with having originated the crinoline and the Franco-Prussian War—two noteworthy monuments to the memory of any one mortal woman. Also—at the risk of turning away any information-loving reader at the very outset—she is almost the only super-woman against whom no scandal was ever proven.

She was born at Granada, Spain, May 5, 1826. Her grandfather, William Kirkpatrick, was a Scotch wire merchant, who did much of his business in New York, and whose beautiful eldest daughter, Maria, married a yellow-faced, one-eyed, crippled veteran of the Napoleonic wars—Don Cipriano Guzmán de Palafot y-Porto Carrero, Count de Teba, and son of the Count de Montijo, grandee of Spain.

When Maria Kirkpatrick married Don Cipriano Guzmán de Palafot y-Porto Carrero, the King of Spain would not let her be presented at his court until proofs of her nobility of ancestry could be shown. Whereat, Maria produced a family tree that included in its branches such choice blossoms as King Robert Bruce, of Scotland, and Fin M'Cual, the ancient Fenian chieftain. The Spanish king wept with laughter over the parchment of pedigree, and allowed the much-descended Maria to be presented.

This was in 1819. Seven years later—on the fifth anniversary of Napoleon Bonaparte's death—Maria's daughter, Eugenia—but let's call her by her French name, "Eugénie"—was born. She was born during an earthquake that was thickly sprinkled with thunderstorms. It was beastly weather to be born in.

They named her Eugénia Maria Ignace Augustina. At that, she was still a lap or two behind her crippled father in the matter of names.

Eugénie's mother belonged to the tribe of home haters. She spent most of her time at court. So the girl's chief

companion was her saffron-faced, one-eyed father, Don Cipriano Guzmán, etc., Count of Teba. The count used to tell her of his campaigns under the great Napoleon, of the emperor's unbelievable prowess and glory, until the half-grown girl's brain was a riot of empire and of Napoleonism.

Teba succeeded to the title of "Count de Montijo." Soon afterward a civil war in Spain scattered the family. Old Kirkpatrick sailed for America, where he made a new fortune in lead mines. The count stuck to his post of duty at Madrid, where presently he died. The countess and her two daughters, Eugénie and Francesca, fled to Paris to live.

At the French capital, Maria engaged in a lively flirtation with Prosper Mérimée, the novelist. And she gave him the plot of a story that she herself had once intended to write. The story made Mérimée immortal. It was "Carmen."

Mérimée superintended Eugénie's education; a task that was cut short when her father's death sent the widow and daughters hurrying back to Spain.

Eugénie was growing to young womanhood, and in Madrid she began to win and to wreck men's hearts. Here is a description of her:

"Unlike Francesca, who was as dark as any of her father's people, Eugénie was dazzlingly fair, with hair of burnished red-gold—a throwback to her Scotch ancestors—with magnificent violet eyes, divinely molded shoulders, tiny feet and hands, and a tall and pliant figure. Her voice was sweet to hear and her manner was of a regal and radiant graciousness."

Such a girl, despite her lack of fortune and the drawback of an over-gay mother, was bound to be the center of whatever society she sought. And, for some years, Eugénie was the belle of the Spanish capital. Among her suitors was the Duke of Alba, who,

failing to win her, married her brunet sister.

Eugénie, for some reason best known to herself, refused offers that would have seemed glittering life goals to most girls in her station. She refused, quite as coolly and far more decidedly, several tempting morganatic alliances with royalty. She was saving herself for—she alone knew what.

A drastic reform government cleared Spain's court of many persons supposedly dangerous to the morals or the welfare of the state. Marie and Eugénie went to England. Thence, they moved to France. They timed their arrival at Paris very fortunately; so fortunately, indeed, that people afterward declared it was part of Eugénie's campaign.

France was in upheaval—an upheaval that was, in a little while, to carry Eugénie to the summit of her ambition. Be patient with me, please, for just a minute or so, while I dip into history. It is needful to the understanding of this story. And I will be as brief and as unprosy as I can.

Napoleon Bonaparte had won many thousand Frenchmen to his belief that it is better to be an ancestor than a descendant; that King Stork will give his people more action than will King Log; and that a plebeian upstart with brains will make a better ruler than will an aristocratic doodlewit with centuries of kingly forebears at his back.

So Napoleon, acting on that theory, had stood old-fashioned Europe on its head, and had kept it in that humiliating position for twenty years. Then Europe had combined against him and bundled him off to St. Helena, where, on his bleak sea rock, the broken-winged eagle proceeded to eat his heart out, and make life miserable for his professionally faithful attendants, and coin epigrams, and fight against the treacherous inroads of fat upon his waistline, until he died.

His only son was brought up in the Austrian court, as a mollycoddle, and is said to have dribbled away his useless young life at the twinkling feet of Fanny Ellsler, who was a professional dancer and several other things.

That left no direct heir to Napoleon the Great. But there were a swarm of nephews and cousins and so forth. And the next in line was the son of Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, who had married his own stepniece-in-law, Hortense Beauharnais. This son was Prince Louis Bonaparte, the surviving head of the Napoleon dynasty.

He was a crook, a mountebank, a poseur, an inspired liar, an all-around cheap blackguard. He had all his mighty uncle's fierce ambition, dearth of conscience, and genius for trickery, with no more than a shred of his inspired genius. He was the fox that follows the lion.

He yearned to be Emperor of the French, like his uncle. But the majority of Frenchmen had just then had about all the Napoleonism they could hold, and were content to plod along for a while longer under the dull rule of the old line of French kings, who had been restored to power when Napoleon fell. So the public at large paid little heed to Louis' requests that the monarchy be overthrown, and that the Napoleonic empire be restored, with him at its head.

When Louis grew more than usually obstreperous in these requests, the authorities had a habit of banishing him or putting him in jail. Once he sailed to France, calling on the nation to rise to his support. As he landed from the ship, a giant eagle swooped down from the sky and perched on his head.

"It is an omen!" gasped a few trained onlookers.

But it wasn't. The eagle was a tame one that had been taught, during the voyage, to light on Louis' head and eat a scrap of meat fastened there. The

nation yawningly refused to rise in its might. And Louis was thrown into prison—whence he duly escaped to England.

Dead broke most of the time, he served as special constable in London, and, crossing to America, taught school in New Jersey. He was waiting his time, patiently watching for the psychological moment when the restless French should tire of their stodgy Bourbon king and want a change of government. That would be his cue for a triumphal entry upon the political stage. He had already mistaken several other lines for his cue, and had dashed prematurely onto the stage, only to be shooed off again. But at last he gauged his entrance correctly.

Louis Philippe, King of France, was deposed in 1848. A republic was proclaimed, and Louis Napoleon was elected "prince president" of France. By the most solemn oath, Louis bound himself to uphold the republic. At the first possible moment, he broke his oath, overthrew the republic, and, amid bloodshed and riot, had himself proclaimed "Napoleon III, Emperor of the French."

So much for historic biography, and back again to the story of Eugénie.

She and her mother found Paris in a hideously tangled social condition. The old-line nobility recoiled in disgust from associating with the upstart emperor. Throngs of mushroom aristocrats, from millionaire plumbers to soldiers of fortune, flocked to his court. Nobody knew exactly who was who.

But everybody knew who and what Madame and Mademoiselle de Montijo were. Paris looked on them as brilliant and beautiful adventuresses; which, indeed, they were. Mother and daughter lived by their wits, ever wriggling upward in a desperate climb toward their goal.

In other days, they would have had no earthly chance of coming within a

million miles of the French court, or of meeting the French emperor except clandestinely. But in the new hodge-podge that just then made up French society, they had no great trouble in attaching themselves to the court of Napoleon III.

And, from the very first, Louis found himself desperately and hopelessly enslaved by the glorious Eugénie de Montijo. He made violent love to her, and his courtiers prepared themselves to enjoy the resultant scandal. But no scandal followed.

Eugénie kept her head most admirably. All her life she had been trained for this very crisis. And now that the crisis had come, her equipment was perfect. She did not lose one single trick in the daring game.

The emperor vainly pleaded his love, and offered to bury her pretty body under avalanches of jewels and titles. She replied very definitely that she would not accept his jewels; that her love was worth nothing to him without his hand as well; and that the only title she craved was that of Empress of the French.

"Always magnificently dressed," writes Fitzgerald Molloy, "supreme in her loveliness, and experienced in the arts of fascination, she roused a storm of passion in the heart of an admirer whose susceptibility was illimitable, and who was unwilling to tolerate any hindrance to his desires. But always discreet, conscious of power, practical, notwithstanding a strain of romanticism, mistress of herself because of a preservative coldness of temperament that expressed itself in the hardness of her voice, strong willed and brimming with ambition—she disdained all proposals that refused her the highest position it was in his power to give her. When, selecting for his mission the Comte de Morny, Napoleon sent her a paper bearing his signature, above which she was desired to name her own

terms as the reward of her submission, it was returned to him with but one word dashed across its page: 'Marriage.' "

Now, it is one thing for an ambitious new emperor to be in love with one of his own subjects. It is quite another thing for him to make her his wife. No one knew better than Napoleon III. how much his throne needed strengthening, nor how perilously a marriage with Eugénie might weaken it. And he was not enough in love to take this mad chance—yet.

He scoured Europe for a royal wife—some princess whose marriage to him would make firm his position and give him a valuable alliance with a neighboring kingdom. But not one princess in all the world would listen to his suit; not one kingly house failed to deny the proffered honor with unflattering promptness. Napoleon III. was very plainly given to understand that his fellow rulers looked on him as a low-bred demagogue, and that they considered it a gross insult for him to aspire to marry any of their daughters.

And all the time, Eugénie watched and waited, ever tightening the glamour web in which she had enmeshed her victim.

More and more vehemently, the emperor urged his suit for Eugénie's love. And ever she kept him at arm's length, her shrewd old mother coaching her every play from the side lines. As one princess after another refused the emperor's hand, Eugénie made him think less and less of the dangers of marrying a mere courtesy countess like herself. Marriage was her fixed price. She would listen to no compromise rates.

One day, the emperor rode past the Montijo house. Eugénie was standing on a balcony. The emperor threw the reins to his groom and dismounted. He looked about him for the nearest door

that would lead to the balcony. Seeing none, he called to her:

"Mademoiselle de Montijo, by what door may I get to you?"

"Only through the door of the church, sire," she made quick answer.

"Well played, mademoiselle! Well played!" applauded a foreign diplomat who was riding with the emperor.

It *was* well played, but not well enough. The emperor still hesitated. And Eugénie tried another angle of attack.

Naturally, women of the court looked on in tigerish rage at the royal game of hide and seek. Especially did the emperor's Bonaparte relatives hate the thought of his marrying this Spanish woman. And they formed a cabal against Eugénie. This made her miserably unhappy—or she said it did, which amounted to the same thing—and she took her troubles to the emperor.

Now perhaps there is a man, somewhere, who has the mingled wit and heroism to mix successfully into a quarrel between two women. But Napoleon III. was not that man. If he had been, he would probably have ruled the universe, and not merely France. So all he could do was to feel helplessly sorry for Eugénie, and helplessly furious at her enemies.

At a Tuileries ball on New Year's Eve, 1852, the climax came. The emperor entered the ballroom and almost collided with Eugénie—who, by the merest chance, had chosen that moment to rush out. Her face was flushed. There were tears in her eyes. The emperor, full of loverly solicitude, asked what was the matter.

"I am going home, sire!" she sobbed. "And I shall never set foot in this palace again! I have been insulted—by *those!*" waving her hand toward a group of women. "Let me pass, please!"

Instead, the emperor caught her hand and led her forcibly back into the ball-room.

"After to-morrow," he said, "no one will dare to insult you!"

For once in his crafty life, he had been driven into acting upon an honest impulse. Eugénie's hand still clasped in his pudgy fist, the emperor made the round of the rooms, formally announcing his engagement to her. Three weeks later, he published for the benefit of all France this strange document:

I accede to the wish so often manifested by the nation, in announcing my marriage to you. The union which I am about to contract is not in harmony with old political traditions, and in this lies its advantage. France, by her successive revolutions, has been widely sundered from the rest of Europe. A wise government should so rule as to bring her back within the circle of the ancient monarchies. But this result will more readily be obtained by a frank and straightforward policy, by a loyal intercourse, than by royal alliances which only create a false security and substitute family for national interests.

She who is become the object of my choice is of lofty birth. French in heart, by education, by the memory of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the emperor, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having a family in France to whom it will be necessary to give honors and dignities. Gifted with every quality of the heart, she will be an ornament to the throne; as in the hour of danger she would be one of its most courageous defenders.

All the world may not love a lover—but all the world loves a love story. And here was a love story worthy of Laura Jean Libby. The romantic French went wild with delight. The city of Paris was given over to fêtes. Medallions and portraits of Eugénie were sold on every street corner. Eugénie herself was cheered to the echoes whenever she appeared abroad. (Yes, the same woman who, black-clad and withered, now visits Paris unrecognized.)

The municipal court voted her a wedding present of one hundred and twenty

thousand dollars. She at once turned the money over to a foundling asylum for girls. A wedding present of fifty thousand dollars from the emperor she divided between two Paris hospitals.

And the man in the street cheered himself hoarse.

For the journey to Notre Dame Cathedral, where the religious ceremony was to be performed—the civil ceremony was at the Tuilleries—the same state coach was used in which the first Napoleon and Marie Louise of Austria had driven to their ill-fated wedding. During the drive, the imperial crown surmounting the coach crashed to the ground. The same ominous accident had befallen, under just the same conditions, during the first Napoleon's trip to Notre Dame with Marie Louise—same carriage, same crown, and all.

Now dawned for France a brief golden age. European powers recognized the new government; stocks boomed; unexampled prosperity set in; public revenues rose to an unprecedented height; every branch of industry flourished; narrow old streets gave way to wide boulevards. The hungry were fed. There was work, with good pay, for more people than ever before. To the Empress Eugénie went the praise of the nation.

She was adored as a goddess, this once penniless Spanish girl, who had at last wheedled an ex-Jersey schoolmaster into making her his wife. Her power and fame had reached the zenith. And for years they remained there. Napoleon III. was at last actually popular. But his popularity, like a bankrupt's fortune, was chiefly in his wife's name.

Cholera broke out in the army. Eugénie insisted on visiting the cholera war hospitals. When doctors pointed out the risk, she answered quietly:

"It is the only way a woman can go under fire."

At the height of the emperor's great-

ness, a certain astrologer named Morrison croaked, as follows, in "Zadkiel's Almanac:"

But let him not dream of lasting honor, power, or prosperity. He shall found no dynasty, he shall wear no durable crown; but, in the midst of deeds of blood and slaughter, with affrighted Europe trembling beneath the weight of his daring martial hosts, he shall descend beneath the heavy hand of Fate and fall to rise no more.

The position of Napoleon III. and Eugénie was one of splendid loneliness. All other sovereigns regarded them as parvenus, upstarts, and declined to visit them or receive them—all except Great Britain's queen.

Eugénie won the admiring friendship of Queen Victoria, and did more to knit a friendship between France and England than had any one since the Norman conquest. She was a welcome guest at London and Windsor, and even won there a welcome for her husband. The emperor could be interesting when he chose—he had the most delightful manners in the world—and, urged by Eugénie, he exerted himself to make a hit with England's sovereign. Queen Victoria wrote of Napoleon III. and his wife:

There is something fascinating, melancholy, and engaging which draws you to him in spite of any prevention you may have against him, and certainly without the assistance of any outward advantages of appearance. He undoubtedly has a most extraordinary power of attracting people to him.

The empress, too, has great charm, and we are all very fond of her. She is full of courage and spirit. And yet so gentle, with such innocence and "*enjouement*" that the ensemble is most charming. With all her great loveliness, she has the prettiest and most modest manner.

Thus began a sincere fondness between the two women, to last until the day of Queen Victoria's death, forty-six years later.

Meantime, Eugénie was acknowledged to be the most beautiful and the

best-dressed woman in Europe. She set the fashions for five continents. Her lightest sartorial whim was fashion's law.

For example, before the birth of her only child, she adopted a style of costume known as "the crinoline," to improve the appearance of her figure. At once, women short and women tall, women fat and women lean, women young and women old, women married and women still in doubt—all adopted crinoline. On those of them that didn't need its aid, it was hideous, but the Empress Eugénie had ordained it. That was enough for the world of dressmakers.

The French court was a riot of wit, fashion, splendor, and jeweled indecency. In all these qualities, save the last, the empress led the way. She spent money—the nation's money—in double handfuls. She boasted that she never wore the same dress twice—she who in girlhood had made an art of dodging dressmakers' bills and of refurbishing her old gowns.

When, in 1856, her son was born, Paris once more went dutifully insane with joy. There was at last an heir to the imperial throne—a scion of the Napoleonic dynasty. The parents saddled the luckless infant with the name Napoleon Eugéne Louis Jean Joseph, and created him "prince imperial."

But presently the French began to grow tired of cheering. The empress' extravagance had not bothered them, but now she was beginning to meddle in politics, and the people did not like it; not only because she was a woman, but because she had no more natural aptitude for politics than has a peacock for typesetting. She made costly political blunders, and the knot of politicians who used her as a tool blithely led her from one folly of statesmanship to another.

Errors in foreign policy were also sapping the emperor's popularity, espe-

cially when these errors were caused by the empress' jogging his elbow. An Italian made an industrious effort to assassinate Napoleon III. and Eugénie with a bomb one night, as they drove to the opera. They escaped unhurt, and Napoleon III. took occasion to say loudly:

"Man is immortal, till his work is done!"

Then came the Franco-Prussian War, a conflict urged along and insisted on by Eugénie, who playfully referred to it as "my little war."

You know how it turned out, this "little war" of Eugénie's. Napoleon III. left her installed in Paris as regent, when he went to the front. He was desperately ill at the time, and very tired and old. And he rouged his cheeks and waxed his straggly mustache to make the soldiers think he was in good health.

The French were routed in battle after battle. At Sedan's surrender, the emperor himself was captured. When this news reached Paris, the empire was overthrown and a republic was declared. And a mob set out for the palace to revenge the country's shame by killing Eugénie; the same mob that used to cheer her and that, in still later years, did not know her by sight.

Some one had suggested to the empress that she might stem the tide of hatred by riding through Paris clad in deep black, but among all her hundreds of dresses, there was not a single black one. The poor woman has worn no other color for the past thirty years.

In thousands, the mob surged through the streets, howling:

"Down with the empress! Death to the Spanish woman! To the guillotine with her! Long live the guillotine!"

As the crowd neared the palace, Eugénie's advisers begged her to flee.

"It would be as cowardly for me to desert my post," she cried, deadly pale,

but unflinching, "as for a captain to desert his ship threatened by a storm."

In vain Buffet, her secretary, pleaded with her; in vain De Lesseps urged; in vain Baron de Pier implored her to escape before she should be caught in the grip of a revolution more dreadful than France had ever known. News was brought to her that the chamber of deputies had been raided, its president dragged from his chair, the deputies dispersed. She heard the dull roar of the throng outside the palace, headed by brazen women with streaming hair and uplifted arms, who waved blood-red flags and squalled:

*"A bas l'impératrice! A la guillotine! Vive la République!"*

Word came that the portraits of the emperor and empress had just been torn from the walls of the Hotel de Ville and slashed to pieces. The imperial eagles had everywhere been hauled down and smashed. The troops were joining in the mob's bellowed chorus of the "Marseillaise." The empress stood like a statue in the center of the audience room.

"I know how to die," she said, over and over.

Several equerries drew their swords and prepared to defend her.

"No blood must be shed to save me," she commanded.

"Is it your majesty's wish to cause a general massacre of your attendants?" babbled Pietri, the helpless prefect of police.

After a pause, during which the lives of those around her still hung in the balance, she answered in calm, even tones:

"I will go. But all of you bear witness that I have done my duty to the last."

In a few words she bade good-by to her household. The mob was breaking into the gardens of the palace. The empress went to her own room. There she put on a plain straw hat and a water-

proof cloak, and covered her beautiful face with a heavy veil.

Entering the corridor, where several ambassadors awaited her, she took Prince Metternich's arm. Followed by Chevalier Negra and Madame le Breton, her lady in waiting, she was rushed through a side wing of the Tuilleries and entered a gallery connecting it with the Louvre. A crashing of glass and of wood, the falling of a door, and a roar of voices, told her that the crowd had broken into the palace.

"It is too late," said the empress, pausing to listen. "Leave me!"

Metternich dragged her forward, almost by main strength, until they reached the door leading to the Louvre. On turning the handle, this was found locked. As the fugitives stared at one another in dumb despair, a servant ran forward with a key and let them out into the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre.

Hurrying through this and to a door opening on the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois, they reached the street and, unnoticed, mingled with a backwater of the mob. The empress was calm.

"You are holding my arm," she said to Negra. "Does it tremble?"

Astonished, he answered:

"Not at all."

A street urchin, with the impudence of his kind, peered up under Eugénie's veil.

"*Voilà l'impératrice!*"—"See the empress!"—he shrilled.

Negra sent the boy reeling into the gutter with a box on the ear, snarling at him:

"You little beast, I'll teach you not to yell, *'Vive les Prusses!'*"

Those who stood nearest heard the clever retort. Some of them believed what they heard. A few others believed merely what they saw. But they let her go, unbetrayed—this empress who was no longer an empress.

By offer of triple fare, her escorts

secured a cab. They drove Eugénie to the house of Doctor Evans, an American dentist, on the Avenue Bois de Boulogne. Evans sheltered her for the night; then decided to take her, in his own carriage, to Deauville, where he hoped to be able to get passage for her to England.

As they reached the guarded gateway by which they must leave Paris, the officers stationed there called a halt. Evans explained that he was taking an insane patient to an asylum at Neuilly, and begged that she might not be disturbed or excited. The request was granted.

At every wayside inn, the same precaution was taken, of representing Eugénie as insane. The journey lasted twenty-four hours.

At Deauville, where Mrs. Evans, the dentist's wife, was staying, they found safe shelter. At nightfall, thanks to Evans' arrangements, they boarded the yacht of Sir John Burgoine, which chanced to be lying offshore. A terrific storm sprang up. The sailors demurred at setting sail in such weather. Sir John explained the dire need of haste, and told who the veiled woman was. The sailors shouted:

"We'll see her majesty through!"

And out into the hurricane the yacht reeled.

At Chislehurst, a quiet English country place, Eugénie and her son were joined by the fallen emperor, when the Germans set him free. A huge British crowd greeted his landing at Dover with cries of:

"Long live the emperor! Long live the empress! We ought to have helped you!"

Soon afterward, the emperor died. A little later, during an expedition in Zululand, the young prince imperial was killed.

Widowed, childless, her wealth gone, Eugénie has ever since lived on in re-

tirement at Chislehurst. But every now and then she goes for a few days to Paris—the saddest pilgrimage such a woman could make.

She stood at a Paris window, in early August, 1914. In the street below, bands were playing the "Marseillaise," and people were waving flags. The rhythmic tramp of thousands of feet echoed from wall to wall of the highway. France's army was setting forth

to war against the invading German hosts. The aged woman pointed a trembling forefinger at the endless lines of marching soldiers and cried in hysterical triumph:

"This shall be my revenge!"

The October number of AINSLEE'S will contain the next article in Mr. Terhune's super-women series: "Marie de Brinvilliers, the Woman Without a Soul."



### HAUNTED

I WALK within your house, that's opened wide  
And lit like some great golden rose. Beside  
Me walks a ghost, a ghost who is a guide.

Your chatelaine, my step is proudly slow.  
All this is mine—and yet I know, I know  
She triumphed, "Mine!" that day of long ago.

Leather and oak were hers, linen and lace;  
The crimson curtains bent to give her place;  
The mirrors hold the memory of her face.

Nowhere that I have been but she was there  
Before me. First, she watched the tawny flare  
Upon your hearth. I think I do not care.

Dear, if your heart's house had awaited me,  
Its flame untended, lamp unlit! If she  
Had never entered! What my love might be

Without succession's pang! "In such a way  
Her fingers brushed his cheek." "She taught the play  
Of eye and lip." "And here her own lips lay."

For still her ghost comes whispering I give you  
Not one unsavored rapture, not one new  
Joy, beauty, wonder. Say it is not true!

I will believe you kept untenanted  
Some sweet and secret spaces where we tread  
With love. I will believe. And ghosts are dead.

MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL.



# Her Marital Recapitulation

By Anne Warner

Author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary,"  
the "Susan Clegg" stories, etc.

LEANOR CARRICK was a very bright and original woman. She had been a bright and original child, and she never left off as she grew older. From the day when she cited "The Quoit Player" as an early example of the nude, "because he had nothing on him except the quoit," until the day when she finally accepted Julius Reed for her husband, after putting him off for years "because she already had one husband," her record was one of continual brightness and originality.

She began life without any parents. Her father died some months before she was born, and her mother died directly after learning that "it" was a girl. Her father had wanted a boy, and her mother had been desirous of pleasing him, even though he was not there to be pleased. When she found that if he had been there, he would have been anything but pleased, her sorrow caused her to depart this life directly. So the baby fell to an aunt and a grandmother to raise.

They were religious and conventional, and the baby was lively and obstreperous. Everything was hard for everybody in consequence, and, as soon as they could, they sent the child away to boarding school. It seemed no time at all before she was through boarding school and back on their hands. Then they remembered that they had a dis-

tant cousin—a Mrs. Maisey—in London, and to Mrs. Maisey the aunt appealed and appealed again. In the end, Mrs. Maisey undertook Eleanor for a season, and—Mrs. Maisey being a skillful lady—Eleanor was disposed of before spring.

It was Mr. Carrick who took her off the family backs and unto himself.

Mr. Carrick was an indolent gentleman of five and forty, who was lounging and yawning his way through life without any very active content or discontent with anything or anybody. He had faded blue eyes, sparsely settled hair, and a long, pale mustache that he dragged opposite ways with his two hands when he was really exerting himself to make an impression. He had never stayed very long in one place or attended much to any one idea. Of marriage he had certainly never thought seriously; therefore, Mrs. Maisey had thought he might be easily captured, and, being clever, she had thought right, and, being thrice clever, she had captured him forthwith.

Mr. Carrick and Eleanor were alike guiltless of their mistaken marriage. Neither one nor the other had the slightest designs thereto. It was Mrs. Maisey who did it all, and it was she who never halted in her well-doing until in the spring the bride and groom were actually off for Brighton. Then she

drew a long breath and returned to her usual routine of living.

As to the bride and groom— Well, it must be owned that it is one thing to be a clever matchmaker and quite another thing to be those whom she has matched.

Mr. Carrick and Eleanor discovered this fact before they reached Brighton. Eleanor did not know just what she had expected, but she learned on the train that, whatever it was, she had not got it. Mr. Carrick's position was still sadder; he did not know what he had expected, he did know that he had not gotten it, and he learned that he *had* got something that he *had not* expected into the bargain.

They spent a fortnight in Brighton, piling up marital souvenirs of the most trying kind, and at the end of the fortnight Mr. Carrick, who had never in his life done anything sudden, suddenly left for Colombo.

"When is he coming back?" Mrs. Maisey asked.

"I don't know," said Eleanor. "He can't come back until he gets there, and he can't get there for a month and a half, thank Heaven! Why didn't you tell me that he couldn't see a joke before I married him?"

"You speak as if he were disabled," said the friend.

"I consider that he is," said the wife. "I'd quite as soon marry a blind man—really."

"You are frivolous," said Mrs. Maisey severely.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be fun," Eleanor reflected. "I suppose a wedding trip with a blind man might be a bit trying. You'd have to teach him where everything was before you could go to bed yourself."

"Eleanor!" cried Mrs. Maisey.

"But it would be nice mornings. You could tell him it was pitch dark, and keep him turning over for another nap till doomsday."

"Eleanor!" cried Mrs. Maisey again.

Mr. Carrick wrote his bride one letter from Port Said and one from Colombo. Then he did not write again for a year, and then she heard no more for three years. In the meantime, Julius Reed had come upon the scene and fallen in love with her.

Julius Reed was a thin, tall man, with brown eyes and no mustache. In appearance he suggested a lean and civilized Arab, and that joke was not built through which he could not see.

Mrs. Carrick had an apartment, and her aunt to live with her. If she had not also had Mr. Carrick, she could easily have had Julius Reed instead of the aunt. Everybody—with one exception—knew that. The aunt knew it. Eleanor knew it. Julius, of course, knew it. Society in general knew it. The one exception was Mr. Carrick. Mr. Carrick might also have known it if anybody had known where he was; but no one knew. Therefore, he was left in ignorance.

The situation was very exasperating to Julius Reed, because it had not needed Mrs. Maisey to put the idea into his head that he wanted to marry Eleanor. He had had it, and had had it strongly, ever since their first meeting. She suited him exactly. She was a constant joy to him.

"Why don't you get a divorce?" he had asked the third time they met.

"How egotistical you are!" she had replied.

In the mutual laugh that had followed had been his first declaration and her reply to it.

After that months passed by, but Julius Reed never did—he always came in. He came in; and when he came in, he always stayed in; and when he stayed in, he always grew more than ever sure that what had come into his life with Eleanor's coming had also come there to stay. He asked Eleanor many questions—some blunt and some

artful—as to the state of her own feelings, but being married, even to a man in Colombo, is a liberal education in keeping one's affairs to one's self, and Eleanor hoarded her affairs like a miser.

"I should think you would know that if I didn't like you, I would never have you here so much," she said one day, when he was uncommonly importunate.

"But you don't have me here," said Julius Reed. "I just come."

"That's true," she said.

"But then you *do* like me," he continued, "since you allow me to come?"

"Oh, yes, I like you," she said, and then she added: "I like you more than my husband, and quite as well as any other man."

"My—" he began with great force, but she stopped him.

"If you're going to say, 'My God,' you mustn't, because it's irreverent," she said. "And if you're going to say, 'My love,' you mustn't, because I'm married."

"I know *that*," said Julius, with a groan.

"Do you?" she asked sweetly. "I thought you had forgotten."

They looked at each other, and in the conflict of their glances the man felt his helplessness and let the question go over again.

But he did not give up, and so the months rolled into years and still the situation remained as before.

Then, one night, just as she was dressing for a ball, Mrs. Carrick received a letter from Rohilla Land, stating that her husband had died some time previous.

"Now, this is a nice time for me to hear of it!" the widow reflected. "My skirt's on, even my waist's off, and I'll have to pay for the carriage anyhow."

She reread the letter and found that it was over four months since the sad event had transpired. The news ap-

peared to have been forwarded by donkey post.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do," she reflected further, and then she allowed the maid to finish dressing her while she read the other letters.

When all was finished, she locked the whole mail away and put off further consideration until to-morrow.

"It's nobody's business but mine, anyway," she said to herself, and went on to the ball.

The news seemed to give an added zest to her anticipations, which were always high where pleasure was concerned. And in a little while she found herself reasoning that, since she had been a widow without knowing it for four months, she might very justifiably go on being a widow without any one else's knowing it.

Julius Reed was at the ball.

"If he knew!" she thought, and the thought solidified her glimmerings of reservation into a most utter intensity.

She told no one of the letter, and continued the usual routine of her routs and routes. Her sense of humor soon seized on the salient features of the case and supplied a new form of spice in life.

"Have you heard from your husband lately?" Julius Reed asked with a jerk one day. Any reference to her husband always came out of him like a sneeze.

"Not very lately," she said.

"How long since he's written you?"

"Years," and that was quite true.

"Do you suppose he'll ever write again?"

Eleanor considered a little.

"I should be awfully surprised if he did," she said at last.

"You could get a divorce now," said Julius Reed. "You really could."

"I shouldn't think of that," said Eleanor. "It would be too silly—all things considered."

"I don't see that," said Julius hotly.

"I think it would be decidedly the best thing to do. Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't."

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"I have a general sort of idea that he's somewhere——" She pointed down.

"India or China," said Julius, nodding. "Yes, I suppose so."

Then the kettle began to sing, and he rose to make the tea. He liked to make tea himself, and Eleanor liked to have him. She was fond of contemplating his capabilities, and the fact that her husband was dead added a new charm to the contemplation.

Julius made the tea very nicely. When it was made, he poured her out a cup and brought it to her.

"Now, about him——" he said, going back for his own.

"About whom?" she asked, stirring gently and smiling.

"When I'm speaking to you," said Julius, with emphasis, "I should think that you would know that I mean your husband."

"How should I know that when you speak to me you mean my husband?" she asked in surprise. "No one ever confused us before. Have you always meant my husband whenever you spoke to me?"

At that he gave her a terrible look.

"Don't lose your temper," she said sweetly.

"I'm not losing my temper!" he replied hotly. "It's only that you are so foolish! It's no use your pretending to be witty. It's really a very serious matter."

"I didn't know that I was pretending to be witty," said she, becoming sober that instant. "I thought I was really witty. Please don't tell any one else how you've been fooled. I shall lose my reputation for cleverness at once."

Julius sipped his tea and controlled himself.

"Don't you really ever expect him back?" he asked finally.

"No," said the widow. "I don't."

"Then you *are* deserted," said Julius, "and you have a right to your freedom."

"I have all the freedom I want."

"That's nonsense."

"But I mean it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Julius Reed.

"I'm just as free as a woman can be," Eleanor murmured.

"In one sense, yes; in another, no."

Then she looked out of the window and smiled.

"Your position is a horrible one," the man declared.

"But I like it."

"Nonsense!"

"It just suits me," said Eleanor.

"You can't marry——"

"But I don't want to marry." \*

"But if you did." Julius rose in search of more tea. "I tell you," he said, after he had gotten it, "this whole affair is getting on my nerves. I can't live this way forever, even if you can."

"I can," said Eleanor. "I like to live calmly. I like to contemplate life from the standpoint of the mule upon a tow-path."

"Well, I don't like to contemplate life from the standpoint of the driver," said Julius.

"Speaking of drivers, I don't just follow," said the lady. "Are you mixed in your genders, or referring to my husband?"

"Oh, curse it all!" exclaimed Julius. "I'm going mad, that's all. Don't mind me."

"I'll wait till you are through," said Eleanor prettily. "Don't hurry."

Then he laughed. And then he set his cup down and screwed his glass firmly into his eye.

"If your husband were dead——" he said slowly.

"Yes, I know all that," she inter-

rupted. "I have known for a long time. It would be no news to me, I assure you."

"Would you marry me then?"

"I've been wondering that ever since I first knew."

Julius' eyebrow took a fresh grip on his glass.

"What do you think about it?" he asked hoarsely.

She looked at him. It was now a full year since Mr. Carrick's demise.

"Your husband really cuts no figure in your life," said Julius presently. "To all intents and purposes, he's dead."

She nodded.

"If any one were to tell you that he really was dead, you would not receive any shock."

"No, that's true," she said thoughtfully.

"It wouldn't alter your daily life at all."

She shook her head.

"Then why not get a divorce and marry me?"

"I don't like the idea of a divorce. It seems so unnecessary."

"You couldn't be married legally without it."

She looked at him and laughed.

"I see nothing to laugh at," said Julius Reed.

"Forgive me," said Mrs. Carrick, "but I do."

She went to her desk and unlocked one of the drawers and took out a paper—a letter with a foreign stamp,

"Suppose you announce it," she said, handing it to him. "I'll go to Monte Carlo until the worst of the blow is over, and then—"

Julius had opened the letter and was reading it rapidly.

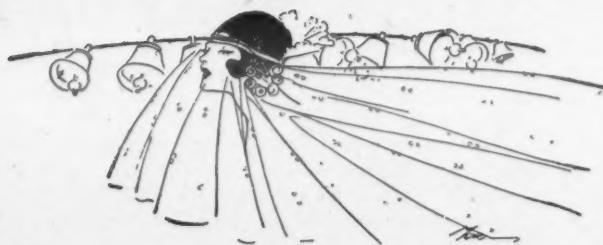
"And then?" he said absent-mindedly—for the letter paralyzed him.

Mrs. Carrick laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Then I'll come back to Paris and buy my trousseau," she said softly.

Julius' eyeglass fell abruptly.

So did Eleanor.



ADVICE is valuable only in proportion as one learns, through bitter experience, the uselessness of it.



# The Radiant One

By Gordon Arthur Smith

Author of "Love Laughs," "His Duchess," etc.

THE day after the tragedy at the Folies-Légères, I sought out Aristide Vannes, for I surmised that Aristide would know the truth of the affair. Aristide is nearly seventy and French; I am nearly eighty and English; and we are very intimate, agreeing on everything except possibly the terms of peace that the Allies will impose when they shall have conquered. Aristide, on this subject, is inclined to be a bit exigent, I think. But then that is only to be expected of a French gentleman and soldier who fought through Sedan.

Aristide plays the violin in the orchestra of the Folies-Légères. Half a century ago he fiddled for Napoleon the Third, lived under his roof, sat at his table, and kissed his empress' hand. He has never forgotten those days, or ceased to mourn the glory of his youth.

"See," he says. "The violin is the same. It has not changed—rather it is more mellow. It has improved with the years. But I—ah, that is another thing! I have lost the flame. Wines and violins, they age well; but men—no."

When war was declared in August, Aristide tore down the portraits of Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner from the walls of his garret.

"I have worshiped false gods," he explained sadly, "and they have betrayed me."

That, although consistent enough,

was, I thought, rather fanatical. An Englishman would not have done it.

And so, when I came to him on the day after the tragedy, I found him seated at his piano thumbing an album of old French chansonettes, while, from the wall where once the German masters had hung, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, and Massenet now smiled their Gallic approval.

"You desire to hear what I know about the affair of last night?" he inquired. "You have well fallen, then, because I know everything about it. And I am the only person that does."

"You would be," I answered, humorizing him. "I know that you were formerly a very good friend of poor Blanche Astrée—"

"Poor Blanche Astrée?" he interrupted me. "Ah, yes, it is true. I had forgotten. You see, when I knew her so well, she was called 'La Radieuse Astrée,' or more often just 'La Radieuse.' Thirty years ago, if you had said 'La Radieuse,' every one in France would have known that you meant Blanche Astrée. And now she is dead. That is sad, is it not? Very sad. Nothing is so sad as the death of a person who once loved life."

"But," I interjected, "she died by her own hand. Life could not have seemed to her very much worth while last night."

Aristide shook his head.

"There was nothing else for her to

do," he said. "Her work was finished. Hold yourself quiet, now, and I will tell you about it. And when I have told you, I shall tell all Paris, all France—the world—for it is right that the truth should be known. It is right that the name of La Radieuse should be kept radiant."

I held myself quiet, as he bade me, while he fingered the keyboard, improvising in the key of his mood—something both tragic and triumphant, ending with the great, crashing major chords of patriotism. Then, turning away, he smiled a little and exclaimed:

"There! That isn't so bad for an old man, is it?"

"Indeed, no," I said gruffly, for in these days I find that martial music brings the tears too readily to my eyes. That is foolish, of course, but I am nearly eighty and my youngest son fell at Mons.

Aristide, perceiving my emotion, went over to the window and, with his back to me, began his story of Blanche Astrée:

"When I first met La Radieuse, she was eighteen. That was—*voyons-cing, dix, quinze, vingt, vingt-cinq, trente*—yes, that was thirty years ago. Strange! I should not have thought it so long as that. She had a singing part then in one of Meilhac and Halévy's operettas—'La Vie Parisienne,' I think it was called—and she sang well enough, in a naïve, startled manner, always as if she were surprised to find herself there on the stage. But she did very well. How could she not have done well, with her intriguing little face of a *gamine* and that vibrant, restless body? She had no repose, you see, and she never cultivated it.

"She did so well that she was offered many opportunities of advancement—some decent, some indecent. You know the world, *mon vieux*, or you should by now know it. She had a choice, finally, of becoming either the

mistress of a Russian grand duke or the wife of a rich German hotel proprietor here in Paris. For me, in her place, I should have chosen the Russian. Her position would have been less ignoble. But I recognize that moralists are against me. In any case, she, siding with the moralists, married the German—Otto Reinbach, I think he was called. That was her first unfortunate step, that marriage, for even in '87 one did not marry a German until one was at the end of one's forces.

"She left the stage for two years, traveling with her husband in Bavaria. And in Bavaria she bore him a daughter, whom they christened Charlotte.

"Shortly after that they all came back to Paris to live. Otto had his hotel to attend to—a big palace on the Champs Elysées, where they had almost an entire floor to themselves and two hundred servants to interrupt their privacy. La Radieuse did not like it very much, but Otto did; and so long as Otto liked it, it made no difference whether she did or not. That is the German code."

At this point I am compelled to abridge Aristide's discourse, for his analysis of German manners, morals, and culture, although interesting in itself, had no direct bearing on the story of La Radieuse and was, moreover, expressed so bitterly and scathingly that neutral ears might take offense. What he said of Otto Reinbach as an individual, however, I feel that I can repeat. Aristide described him physically as being a fat, shiny beast, shaped like a top.

"He had," said Aristide, "too little hair on his head, but too much on the back of his hands. And he wore a mustache that grew, unintended and uncultivated, like some wild, prickly plant."

Then Aristide went on to speak of the man's eyes—little sly eyes of a pig, Otto had, according to Aristide; eyes

that one felt saw more than their size warranted.

"Name of a name, he was always peering and squinting when he thought no one was looking at him. But when you tried to meet his eyes, he seemed to withdraw them into his face in the manner in which a timid turtle withdraws his extremities. And that," concluded Aristide, "was the man to whom *La Radieuse* found herself bound for life!"

"How long did she endure it?" I asked.

"How long? As long as mortal flesh could bear the proximity. She was determined from the first to make him a good wife. Above all else she craved a hearth and the fundamental contentment that is the portion of a wife and mother. No, she was not exigent; she wanted little, but she got none of that little. She wanted a hearth, and she got—bah!—she got a hotel parlor with gas logs that spluttered and stank! She wanted affection, and she got a husband who either mauled her or ignored her—her, *La Radieuse*, if you please! Pearls before swine!

"One day she rebelled. Poor thing, it was inevitable, with a spirit such as hers. He ordered her, I believe, to perform some menial service for him, and she refused. They quarreled, at first with words, in which the advantage lay all with her, for she had wit and he had nothing but lung power. Doubtless she told him things that hurt his pride—or, better, his vanity. In any case, he grew purple, closed his red little eyes of a pig, and struck her with his flabby fist—struck her so hard that she reeled backward and fell full length on the floor, where she lay while a thin stream of blood distorted the pattern of the carpet.

"That evening she left him. I think it almost broke her heart that in leaving him she was forced to leave the little Charlotte. But she had no money,

no certain place of refuge, no position at the theater from which she had been absent nine years. Nine years! Yes, she had endured Otto for nine years! He had taken the bloom of her life.

"Let us see—it was in '96 that she started out to face life alone once again. She had lost some of her beauty and so much of her radiancy that she must have been aware how pathetically ironical it would be to call herself '*La Radieuse*.' If she did not realize it, her managers did, at any rate, for on her return to the stage, she was billed in a small part in some light opera, merely as *Blanche Astrée*. Scarcely any one recognized her; she had no bouquets, no billets-doux, no admirers, no lovers, no friends. *La pauvre Radieuse!* My heart weeps when I think of it. *Columbine* abandoned and grown old!

"She worked hard—she did not spare her strength; and since she did not spare her strength, she could not spare her beauty. The knowledge came to her that before long her voice would be the only asset left her, so she studied to improve her voice—that poor little tremulous voice of hers that had once charmed simply because it was *naïve* and young.

"Well, she made some progress—enough to enable her to obtain a minor rôle in Massenet's '*Werther*'; and that meant bread and butter and a bed and a roof over her. She was neither a conspicuous success nor a flagrant failure; in that way she was like most of us—like me, for example."

"My friend—" I began in protest.

"Oh, yes," he broke in on me, "and like you, too. The world is made up of mediocrities who have neither the talent to become glorious nor the courage to fail mightily. Little failures and little successes—that is the world.

"Publicly, then, at twenty-nine, *La Radieuse* was a little success. Her private life, as I have told you, had been

a little failure—so, you see, she struck an average of complete mediocrity, which she maintained until the moment of her death. At that moment she became great once more. But I am running ahead of my story.

"For two years after she had left her husband, she never saw him or her little girl. He had obtained a divorce quietly enough, and she had entered no defense. Naturally he retained the custody of the child. La Radieuse no doubt thought it was better so, since she herself was living so meanly and was unable to provide for another. But one day she met Charlotte on the street. The girl was walking with her German governess down the Champs Elysées toward the Tuilleries. She was rolling a huge hoop, and controlling it so badly that it ran into several of the passers-by, and one of the passers-by was Blanche Astrée. That was a coincidence, if you will, but I only wonder that they had not met sooner—Charlotte and her mother.

"'Pardon, madame,' said Charlotte, and then she stopped short and stared. '*Mais c'est maman!*' she said at length in a frightened voice. And then she added: 'They told me you were dead.'

"That, you see, was Otto's work. He wanted Charlotte entirely for himself; he wanted her to erase her mother completely from her memory. And in this, as you will perceive, he had an object.

"Picture to yourself, then, poor Blanche Astrée trying to make friends with her daughter. There is pathos there. In spite of the German governess' protestations, La Radieuse took them to a tea shop and fed Charlotte on all the *gateaux* and chocolate she could swallow. And, while Charlotte was gormandizing, La Radieuse would reach out to touch her with tender little efforts of affection, all the mother in her yearning for expression. But Charlotte, being by now mostly German, devoted her attention wholly to her food,

and her appetite was absolutely devastating.

"When the last pastry had been eaten, the governess made some guttural noise that meant they must leave at once. Blanche Astrée was not urged to accompany them, nor, of course, was she asked to call. As it was, Herr Reinbach would be furious should he find out that they had met madame and lingered to feast with her. And so, with a hurried adieu, Charlotte went once more out of her mother's life."

Aristide here ventured some remarks on the greediness of German children that I forbear from printing, realizing that while they may be applicable to Charlotte, there must be some German children that do not merit such severe censure. Moreover, even English children have hearty appetites, which, with the naïveté of the young, they do not attempt to conceal. I resume at the point where he again took up the narrative.

"Now," said he, "I come to the beginning of the drama. From now on some things will be made clear to you that hitherto must have been impossible to comprehend. I am revealing mysteries that, aside from the *préfet de police* and some high government officials, are known to scarcely a soul in Paris.

"Let us be frank at the outset and hasten to make the great disclosure. Otto Reinbach was a German spy. Ah, you may well gasp and look incredulous. I could scarcely credit it myself, and even La Radieuse hesitated to believe it. But, nevertheless, it is true. He was a spy; and, more than that, he was bringing up Charlotte, his daughter, to assist him in his work. Privately he was educating her as a German, but publicly she was to be French. Why not, indeed? Born in Paris of a French mother, her father a naturalized Frenchman with large interests in the capital—who would sus-

pect her of being at heart a traitress to the nation? Otto was crafty—very crafty. He saw what a help to him in later years she might become; and so he filled her full of the German *Kultur* and taught her how to hate.

"As soon as he perceived that she had inherited some of her mother's talent, he sent her to the Conservatoire to have her voice trained and to learn the French method of singing. He urged her to take all that France had to give and, in return, to plot for France's downfall.

"Smile for them, but despise them," was his text, and Charlotte listened eagerly and proved an apt pupil. All this, of course, was subsequent to the day when Blanche Astrée and Charlotte met and went to the tea shop together.

"That day, however, became for La Radieuse a glorious memory to which she clung tenaciously and which, alone in her garret, she lived over and over again. She had seen her daughter; she had spoken to her; she had even touched her. *Nunc dimittis*. There is the mother for you! Truly, it is magnificently tragic.

"Charlotte at that time was nine years old, I believe, and, fortunately, did not resemble her father physically. I imagine that she must have been an attractive child to look at. But even had she been ugly, La Radieuse would have considered her adorable and everything that one could desire. She would have closed her eyes to any imperfections, for, after all, was not Charlotte flesh of her flesh?

"They did not meet again, the mother and child, for two long years. At the end of that period, La Radieuse could endure the separation no longer, and she humbled herself in the dust that it might be put an end to. Can you guess what she did? She went to see Otto at his hotel and got down on her knees before him to beg him to send Char-

lotte to her for even so short a while as one month out of the year.

"Otto was very angry at first. He hated women that wept—especially women in whom he had lost interest. Still, I have no doubt that it gave him a certain satisfaction to see La Radieuse on her knees. It filled him with a sense of power. And so he prolonged that scene, for a time, pretending to listen to her appeal, but in reality devising some suitably barbarous way of refusing it. And then, suddenly, he decided not to refuse it—at least not definitely. It occurred to him that having, as he plainly had, a favor in his hands to bestow or to withhold, as it pleased him, he might be able to demand a very valuable service in return. I can see him narrowing his little eyes to slits as this *idée géniale* flashed through his mind.

"'I take it,' said he, regarding her fixedly, 'that you desire Charlotte very much?'

"'I am her mother,' answered La Radieuse.

"'Yes,' he agreed, 'that is so. Then, doubtless, you would be willing to make me some return, should I loan her to you—say for a month. It would be worth some sacrifice on your part.'

"'It would be worth any sacrifice,' repeated La Radieuse. 'I am her mother.'

"Otto tergiversated for a while, but finally came out squarely with his proposition.

"'You can help me,' he said; 'that is, I believe you can help me. Charlotte, as yet, is too young, and I need a woman for this work of mine. Their touch is lighter, and they lie more cleverly.'

"With this compliment to the sex, he went immediately into detailed explanations. Did she see anything of that Russian grand duke of hers? Did she have his confidence? Did she meet any French military officials, or any one

high up in the government—any one connected with the department of foreign affairs, for instance? In short, although he did not put it quite so concisely, could she be of any use to him as a spy?

"La Radieuse was staggered. I think that she would have believed almost anything of Otto save that one heinous sin—to be a traitor to the country that nourished him. She did not know what to reply, and Otto, seeing her hesitate, figured to himself that it was a question merely of the price to be paid; so, with a beautiful movement of generosity, he told her that the German government would see to it that she was kept amply provided with funds.

"Just what do you want me to do?" asked Blanche, to gain time.

"Ah," said Otto grimly, "now the business woman speaks!"

"It seems that there was a great deal for her to do; the Germans desired to know all sorts of things—the terms of the *entente*, the relations with Russia, the chemical compounds used in high explosives, the size and number of the new big guns, the plans of the forts at Verdun— Oh, the Germans were extremely eager for knowledge. A wonderful people, hein?"

"Well, briefly then, La Radieuse agreed to help assuage the imperial government's thirst for information—agreed, that is, on condition that she have Charlotte for a month out of every year as long as the contract lasted."

Aristide, at this, perceiving the shocked expression that crossed my face and hearing the exclamation of surprise that involuntarily escaped me, laughed good-naturedly and bade me not be alarmed.

"Ah, no, my friend," said he. "Do not think that La Radieuse betrayed her country—she who later was to sacrifice so much for it. Indeed, no! She but played a trick on the fat Otto, and

she did so in order that she might, for a time at least, snatch Charlotte from his clutches. She did not want her daughter to be mixed up with such a scoundrel, so she stipulated that the child should come to live with her in her garret immediately. Otto, very reluctantly, agreed to this. Charlotte, you see, was still too young for him to use to good purpose.

"Go with your mother, *mein lieb-schen*," said he, "and be entirely obedient."

"Ja, gewiss," said Charlotte docilely.

"And so that was arranged. And the first thing that La Radieuse did, once Charlotte was safe under her roof, was — Can you guess? No? The first thing she did was to call on *Monsieur le Préfet de Police* and inform him that Otto Reinbach was a spy.

"*Monsieur le Préfet* listened to her patiently and gallantly to the end, and then he smiled and shook his head to express his tolerant incredulity. And then—for she still had charms—he leaned forward and patted her hand very soothingly.

"You did well to come to me at once, dear madame," said he, giving a surreptitious twist to his mustaches, "but I can assure you that there is no cause for alarm. *Monsieur Reinbach* is well known to us. He has lived here in Paris with us for many years; he has a moderately large fortune invested in France; he subscribes liberally to all our *œuvres de bienfaisance*; and he numbers deputies, senators—yes, and ministers, among his friends. Moreover, it is now many years that he has taken out citizenship papers. Rest perfectly tranquil, madame. He is above suspicion!"

"That settled the business so far as *Monsieur le Préfet* was concerned. The remainder of the interview he devoted to urging La Radieuse to dine with him that night at Foyot's, where, he assured

her, they would be very comfortable and where one ate very well. But she, a little vexed, assured him that in her garret she was as comfortable as she wished to be and ate quite well enough. That vexed *Monsieur le Préfet*, and they parted on not very friendly terms.

"La Radieuse kept Charlotte with her for a month. I do not know, but I can imagine, what innumerable sacrifices she made that the child might have a small portion of the comforts she had been used to in Otto's hotel. I do not doubt that she often went supperless so that Charlotte might have plenty, that she denied herself bread that Charlotte might have cake. But in spite of it all, Charlotte grumbled and fretted. She was a terrible child, and every one who knew her recognized it except her mother. Poor Blanche, she cried herself to sleep one night, I remember, because she had been unable to buy Charlotte a coconut cake that she had wanted for luncheon.

"Meanwhile, La Radieuse reported weekly to Otto. Oh, she reported nothing that was of the least assistance. Indeed, she knew nothing at all that would have helped him and, naturally, she made no effort to discover anything. Moreover, she no longer saw the Russian grand duke, who was in Monte Carlo, I believe, flirting with Otero.

"Make the acquaintance of some young assistant secretary," Otto would urge. "Assistant secretaries are always susceptible." And once he added brutally: "Assistant secretaries always like middle-aged women."

"Middle-aged at thirty-three, indeed! Bah! What a camel of a man!"

"Well, affairs marched like that for three or four years, and each year La Radieuse had Charlotte for a precious month, and each year Charlotte complained more during that month. Otto never suspected that La Radieuse was not working sincerely for the cause. He misjudged her, you see. The only thing

that intrigued him was the fact that she refused to take any of the imperial government's money in return for her services. But she explained her refusal as well as she could by saying that she would accept no money until she had earned it by securing some definite and valuable information. Otto considered that quixotic, but—satisfactory.

"In 1907, when Charlotte was eighteen, she began, as I have already told you, to study at the Conservatoire. It was about then that Otto decided that the time had come when she could help him, and so, in order that she might seem to have severed all connection with him, and appear more thoroughly French than the French, he had her drop her German name and live either alone or with her mother. She became Charlotte de Galles, and the public that applauded her never for a moment suspected her German origin.

"She was an industrious child—so industrious and successful that Otto was delighted with her—and she seemed to find great pleasure in executing the work that he laid out for her to do. It was she and not La Radieuse who met the young assistant secretary and extorted information from him that caused Otto to chuckle and rub his fat hands together in glee. Incidentally, the young assistant secretary was dismissed from the service shortly afterward; whereupon, as you may remember, he dismissed himself from the world by swallowing a tablet of bichloride of mercury. Bravo, Charlotte! That was your work. A charming young girl, you perceive.

"It goes without saying that La Radieuse was horribly disturbed over that little affair. In her heart, she knew her daughter to be nothing less than an assassin, and, while it is natural that mothers should forgive their children their trespasses, it is difficult, I should think, for a mother to forgive her daughter for having committed murder

—even indirectly. A mother cannot very well say: 'No bonbons to-night, *cherie*. You have been a naughty little murderer to-day.' No, scarcely.

"But La Radieuse had a long, quiet talk with her daughter, and when it was evident that they could come to no understanding, that their respective ideas of right and wrong were totally different, they separated. La Radieuse broke off, at the same time, all connection with Otto, refusing to play any longer the farce of being a spy. And three years later, in 1911, Charlotte made her début on the stage—Charlotte de Galles, parents unknown, or, at least, not mentioned.

"Well, my friend, you know as well as I the brief career of Charlotte de Galles. That is of your day—since you have lived in France. She made a stir in the theaters—a stir comparable to that caused by La Radieuse twenty-five years before. She had that same innocent, startled, naïve little manner. God alone knows how she was able to assume it, for she was never innocent or startled or naïve. And she had a better voice. Yes, I must grant her that much—her voice was better and it had been better trained. She had Paris at her feet.

"And La Radieuse? Ah, my friend, her struggle was becoming ever more difficult. Managers kept engaging her, to be sure—but out of friendship, out of habit. Her name appeared on the billboards—but each year in smaller letters and in shabbier theaters. When the war broke out, they engaged her at the Folies-Légères to sing the 'Marseillaise.' Some critic was cruel enough to say that it was because she had sung it there in 1870. I could have throttled him for the bitter line—but others laughed. Paris is as quick to laugh as it is to love. Ah, the poor Radieuse! How you charmed us years ago! How we laughed and cried with you! How we cheered and applauded you! How

we loved you! And, alas, how quickly we forgot you!"

Aristide choked a little, and I saw him winking hard to keep the tears back; so I knew that it was my turn to go to the window and turn my back. But, somehow, I fancy that he was not ashamed of his emotion. Perhaps, as we grow older, we are more willing to admit that we have hearts.

"Well," he continued at length, "she sang the 'Marseillaise' passably well at first. You would think, would you not? that in times such as these the 'Marseillaise' would inspire an audience, no matter how badly it was sung—that the singer's voice would be drowned, in fact, once the opening bars were played. Yes, one would think that, but it is not necessarily so. Have you heard Chenal sing it at the Opéra? Of course no one expected La Radieuse to equal her, but the management of the Folies-Légères desired a similar effect. They desired that—well, that throbbing, heart-quickening silence during the song which means that the audience will go wild when the song is over, La Radieuse never attained it.

"Ah, how we in the orchestra labored to carry her through, hoping that our music would cover her defects! Every night I fiddled my heart out, and every night, when it was over, the gallery stamped and cheered as they would have stamped and cheered had it been merely a street organ that was grinding out the tune. And then, often, they would join hoarsely in the singing, drowning her voice before she had finished. She was not great enough to hold them—to control their impatience.

"That was bad. La Radieuse and the management both knew it was bad. But, although she struggled hard, she did not improve. Rather she grew worse.

"One night the manager spoke to her sharply after the curtain. The next night he stormed at her.

"Ah, no!" he cried. "You sing it without fire. You put no soul into it. *Voyons*, it is a song of glory, and you make it almost tawdry. *C'est le jour de gloire qui est arrivé*—not the day of dishonor!"

"Naturally he had reason. La Radieuse knew it and went out, weeping quietly. But that did not help matters.

"I waited for her to change her costume, and I took her out to a restaurant to give her a little supper and try to comfort and cheer her. We had been good friends, then, for a long time, and long ago she had told me of her troubles—what I am telling you now.

"But that night she had something very serious that weighed on her mind—something that I suspected accounted for the wretchedness of her performance. It seems that they had caught the fat Otto and shot him for a spy. La Radieuse did not mind that so much—do I speak brutally?—but there was danger, she thought, that Charlotte would be implicated. True, as I have told you, Charlotte had long ago ceased living with her father—had apparently broken away from him entirely—but La Radieuse knew that they worked together. And just the day before, Charlotte had come to her mother and asked her to help them in a scheme they had devised to bribe an officer high in command. I mention no names, for I know no names. It was a vile scheme, worthy of fat Otto's vile brain, and that Charlotte should even listen to it—let alone aid in it—almost broke La Radieuse's heart. Small wonder, then, that she could not sing the 'Marseillaise.'

"She did not know what to do—whether to inform the *préfet de police*, as she had once before done, or whether to frighten Charlotte by threatening to inform on her. You see the struggle—that ancient, classic struggle between duty and love. It is the foundation of most tragedies. It was the foundation of this one of last night.

"She hesitated a few days, and while she hesitated, torn and on the rack, her performance at the theater became bad and more than bad. The manager raged until he saw that it was useless; then he grew chillingly indifferent. And by that I knew that he was looking for a substitute—I knew that it was finished for La Radieuse.

"The night before last he gave her notice and a week's salary. He was sorry, he said; she had been inadequate. She might have told him that it is hard for a tortured person to sing; but of course it would not have availed. A manager seeks not explanations—only results.

"I wondered—we all wondered—who the substitute was to be, and the following night, which was last night, as I entered the theater, I glanced curiously at the *affiche*. They had pasted a strip of paper—it did not require a very wide strip, alas!—over Blanche Astrée's name, and on the strip was printed, instead, the name of Charlotte de Galles!

"I was staggered; I was disoriented; I could not credit it—it was too ironical. At first, I felt that it was my duty to interfere in order that the sacrilege might be prevented—the sacrilege and the mad, wild farce of permitting Charlotte de Galles to sing the 'Marseillaise.' But my mind was too confused to reason clearly. I was mentally blinded. So I determined to do nothing until I should have thought it over calmly that night. Then, following my indignation, there came to me a great pity for La Radieuse. I wondered if she knew; I wondered if she would be in the theater that night to hear her substitute sing; and, above all, I wondered what she would have wished me to do in the affair. I, who knew the circumstances—who was aware that Charlotte de Galles was a German spy! I tell you, my friend, I passed some very unpleasant hours that evening.

"Through the long, stupid vapidit of the performance I fiddled in a dream. More than once our orchestra leader eyed me in disgust, and I knew that I played falsely and clumsily. My hands trembled so that I could scarcely hold my violin; the notes were nothing but an incomprehensible jumble of black and white; and sometimes I shivered a little and sometimes the sweat ran off my brow. God knows I am not one accustomed to action, and here I found myself confronted with a situation that demanded action and demanded it urgently. If La Radieuse should refuse to hand her daughter over to justice, then I, as a Frenchman who loved his country— Well, you see my predicament.

"Immediately before the moment for the 'Marseillaise'—which always preceded the final curtain—I saw La Radieuse enter an upper stage box. For an instant I was relieved. After the performance I could discuss the matter with her, and we could decide what was best to do. After all, Charlotte was her daughter, and Charlotte's plottings were her secret, not mine. It was for La Radieuse to decide whether she loved her daughter more than her country. And then, at that thought, it came across me—what I have just told you—that there, in that question, was the foundation of most great tragedies—the oldest, the gravest, the most harrowing situation in the world.

"When they lowered the curtain on the acrobatic clown, the audience applauded loudly and then slowly rose to their feet. The laughter died out over the house, and a subtle something else was born in its place. They knew what was coming, and their hearts stood still for a little while until they should hear the first bars of the song of glory.

"Charlotte de Galles stepped out in front of the curtain. She walked slowly to the center of the stage, directly behind the footlights. She bowed gravely

to the silent house. Our *chef d'orchestre* tapped once with his baton, watched her closely for the signal to commence, and then raised his arms and let loose strings and wood and brass. Her voice rose, clear and superb, above them all. There could be no possibility of a doubt but that she was singing a hymn to the day of glory.

"My friend, I have heard the 'Marseillaise' sung for nearly seventy years. I have heard it sung with laughter and exultation, and I have heard it sung by voices choking with tears. I have heard victorious soldiers sing it under triumphal arches; I have heard defeated soldiers sing it to soothe the sting of their defeat; I have heard dying soldiers straining for breath to sing it before they died. So I know what it means to Frenchmen—and I know when it is well sung.

"She sang it well. She gave out the glory that is in it.

"They listened to her, hushed, until she had finished the last inspiring word of that last inspired line. There was no attempt to join in, no stamping of feet until she was through. Then they cheered and shouted and clapped and waved their arms and sobbed. I saw old men and boys standing on the seats with the tears streaming down their faces, and I myself felt the tears on my hand as I tried to clear my eyes.

"Suddenly I thought of La Radieuse, and I glanced up at her box. She was sitting back in the shadow, fumbling for something in her cloak. I thought, perhaps, that it was for her handkerchief she was fumbling, but, although her face was very white, I could see that she was not weeping.

"For ten minutes the applause continued, Charlotte acknowledging it gravely, without a smile, with scarcely a bow. There came cries of *encore* and a hissing for silence. But silence descended reluctantly. Finally the *chef*

*d'orchestre* tapped once more and once more raised his arms for the opening bars. With the blare of the orchestra, there came a harsh, discordant note. I thought that a violin string had snapped beside me—only it seemed very loud even for a violin string.

"Then I looked up. The orchestra had dwindled falteringly to silence. Charlotte de Galles was not singing—indeed, Charlotte de Galles would never sing again. She had fallen on her face into the footlights, and there was a splotch of something red staining the floor under her breast.

"Almost immediately I heard the report again, and this time I knew that it was not a violin string that had broken. More likely, I thought, it was a woman's heart.

"A thousand hands were pointing at the upper stage box, where a little gray cloud of smoke writhed and circled about La Radieuse. She was lying on her side, a slender white arm pillowing her head—you know, the way a child sleeps—and that little gray cloud of smoke floated about her body like a veil. But it was not a veil, my friend—it was her shroud."



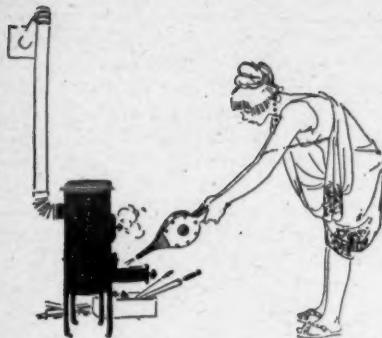
### DEWFALL

ALL day, all day a drinking wind  
    Sighed thirstily along the grass.  
All day, all day a drinking sun,  
    Burned white-hot from a sky of brass.  
In drooping stalks, in parched blades,  
    Our blinded eyes saw famine loom—  
When lo! the miracle of dew  
    Brought heart and life to leaf and bloom.

The drinking wind, the drinking sun,  
    But wrought the husbandry of God;  
He bade them draw from hidden deeps  
    Waters of life for tree or sod.  
Full-freighted waters, bringing up  
    New strength, new fatness to the land,  
So that the seed time shall not fail,  
    Nor fields at harvest barren stand.

The winds of Fate have scorched and shrunk,  
    The sun of Fate all molten burned—  
But, heart of mine, rejoice, rejoice!  
    More than they took hath life returned.  
The scathe, the burden, and the heat  
    Are all forgot in dusk and dew—  
But not the gold that fire hath tried—  
    The gold of love—pure, shining, true.

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.



## “THE LINE'S BUSY!”

By Albert Edward Ullman

### FLOWERS FOR GOLDIE

DEAR MABEL: Just a line to say hello and hope you will be back on your little job soon, though it must be a pleasure to be sick and get a nice, long rest. Room No. 639 was asking for you again, but I don't think he's safe. He sends in too many calls for ice water every morning. Besides, he hasn't sent you so much as a single mint tablet by way of a kind offering. When you come back well and husky, he'll probably offer to buy all the lobsters in the Atlantic Ocean and take you on nice, lonely joy rides for your health! Sort of friends when you're *it*—strangers when you're *nit*!

Well, girlie, there isn't much other news about the big hote. Peacock Lane is just as full of come-ons as ever—you know you can loaf as cheap in a swell tavern as in a lodging house—only they're being crowded some by the tango tots, since the roof garden opened. Most of 'em are slender, young chappies, with hair slicked up like patent leather and looking as if they could make a hearty breakfast off a pack of cigarettes. They have been infesting the place about a week now, and I just felt in my bones that I was due to meet one. Sure enough, one breezes up to me to-day. When it comes to

nerve, you have to hand it to these charmers.

“Hello, Doll!” he pipes.

I could have slapped him on the wrist, only I was afraid of the electric chair.

“Number, please,” I says icily.

“Aw, be a nice girl!” he chatters.

“Do you ever dawnce?”

“Sure—lots!” I answers, leading him on.

You never saw such a happy, hopeful-looking simp in your life.

“Well, dawnce with me this evening,” he says.

“No, Claudius,” I replied sadly. “Not this eve or any other eve.”

He swallowed the name as if it was mixed with castor oil.

“Why not?” he says fiercely.

“Because,” I remarks easylike, “I might step on your foot and give you concussion of the brain.”

I don't know what else the little runt might have said, only one of them big Western chaps rustles along and shoulders my late friend out of the way. And say, girlie, you ought to have seen the new visitor. He had on one of them Buffalo Bill hats, and a suit that was passé when father was a child. Except for his long hair, which made

him look like the pictures of William Jennings Bryan when he first ran, he was all right, though. He had a big, honest face and kind of steady gray eyes, and there was something about him that made you think of all outdoors, as the story writers say. Well, anyhow, Bill gives me a number, and when he comes out of the booth to pay for his call, he says:

"What's your name?"

You could have knocked me over with a lemonade straw, Mabel. I would have staked my young life that he was a man who wouldn't pull that old stuff. And here he was acting like all the other hicks trying to cut loose in a big city. It sure got me mad, and you know me.

"Goldie—to paying guests," I snaps out, sarcasticlike.

It didn't faze him a bit. He sort of smiled a little.

"And why Goldie?" he asks, like he's talking to a lady.

"I guess because my hair is twenty-four karat," I tells him, putting on the soft pedal a little.

He laughed right out loud.

"Thank you, Miss Goldie," he says. "I expect to be here some time and wanted to know."

Then he goes away, taking all his change. Can you beat it, Mabel? Yours,

GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: Missed the movies this eve. George's adding machine didn't add, and he had to think all day, and got a headache. Just what I deserve for having only one rainy-day steady. Anyways, it didn't get under my temperament, for I missed his regular monthly proposal. Last time I tells him that, when I marry, the furniture has to be paid for in advance. He was tongue-tied for a week!

Say, girlie, here's handing you a laugh. Who sashays in to-day but our old benefactor, the Petticoat Prince.

You remember him, don't you, and all them nice presents—gloves and silk stockings and things? He was too kind to be true! Well, after that little dinner party last winter, I thought he had made his farewell appearance. He had it all mapped out for a nice, private dining room, but I told him I liked music with my meals. Mebbe he wasn't peev'd! I could have sued him for libel for what he was thinking.

When he first pops in, I start to give him a freezing glance, but he beats me to it and looks at me as if I was an empty spot. You could have slipped me a nickel for a call to Frisco, Mabel; I was that put out. There's a swell little woman hanging on his arm, all dolled up like a fashion plate. My, but she was chilly, though! She had on a big fox necklace, and it so hot outside you got a blister simply thinking about it. Say, when your middle name is "Class," you can wear a polar-bear skin on the Fourth of July and get away with it.

Saw my wild-and-woolly friend again. Bill's his right name, girlie. He told me so. I first notice him pretending to read the telephone book. After about an hour of this excitement, he comes up to me shylike, with a package in his hand.

"I trust you will accept these, Miss Goldie," says he. "Just a few yellow acacias."

"A few yellow what?"

"Flowers," he answers, with a smile. "If you love flowers, they have a language all their own."

"Many thanks," I says. "Number, please!"

He acted hurt for a minute, and then a serious look comes on his face.

"What's the number of this hotel?" he asks.

"Gramercy, nine double o," I replies, puzzled.

Then he walks over to one of the booths and lifts the receiver.

"Hello!" he calls. "Gimme Gram-  
ercy, nine o-o!"

"This is it," I giggles.

"I want to talk to Miss Goldie," he  
says, businesslike.

Well, I couldn't help laughing, Mabel. That's how I came to know his name and about his mine out West. It set him back thirty cents. Yours,  
GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: Here's another new record to give a smile. P. Ginsburg, the Petticoat Prince, is married to the swell-dressed party I saw him with. It came off in Buffalo last week. He had the money—she had the pedigree, I guess. Anyways, they're scrapping already, and with his temper and her temper, their honeymoon will sure be on crutches soon. It's pretty safe to say that they had a little family row this morning, for she comes down and goes into breakfast all by her lonesome. I got a good look at her, and could see right away that Doctor Nature wasn't her beauty specialist any more; she had it on too thick. Well, if she was looking cross, her devoted hubby didn't resemble any peace delegate when he comes following after. That's about all the society news for to-day, kid.

Dottie blew in a nickel yesterday telling me all about her new job. She's demonstrating something for the hair in a drug store and says it's easy. All she has to do is sit in a window and comb her hair from morning till night. Also, her boss is very nice to her and buys her the eats. He tells her if she's good, he'll buy her a ring.

"Let virtue be its own reward, Dot," I says, and then she rings off.

Always the way. Give other people advice, and they act as if you're giving them measles. A funny world, ain't it, Mabel? It gives a skinny old dame a nice rope of pearls and a limousine, and a pretty little peach a job in a factory.

Bill's been around some. Since he

had his hair cut and found a tailor, he looks more natural. Sent me flowers several times now; only they're different from most flowers and have queer names. I know because there's always a little card on the bouquet telling me what they are. The only ones I had ever seen before was some white lilies.

"They're like you, Miss Goldie," he says nicely.

"Well, if they are, it's me for the make-up," says I, rather peeved.

Then he walks away looking sad. That was yesterday.

To-day I noticed that he was keeping bad company. He was strolling around with a couple of them come-ons, and they was treating Bill as if he was a long-lost brother. I guess they're after his bank roll, and Bill will have to sit up nights watching it like a sick friend, if that's their game. Anyhow, I got troubles of my own. Sent up a barber to room No. 21 when he wanted a chiropodist. You know he's got cerise whiskers and a bald head. Yours,

GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: George came back last night. Got his adding machine fixed up all right, but he says a man doesn't have to be a bookkeeper any more to get a job—he has to be a mechanic. He didn't propose again, but on the way to the movies, he stops in front of a five-and-ten-cent store and points out a lot of things you could go housekeeping with. I tells him that so far as the married bliss goes, I never was as serious as a funny paper about it. That gets him started, and he talks back some, and I have to hand it to him easy that he's a green persimmon and that even ripe ones never did agree with me. Say, girlie, his language was almost as bad as Billy Sunday's, and I quit him cold—after the movies. Lost, by little Goldie, one season ticket to the Nickelodeon!

Well, that's only a sample of the luck I've been having all week. The trouble starts nice and early Monday, and Bill is all mixed up in it. You see, that mine of his is all to the good, only he needs about a hundred thousand to buy some machines and things to make it come across right. That's why Bill's in town. He tells me Sunday that he just about has the deal closed. Some friends of his was fixing it up with a big lawyer of an estate so that he could get the money; only the lawyer wants him to pay for a lot of experts and things to size up the mine—about five thousand, I think. Bill says it's better for him to borrow the money this way and give a mortgage on the mine—because it sure is some "hum-dinger"—than to take another offer he has to sell a half interest. Only he was worried about the money. Only had three thousand himself and would have to borrow all an old uncle had saved up to get the rest.

Anyways, I had just been on the job about an hour Monday when I hears a voice say:

"This is the chance of a lifetime to clean up on this booh!"

I looks up and who do I see but him they calls "Come-on Charlie" and a pal, and they're both looking at Bill coming out of the elevator. All of a sudden, I understood for sure why they had been mixing it up so friendly with him. They were planting something on Bill, and it was up to little Goldie to butt in.

I thought Bill would show up later, but he didn't. Tuesday comes and no Bill. Also Wednesday. I was beginning to get worried, thinking some of them come-ons might try the rough stuff on him, when he blows in bright and early Thursday. He had been up to Maine or somewhere to get that money, he tells me later.

I must have looked glad to see Bill, for he cheers all up when he says hello. He brings me a bunch of flowers—

Maréchal Niel roses, the card on 'em says. He must have run out of them wild flowers he's been sending.

"You didn't have to put a label on these," I says. "I've had them plenty of times."

"That's all right," says he. "You just save the labels, Goldie."

What with the kidding and all that, I almost forgot to wise him up about them come-ons. I was going to tell what they said and then I stop. You know a man would as soon take advice from a woman as he would paregoric; so I says indifferentlike:

"Say, Bill, you're keeping mighty bad company lately. It looks to me as if you're going on the rocks, with no light to save you."

He flushes some and then says kindly:

"That's all right, Goldie. Women don't understand business."

Then he blows away.

Bill must have thought it a joke and said something to his new friends, for that Charlie bird breezes up to me yesterday and remarks:

"If I find you mixing in my affairs again, young woman, it will be bad for you!"

"Mebbe so! Mebbe so!" I answers. "But you'll find something you're not looking for at all, at all, if you don't one-step away from here."

"Go on, woman!" he growls. "You tend to your little switchboard or you'll get in trouble."

"It would be the first time for me and the last time for you," I calls after him.

I had the last word. Yours,

GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: First news about the big doings, with yours truly right in the center of the screen. You remember me telling you about warning Bill. Well, it did about as much good as feed-

ing chop suey to a goldfish. He kept right on chumming around with that "con" bunch. Every time I sees him, I gets mad. You know when a girl starts mothering a life-size man, she gets to liking him some. So it made me feel something fierce to see Bill falling so easy for their little game, whatever it was. I knew they had to do it quick, for Bill had told me that he was going back the next day after he closed, with that lawyer in Wall Street. That made me feel glad and sad both.

About two o'clock Bill comes along with a lot of papers and blue prints and beats it downtown. Before he goes, he has a word with that Charlie party. You know, Mabel, I never felt so helpless in all my life. Something was going on, and it wasn't for Bill's future health and happiness, either. And there I sits answering about a hundred calls a minute and trying to guess a way out. Then, all of a sudden, I get a clew, as that doctor friend of Sherlock Holmes calls it. A call comes for a Mr. Grimes, and I page him while the party at the other end waits. I'm busy plugging away when a voice says:

"Call for Mr. Grimes?" and there stands Come-on Charlie.

"Number eight," I says coldly.

Honest, Mabel, I didn't mean to listen, but I heard some one talking about Bill to our friend in the booth. He was saying that the boob had brought a check along instead of the cash, and the banks was closed.

"That's all right," says the Grimes party. "Close up the deal, and I'll keep him busy until we cash in to-morrow."

Well, say, I was so weak that I could hardly hold up my head as he comes out of the booth, but I kept the line open and located that call. It was down on Wall Street, where the lawyer's office was.

Take it from me, girlie, I was up in a

Zeppelin and didn't know which way to turn. Then I thinks of Inspector Dennis and calls up headquarters. You know I've done him lots of favors, and here was his chance to make good with me. Finally, I gets him on the wire and tells him all about it. He says he will come right up, and that I should phone the place where the call comes from, and tell Bill to rush to the hotel, because something terrible had happened to his mine. The inspector's a wise old bird, and I follow instructions to the letter. Sure enough, I connect with Bill, and the way he falls for the bad-news stuff is a shame; only he wants more details. Then I sort of cries like, and pulls out the plug.

When the inspector arrives, he asks a lot of questions, and when I finishes, he says it's an old game and that Come-on Charlie has his picture in the police album. He explains as how they promise to lend a lot of money from some estate and asks for all the money a simp has, to send an expert to examine the property. Then the expert comes back and says it's no good, and so they can't lend the money. Of course there isn't any estate or money to lend. That's all a stall to get the poor guy's bank roll. I tells him that Bill is not a boob like he thinks, but that he's so honest he thinks every one is on the level. He says he'll have to take my word for it.

We're still talking when Bill blows in, about as slow as a cyclone.

"What's the bad news, Miss Goldie?" he asks, breathing hard.

"Just listen to Inspector Dennis, here," I says. "He'll tell you."

Before Bill can say any more, the old boy takes his arm and walks him away, chinning real earnest. Bill looks mad at first, but after a while he begins to cool down. I learns later that the inspector takes him down and shows him Mr. Grimes' picture in the Rogues' Gallery

and has Bill stop payment on the check for five thousand.

To make a long story short, I couldn't see Bill with a magnifying glass the next morning. He must have had a date with a milkman. I'm getting cross-eyed keeping one eye on the signals and the other on the entrance, when he rushes in, all fussed up. He tells me he has closed with them other people—big smelters or something—for a quarter interest in his mine. The whole bunch is leaving in the afternoon. I let the glad light show in my eyes, Mabel, but he didn't seem to take any notice. He just slows up a little.

"You're an ace, Miss Goldie," he says. "And you've done more for me than you think."

"Forget it! Forget it!" I answers. "Do a little thing for a friend any time."

Honest, girlie, my voice sounded like some one trying to sing after eating crackers.

He gives me a look that makes me feel funny all over and squeezes my hand something fierce.

"Good-by, dear," he says. "Good-by!"

And there I sits acting like a kid as he blows away. I was kissing my fingers to drive away the hurt. Yours,

GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: Had a fit of the blues and didn't write you last week. Almost got color blind looking at myself in the glass. Heard from Bill yesterday. Only a couple of lines on a picture of the mine, saying he has named it "Goldie," because he knows it will prove twenty-four karat. Rather nice, wasn't it, girlie? But nothing else, except a box of flowers he calls "tiger lilies." Which reminds me that the fresh boob at the flower corner was trying to kid me some. Asks me where Deadwood Dick is—meaning Bill.

"He was certainly crushed on you,

Goldie," he says, looking wise. "Real flowers like American beauties and orchids wouldn't do for him. Had to have a lot of strange weeds and things even the boss never heard of. Sent telegrams all over the country for 'em, and one day I has to take a taxi up to Westchester to get a bunch of green things a sick cow wouldn't eat. What was they for?"

"To cook with bacon," I replies, haughtylike. "Now beat it, or you'll think you're a crushed lemon blossom."

I wasn't mad either—just pleased and puzzled.

Well, who do you think calls up today? Dottie! And she's forgot her peeve and wants to tell me all her troubles. You remember her boss buying her the eats and promising her a ring if she was good? She's terrible fond of jewelry, and was trying to earn that ring. So he lets her go. Dottie just couldn't understand it. She asks him for a reason, and he tells her she wore out too many combs and they was so expensive.

"You wouldn't think he was such a tightwad," says she, "for he used to spend as much as three dollars for our lunch. And, besides, I only broke three combs, and that was because my hair was so thick."

"That's not the only thing that was thick, Dottie," I says.

"Whadda you mean?" she asks, surprised.

"Just a bum joke," I answers. "My mean disposition, I guess."

"You always was so funny, Goldie," she giggles.

"Sure," says I. "So are your adventures—'bout as funny as the first trench. Come on down and see me, kid. There's hopes for you yet."

"All right, dearie," she sings. "I'll have to run along now, but I just hate that boarding-house lunch."

"Don't make any mistake," I ends.

"There's a lot of things in hash, but it ain't filled with no regrets." Yours,  
GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: When I got up this morning in my little old two-by-four and looked out the windows, I was fair heartsick. All I could see was them sweatshops in the back, with the beanery below wafting up enough corned beef and cabbage on the air to give you indigestion. Gee, it just gave me the willies!

Then I foots it over to Twenty-first Street, and there was the grass and trees still green in Gramercy Park and a lot of little kiddies playing around. It gave me a queer feeling, like when you come out of the subway and take a long breath. Honest, I felt like getting down on my knees and playing in the dirt. All them stories Bill used to tell me about God's country, as he calls it, came back and took a strangle hold on yours truly. And there I had to go and look at them little lights on the switchboard, when I wanted to be looking at the sun. Makes no difference, though, just wishing. Guess if we got everything we wanted, we'd all die young.

Not a word from Bill except some more flowers, with more little cards tied to them telling their names. All he thinks I want to know is what their mothers call them. Why don't he say something? He must have lost his right arm, that he can't write. Really, Mabel, I never thought that Bill was anything like that. Making a girl feel strong for him and then hitting her in the back with flowers. Take it from me, I'm going to write him a letter tonight, bawling him out. Only I'll make it modest and uppishlike, as if I don't care. Yours, GOLDIE.

DEAR MABEL: A long wait between pictures, as the movie fan says, and little Goldie has been doing nothing but registering suspense. I told you in my

last I was going to write Bill a sassy letter setting him back some. Well, I did just that!

It must have have reached him only yesterday, for early this a. m. I gets a telegram from him. All it says is: "Read Standard Dictionary, page 1097." Believe me, it makes me so mad I get to work a half hour early! That's how loony I was.

Imagine, I says to myself, feeling all broke up over a party what'll tell you to go read a dictionary! Insulting a girl like that because she never went to school much and writes a punk letter! If he'd said a cookbook, I wouldn't have minded so much. Anyways, by lunchtime I feels like a cat that's chasing its own tail around. I can't eat, so I walks out for some fresh air. I don't know where I goes or how far until a traffic cop pulls me away from in front of a taxi and leads me to the other side. I was sure in a sort of trance, Mabel, and then I comes to and sees for the first time I'm at Forty-second Street by the public library. Talk about Fate or whatever it is that makes you do things when you don't know it! Well, something seemed to be pulling me right into the big building. After a while, I find myself facing a counter, and a man comes up all polite.

"What will you have, miss?" he asks. I feels like I'm walking in my sleep. Then I hears myself say:

"Standard Dictionary—page ten ninety-seven!"

He smiles, and when he comes back, bless him, he lays a big book down and turns over the pages like he's helping a child.

"Here it is," he says. "Oh, the language of flowers!"

I grabs it quick and looks, and then I laughs so I cries.

"Bill's my man!" I was singing to myself. "Bill's my man!" and all the time I was taking some of them little cards out of my bag, what came tied to

the flowers, and looking them up.  
Talk about surprise parties! Here's  
what the book said they meant:

Yellow Acacias—Secret love.  
Sweet Williams—Grant me one smile.  
White Lilies—Purity and sweetness.  
Marechal Niel Roses—Yours, heart and  
soul.

Tiger Lilies—I dare you to love me.

And the last card that came with  
some flowers only that morning? It had

the name "Jonquils" on it. I run my  
finger down the page and there it was:

Jonquils—I love you. Can you return my  
love?

And what do you think I does,  
girlie? Runs right over and sends a  
telegram. Here is what it says:

I'm your Virginia creeper, Bill. I'll cling  
to you for life!

Yours,

GOLDIE.



### THE NAMESAKE

WHY any one should wish to call  
A little fellow after me,  
When I am reckoned with the small,  
Is an abiding mystery.

Had Fortune deigned to give me gold,  
Instead of taking from my hand  
All it has been my lot to hold,  
I could the better understand.

Or had I gained some lofty height,  
Where Glory offers one a name,  
I might attribute it aright  
To such a fleeting thing as fame.

But conscious of the lack of these,  
I can but glimpse God's skies above,  
And whisper to His Pleiades:  
"It must have been because of love."

RALPH M. THOMSON.

# The Sleeping Princess



WELLS HASTINGS

**T**HAT she was childless had been a bitter sorrow to her. She had always thought of herself as the mother of children, and even her girlish dreams of the ideal that was to be her home had frankly pictured them. When hope of them dimmed at last—it had never quite died—her resentment against Providence was personal and extreme. She conceived it as something immutable, as ingrained and everlasting as her dignified sense of propriety. But as she laid down her pen and folded the note she had written to her husband, she was filled with a great thankfulness to this same Providence; every child would now have been a little jailer, dooming her forever to the four colorless walls of home. She was a little woman, very feminine in type, and softly made, but for all that endowed with a mental and physical vitality that seemed to flow from inexhaustible springs and to be at once her blessing and her curse.

She had supposed that the business of being a wife, of ordering a house and making a home, would abundantly occupy her, and she had been puzzled and disappointed to find these things so easily done. She was tremendously efficient and too driven by her own efficiency to dawdle over things, and

each day the routine demands were so quickly met that even her first newwed passion for serving found long hours of dreary idleness. She had expected to throw herself into a magnificent struggle, to give herself unstintingly to life, to seize its marvels and hold them for her own. Her lover, as her husband, should tower head and shoulders above other men and lay the world at her feet as naturally as she would lay its spiritual mysteries at his.

She had known from the first that she was to be the spiritual partner of their union. Sam should be great, but even her first idealization balked at predicting for him any other than mental and material achievement. He was tender and big-hearted, but with no particular brilliance of soul. She had not been unwarmed, but she had underestimated the importance of this quality in which he was lacking. She had been too sure that her abundance would suffice for them both.

Life had dealt shabbily with her; she had been willing to make any effort or any sacrifice to win its great things, and everything had remained common and small. She had not even known a great tragedy. Sam had neither failed in business nor proved unkind. He had proved, instead, to be a cheerful plodder, blindly contented in his

moderate success, a typical petty officer in the army of business.

She was fond of him; it was impossible not to be fond of Sam. Nevertheless, she felt that he had failed her utterly; he had given her nothing but a home, and he had stood in the way of opportunity. He was as healthy and as moral as he was even-tempered; the slender consolation of nursing him or reforming him had been denied her. He simply provided for her in honest, everyday fashion, surrounded her with dull comforts, and heaped tiny love offerings upon that sublime altar of affection in the lovely temple of her heart.

Love to her was something mystic and vast, the human heart a tremendous temple of mysteries; and her strongly poetic imagination had made the mental figure visual. She could really see that miraculous holy of holies, could picture its dim aisles, its lofty columns and groined arches, its jeweled windows and fragrance-haunted sacristies. And too often she could see the spiritual Sam, a grotesquely small and lonely priest, laughing and whistling in its silences.

He would come home with a package stuffed in his overcoat pocket, a loose, untidy package, clumsily wrapped after he had undone it to peep inside, and he would drop it into her lap and blush and kiss her hastily upon the cheek, whispering some absurdity about a "rabbit's skin to wrap his Baby Bunting in." She would untie the series of hard knots he had made and smooth out the rumpled paper and try to thank him for the extravagant gift of his choice; but she knew that her cathedral shuddered with the childish incomprehension of his mirth. Sam was kind, but she had come at last to acknowledge that he was hopelessly inadequate.

As a girl, she had thought of "free-thinking" women with repugnance, but

with her own stifling tragedy, she gained comprehension of their necessities. After all, we are given only one earthly life, and, when all is said and done, we must work that life's problems out alone. The unfeeling and the unthinking may lift hands of holy horror against the individualist, but only to the individualist is it given to live life to the full. Laws are made for the unthinking, for the dumb masses struggling along the ugly groove of existence. They who would sing upon the mountaintops must not be chained by custom or the Ten Commandments, through reasonless altruism or feckless sentimentality. Their supreme courts must be individual conscience and a personal sense of justice, rather than the fusty bar of public opinion.

She was sorry to hurt Sam, and, in spite of herself, she shrank from the evil clamor she knew impended, the ugly whisperings, the ravenous gloatings of shocked morality; but deep in her heart she knew that she had been made for great things, that great love had come at last, great opportunity for utter expression of self. She deserved an eternity of the same dullness she had been living if small scruples and small affections were to make a coward of her.

The Great Happening, the real romance that had revitalized all her life, had come, like all important miracles, as swiftly and as blindingly as a bolt from heaven. Gordon Milnor had returned from his long residence abroad to fulfill some small obligation at home. She had seen him once or twice before, when he had been a boy at college, and had speculated then with girlish interest on his dark and mystical detachment. She had been told that he was a notable student, that he was not popular at college; and she had decided that this must be because his fellows, sensing their mental inferiority, were afraid of him. He had come back

from his long voluntary exile a polished and easy man of the world, his callow poeticism submerged by his larger manhood, but still sending an occasional flicker of color to the brilliant surface.

She had met him soon after his return, at the house of a mutual friend, where he had been placed at her right at dinner. She could not remember that either he or she had said anything remarkable, but she had sensed a peculiar and thrilling mutual understanding. He had caught her meaning, even her thought, before the sentence that conveyed it had been half achieved, and she had felt that, by some miracle, his mental and spiritual processes lay open before her. It was as if two solitary beings, conscious of their isolation, had come together and in a breath discovered that they spoke a common tongue and were united by some predestined kinship. The dull and groping give-and-take of ordinary conversation had been transfigured into a comprehension so poignantly complete that the joy of it trembled fearfully at its own perfection, like a naked soul before the awful beauties of paradise. She had lain awake all that night, torn with the blissful terrors of the possibilities of life so suddenly revealed to her.

They had made no clandestine arrangement, she had not even thought of giving him formal permission to call, but the next afternoon she had been at her window watching for him as he had come along the street, scanning the house fronts for her number. She could not have told what they said at this or at other meetings. She remembered silences that bore no embarrassment; sentient words and phrases here and there burned jewel bright in her memory. But the rest was a blur, a glowing haze of thought, as rapturous and as formless as a vision.

Only their last interview was distinct. Then, in so many words, he had

told her that he loved her, and she had confessed the barren mockery that life so far had been to her. The world of facts had intruded itself; there had been facts to be faced, facts to be reckoned with, sacrifices and consequences to be as soberly considered as possible. He had told her that he loved her, but he had rested his case there; it was she who had pointed out the only solution. She had not faltered in this greatest crisis. Life, at last, was offering her happiness and expression; it was no time for the mumbling of altruistic platitudes. Great love was a thing too holy to be denied. She and Gordon Milnor would go quietly abroad together and time would adjust the future for all of them. He had heard her soberly, and had left without kissing her or even taking her hand, a fine chivalry in perfect accord with his whole delicate fiber. This house of bondage was Sam's house, and she was Sam's wife until she had definitely left its roof.

The note to Sam had not been easy to write. She had come to it with the high courage of a vital resolve. It was the first irrevocable step, the burning of her bridges, the crossing of her Rubicon, but its actual performance had been harder than she had expected. After all, it was like stepping off into the dark on the promise of a paradise beyond; much the same sort of thing as death itself, which is hard even for the faithful to face without a tremor.

A woman's greatest powers are those of passive endurance. She may suffer cheerfully anything that may come to her; it is more difficult for her actively and deliberately to bring pain upon herself and those about her, even though the ultimate reward be something greatly longed for. Sam, easy-going and complacently happy as he was, would be puzzled and hurt and wounded; some suffering was inevitable for him, and, in spite of her, her mind

turned coward in the contemplation of its extent. He had failed her rather than wronged her, and his punishment seemed cruelly out of proportion to the sin of his delinquency. She was fond of him, and the thought of his coming pain made her actually heartsick. She had to steady herself with a swift review of her own sufferings and crippled existence to write the note at all.

She had sent the maids for an afternoon out, that she might have the house to herself. Now she propped her folded note against the great and ugly silver inkstand Sam's company had given him on some anniversary or other, knowing that it would lie there undisturbed until he came in. She knew just how he would find it. His latchkey would click in the door, the knob would rattle, and Sam would burst in like a summer gale. He would fling his hat and coat carelessly onto the rack, and would go to the foot of the stairs and call, "Ellen, Ellen! Pussy, where are you?" And when no answer came, he would go directly to his desk, where she had always left a line for him when she was to be out and wanted him to call for her somewhere. And then he would pick up that note, smiling—because he was not a man sensitive to premonition. She had a swift and horribly unexpected vision of his face as he read it—tolerant amusement throttled in the grip of uncomprehending surprise, his absurd boyish redness going sick white— By a great effort of will, she wrenched away the eyes of her imagination, much shaken that ghosts could walk for her already.

With a growing feeling of panic, she ran upstairs and crammed a few of her belongings into a small hand bag. She would take only bare necessities. For her new life everything must be new; the temporary makeshifts which she, perforce, must borrow from the old seemed to burn her hurrying hands with their intimacy. She was thankful

again that she was childless; it was bad enough that even her personal garments should seem not entirely her own.

She had an aloof consciousness of the dramatics of the situation, of small and trivial things that persistently intruded. She had thought of her experience as unique, but her very preparation recalled countless stories she had read and plays she had seen in which women made like preparation for a similar break with law and convention. Most of them wandered pathetically about the rooms they were to leave, bidding wistful farewell to small objects held dear. Her own impulse was to close her eyes, lest a familiar chair or table or rug should cry reproach upon the sacrilege she did them. But as she brushed blindly through the lower hall, the little satchel she carried struck some hanging garment on the coatrack, and an old and seedy silk hat of Sam's tumbled at her very feet. The rack was no place for it; he had not worn it for a year or so; and yet, with terror and tears taking her by the throat together, she stooped and picked it up and stroked its welted, dusty nap into some semblance of its pristine gloss. She was not given to little tendernesses; she had always thought them somewhat absurd, too wanting in dignity for the majestic course of love; but, shaken as she was, an impulse came to her to kiss the silken surface that her fingers had smoothed. In her surprise, she was prompted to fling the offending hat violently away, but in the end she stood on tiptoe and hung it gently back in place.

She was rather terrified by the unexpected and unruly personality her lack of control seemed to have set free, an element of self to which she had been absolutely a stranger. Surely it was something abnormal, something she did not wish to contemplate or parley with. Without further ado, she

wrenched open the front door and fled from her house and her abnormal manifestation.

The sun was shining brilliantly. The air was warm, but full of that sparkling vitality which comes like a feeling of inspiration to a few favored days in early spring. The hurrying crowds, always as sensitive as a barometer to the passing climatic whim, laughed and chatted and moved with a brisk gayety quite different from the nervous, pre-occupied rush of more ordinary days. Yet to Ellen Collis all this joyous activity seemed the thoughtless mirth of an empty-hearted, empty-headed world. Life, with its serious realities, could mean no more to them than it meant to—to Sam. She had spared Sam some of her scorn, but she owed no such sentimental loyalty to the jostling idiots about her. She resented the brush of their garments, the touch of their elbows as they passed her; because she was lovely—pale this morning, but with two bright spots of excited color burning high on her cheeks—and because she carried a traveling bag, which always intrigues curiosity, even in a city of transients, she caught the attention of the passer-by, and the sudden looks of interest, the friendly smiles that the romantic world offers sympathetically to beauty in distress, seemed to her to contain knowledge and mockery. It came over her with a flash of terror that all these people read her secret and read it with cynical amusement. A few minutes waiting at the station would be better than this. She hailed the first taxicab that passed her.

Once at the station, however, she wished herself back in the sunny streets. The place was familiar enough—she and Sam had started from it on many a dull vacation—but to-day it seemed tremendous, as vast and gloomy as the endless halls of nightmare, as bewildering as the first chaos of space to the newly dead. For the

first time her purpose wavered. Trivial discomforts seem the especial foes of great purposes; the suicide shrinks from the river bank not because he fears death, but because he has dabbled in the water with his hand and found it unexpectedly cold; brave and able men will turn from fame and power and riches because they can not choose to endure the small privations of saving; Ellen Collis, standing at the brink of all her desire, found herself wavering because a railway station was large and noisy.

She had already gotten nervously to her feet when, with something of a shock, she caught sight of him. He was turning away from the window of the Pullman ticket office, and as she watched him, he glanced absently up at the great clock at the end of the station. Behind him came a porter, carrying his bag—a great sagging bag of English make, discolored with use and showing the ragged patch here and there of the label of a continental hotel. The thing seemed utterly un-American, the unmistakable badge of the traveling, restless, cultivated man of the world; it was queer that it could mean so much. She was glad that he had come, for more than ever before in her life she felt inadequate and in need of protection. But it flashed through her mind that now she stood at the last outpost of familiar country; before he should catch sight of her, it was still possible to turn back. What a coward she was, after all! She actually shrank back a step toward a protecting column, before the realization of what she was doing filled her with anger at her own timidity. She stepped decisively forward and put her hand upon his arm.

"Here I am, Gordon," she heard herself say in a strange little whisper. She saw with surprise that he was almost as nervous as she.

He touched her hand with his fingers.

"You are earlier than I had dared to expect. But I believe the gates are open and we can board our train."

As they went toward the gates together, she was no longer conscious of the noise and the crowd, but only of the negro porter behind them, who had called her "madam" and had taken her little bag to carry with Milnor's.

At the steps of their car, Milnor gave his tickets to this porter, who passed ahead of them, going down the length of the car without pausing and throwing open the door of the drawing-room at the end. By a great effort of will, she followed him. Gordon's thought for her was obvious, but she had not expected the drawing-room, and found that she had unconsciously looked forward to the impersonal comfort of the open car. The porter put down their bags, received his tip, and left.

She and Milnor stood facing each other. Milnor was flushed—she had never seen him so darkly handsome—and she heard him catch his breath in a great sigh. With the schooled, unconscious obedience of women, she fumbled with her veil and lifted it.

He took her gently in his arms and kissed her.

She had seen it, expected it, it was natural, the seal and promise of the life she had longed for, but a blow could not have as suddenly struck away all her orderly and familiar mental processes. Conscious of no definite thought, of only a formless vertigo of anger—fear—disgust, she thrust him roughly away from her, wrenched at the door-knob, turning it to and fro until at last the door came open, and, without a look behind her, ran down the length of the car, down the steps, and fled wildly up the platform. As the door had come open, she had heard him call her name in bewilderment and reproach; she was untroubled by the wrong she had done him or the situation in which she had left him. She

scrubbed at her lips, as she ran, like some sobbing little girl. She dared not look around; he might be close at her heels.

Still running, she blundered through the station, took a wrong turn, and came out by an unfamiliar door. Only one cab was in sight here—an archaic, horse-drawn relic of the past decade. She was desperately anxious to get away; she wanted speed, she wanted to get home, but she could not hesitate with the fear of Milnor at her back. She tugged at the coat of the half-sleeping driver, frantic at his moment of indifference.

"Take me home!" she said, and pulled open the door of the cab with the same awkward energy with which she had torn at the drawing-room door.

The cab did not start; it rolled and creaked, and she saw the foot of the driver in a bulging, slashed shoe waver past the window in front of her, groping for the rim of the wheel. He climbed down laboriously and opened the door, to thrust a kindly, vague face inside.

"Yuh didn't give me no ad-dress."

"Oh! Didn't I?" She fought hard for composure. "Drive up the avenue. I'll tell you where to stop."

Again the cab swayed and creaked; there was a pause, and then the slipping clatter of a horse's hoofs, the strident shriek of a cramped wheel, and they began to move slowly away.

For some unreckoned time, Ellen Collis sat crouched far back in the dark corner of the musty vehicle, her face buried in her hands, her body shaken and convulsed with sobs that held no tears. She had a dim consciousness of a spiritual agony too vast to be comprehended by the mind of which she had always been so proud, and at the same time she was stirred by a happiness still more dim and more impossible to comprehend.

She drew her hands away from her

face at last. Between the two windows that faced her in the cab was a long, narrow strip of mirror. It was flaked and tarnished at top and bottom, but in the middle some chance had left it clear as a pool, and from this bright region her own face looked back at her. It was not the face to which she was accustomed; her cheeks still showed the marks of the convulsive pressure of her fingers; the smooth forehead was lined, the firm, distinguished chin somehow hazy of outline and quivering—it may have been through some fault of the mirror.

She noted these things with an absent curiosity, but more than all else it was the look of the reflected eyes that held her. They gazed back at her from the face she knew, but it was hard to believe that they were her own. She had seen many expressions in them—pride, self-satisfaction, willfulness, discontent; her mirror had always shown them bright and blue, beautiful and full of expression. Now they seemed shrouded and misty; pain and surprise, an awful wonder, and something of that uncomprehended happiness she sensed, but could not understand, floated across them like the cloudy visions in a crystal gazer's sphere. She felt as if she were watching some magical process at work. The lurching cab was forgotten, the clamor and rumble of the streets. It was as if a voice had spoken to her from a great distance in the stillness: "Look, look humbly and with reverence, for this is a holy miracle, the birth of understanding, the first awakening of your sleeping soul."

Her reflected eyes held her own hypnotically. The pupils, dilated in their fear and wonder, seemed no longer to have any finite dimension, nor did they seem to stare at her from the glass, but rather to be clear lenses through which she peered down deep into her inmost self and saw her heart the stage of a strange spiritual pageant. With

an eerie inconsequence, trivial incidents of her life passed before her, but they were trivial no longer, but moving, tragic members of the scene. She watched the self she saw there with a kind of terrified pity; it seemed to her new vision so blind and yet so arrogantly self-assured, hurrying past opportunity and love in a vain and restless search for the things she had imagined them to be. She had not only cheated Sam, but for years had cheated herself of most that makes life worth the living.

The paradox of life was so plain to her now. She had wanted expression and individuality; it seemed impossible that she should not have understood that the only chance of human individuality lies in becoming a small and perfect unit in the universal scheme of things. She had almost thrown away the fine endowment of her womanhood, the wealth and dignity of her inheritance. She had fed thanklessly upon love and imagined herself starving.

She had thought of Sam as a drag and a weight, an innocent one, to be sure, but still a handicap to her in her unfortunate partnership. She saw now, in the light of this revelation, that he alone, by effort and intent, had been the contributor; she had given nothing. It was not that he had provided in a material way—she had done as much as he for their physical home; there was a grain of comfort in that—but he had given love and understanding, good cheer and faith, which, when all is said and done, are the four great foundation stones, at once homely and sublime, of ideal, spiritual union.

She had never been too blind to recognize the love and faith and cheer, but she had never valued them. Before the gilded magnificence of her false gods they had seemed like way-side altars, there as a matter of course, but too small to draw her aspiring

gaze. Sam's understanding she had never dreamed of; his ruddiness and his persistent boyish exuberance were so foreign to spiritual pose that he had seemed incapable of comprehending the things she had thought valuable. But without knowing how, she knew now that his philosophy was too deep and definite to be fretted and decked with the trumpery of high phrases, and that his knowledge of her was great enough to forgive and condone. She smiled to herself as she realized that he had regarded her pretentious transcendentalism with a tender amusement. He was proud of her, proud of her prettiness and grace—and of the prettiness and grace of her mental activities. It was strange that she had never seen this, for she knew it now, not by any reasoning process, but nevertheless too positively for any doubt.

She had thought that she wanted a higher love. Ellen Collis drew her eyes from the mirror and raised her hands to her offended lips. She knew what she wanted well enough now. She wanted a chance to pay, a chance to realize and receive by giving. She wanted Sam's arms about her; she wanted to get home. A new memory struck through her heart with an awful terror—her remembrance of the note she had propped against the inkstand. In the age that had passed over her, Sam must have found and read it long ago. She tugged her little watch into view. She had been gone from the house only a little over an hour; perhaps there was still a chance.

The cab had passed their corner and was still jogging slowly northward. Her thought ran quickly now, spurred by her great necessity. With some difficulty she signaled the driver to the curb, thrust a bill into his hand, and hailed a passing taxi. Sam was letting himself in with his latchkey as she was whirled up before her own door.

"Sam, Sam!" she called.

He was down the steps in an instant and opening the door of the cab. She saw that his pleasant, boyish face was anxious and somewhat paled.

"What is it, Sam?" she asked faintly. "What—Is anything the matter?"

"Why, no," said the material Sam. "Nothing is the matter if everything is all right. I thought, when you called to me, that something was wrong—something in your voice, you know. I was afraid that something might have happened to you, Pussy."

She slipped her hand into his as they went up the steps together, but once he had closed the door behind them she left him in the hall and hurried on into the living room.

The note lay where she had left it, and she snatched it up and tossed it carelessly into the wastebasket beneath the desk. As she turned, Sam appeared in the doorway. He was smiling, but it was plain that he was still vaguely anxious.

"You are sure nothing has happened, Pussy? Nothing has troubled you?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Something has happened, Sam," she said, "but—but I can't explain it to you." She dashed the tears from her eyes, and smiled up at him bravely. "I've been watching the devil work a good miracle."

Sam looked puzzled, but she saw that the corners of his mouth trembled with amusement, and thanked her God that he was laughing at her.

She came up close to him and put her arms about his neck, turning her face up to his.

"Put your arms about me, Sam dear," she whispered. "No, tighter—so. You won't hurt me."

As he looked down into her eyes, she saw with a pang that he was surprised, looking at her wonderingly, like a man not daring to trust his sight.

"Why, Pussy!" he whispered, as he kissed her. "Why, Pussy!"



## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

By

### ALAN DALE

**G**ENTLY drop the unchastened woman into kindly camphor; softly place the eternal Magdalene in the aseptic tar ball; and bleat a joyous *au revoir* to the freckled band of tarnished ladies that the stage serves up each season in lavish extravagance. Strange though it may seem, and disconcerting though it may be to the playwright whom the managerial reader affects, the fact remains that all these fragile ladies die young—just as if the gods loved them—while the light, frolicsome, thistledown creatures, scarcely touched by sex, flourish and abide with us, and ask us to forget!

The tarnished ladies, frenzied with the joy of their own spectacular tarnish, usually arrive in what is known as “the height of the season,” when all the nice people, with nice minds, have returned from the mountains and the shore, and they make their perennial appeal to those whom the problem of incessant misery is supposed to entertain. They are all very unpleasant ladies, but the playwright loves them on the well-established principle that no weekly married woman can possibly be dramatic, and that no perfectly unblemished maiden can be emotional.

The playwright must have his little unmolested fling at drama and emotion, and firmly imbedded in his tradition-riddled mind is the convention that the tarnished woman is able to supply these.

She is really a most fractious and disagreeable person, whom you would hate to ask to dinner, but—and this point must not be overlooked—she *does* wear gorgeous gowns, and she does know how to wear them, as the really happy, pleasant, and companionable person never knows—still according to the playwright.

A woman's morals on the stage can frequently be gauged by her clothes. I say “frequently,” but I might as well make it *“always.”* She may start on her sad career, and often does, in simple tailor-made with no alluring gewgaws, but no sooner does she plunge into sin than she takes to silk and satin with a jewel or two. Further, the naughtier she grows, the more décolleté become her evening gowns, and the more eccentric her style. When the moral eczema is “all out,” you will find the name of her dressmaker on the program—“Miss Three-stars' gowns in the third act made by Madame So-and-so.” Then you know that the problem is ripe for discussion and that the critics next day will make that remark so dear to the box office: “This play will surely arouse a storm of protest”—which, by the bye, it never does.

The manager's usually feminine reader knows all this, and is a wise woman in her generation. Some years ago, a very excellent drama was offered to an equally excellent manager,

whose name to-day is often quoted whenever the stage is discussed.

"I like your play," he said to its author, "but I can't possibly produce it unless you contrive things so that in the third act the characters appear in evening dress. The public expects evening dress of my company. It supplies atmosphere—the polite atmosphere that I insist upon."

The progression of the woman toward sin is sartorially indicated in this way:

Act I. Poor, but decorated inexpensively. Merely tempted. Act II. Not so needy, and beautifully gowned. About to fall. Act III. Opulent and exquisitely arrayed. In full-blown sin.

Under these circumstances, and in the full belief that real drama, extreme emotion, and magnificent apparel—all traditionally necessary to success—can be offered only by means of the tarnished woman, you will easily understand that the modern playwright insists upon a certain brand of play. He has not yet accustomed himself to the idea that any other kind will give him scope.

And to-day I say that he is wrong, hopelessly wrong, and that the sooner he realizes that fact, the better for his future chances. As I glance through the list of the season's productions, I note that all the saucy ladies and peccant heroines who started in the race have been withdrawn, without any exception.

The real successes—those that have lived and prospered—are "The Boomerang," with the very slightest sort of story and the breeziest set of characters; "Fair and Warmer," a farce that has not the ghost of a problem to ventilate; "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," which contained topical allusion to "Billy" Sunday; and "The Cinderella Man," in which a ridiculously untarnished girl tripped across a roof to fall in perfectly untarnished love with an ab-

surdly untarnished man. Read that all over again and let it sink into your consciousness. I do not include the musical comedies, because sinful ladies who sing do not count at all. They are merely a nuisance.

This is the most severe blow dealt at "sex" that I can recall, but it was inevitable, and it will be repeated with interest of a compound nature if sex continues to be as willfully maligned as the successful playwright has imagined that it was his duty to malign it! Sex has simply got to be redeemed, unless it be eliminated entirely from the output of modern drama. It is so exceedingly disagreeable. If the hero and the heroine do not marry, they are miserable, and if they *do* marry, they are more miserable. As for the eternal triangle, which is invariably isosceles, we make that as cheap here at the present time as it was formerly made in France. We can now compete with France in the matter of the eternal triangle as successfully as the war has shown us that we can compete with it in the case of Camembert cheese. But it has become tedious. The lesson of this sort of drama is that two people marry in order to unearth a third. In the game of bridge, people hustle around for what is known as "a fourth;" in the eternal triangle, they are perpetually seeking for a necessary third. It is exasperating.

Some writer has said that he could understand a community passing a law forbidding dramatic authors to deal with sex as a motive, and that although such a law would consign the great bulk of existing dramatic literature to perdition, it would neither destroy nor paralyze the future playwright. In which sentiment, he is eminently correct. Such a law would undoubtedly give a sublime incentive to the imagination, for the playwright, no longer fidgeting himself to discover whether she loved him or he loved her or

whether they both loved another or the "another" loved them, would actually be driven to more original motives.

Three of the plays I have mentioned above prove conclusively that success in the theater can be achieved without any ailment of the love motive, while "The Cinderella Man" goes further and shows that we prefer it in its idyllic state, removed from blotches and tarnish and moral blackheads.

Critics are delightfully inconsistent—of course, if they were not, they could not keep up their work, week after week. The play of the tarnished woman they call unpleasant, and say plaintively, and quite unanswerably, that the theater is not the proper place for it. The play of simple love, or of no love at all, they demolish with the arbitrary remark that it is no play at all, but just a tract, and that the theater is not the proper place for it, either.

The real truth is that there is no reason on earth why sex should be in the least disagreeable; it is the leading motive of life, and I don't see why it should be maltreated and offered up to us as a sort of pariah. The public to-day prefers it as comedy rather than as tragedy. It welcomes it without the interrogation mark—did she fall or was she pushed? It hails it as something nice, and quite wholesome, and even decorative.

Some of the plays that did not achieve success this season—and I put it very mildly—were that jaunty thing called "The Mark of the Beast;" that product of abused Hungarian goulash, known as "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters;" the pretty thing yclept "The Devil's Garden;" and "Husband and Wife," with its woeful problems. There were others that I cannot recall at this moment. Mr. Robert Hilliard's play of "race" ran for two months. This was the "drama" in which the lovely girl became the mother of a black child, amid much lamentation. The father lived

happily ever after with it, and the poor mother was dropped out of all consideration by the playwright and never heard of again. It was a very sweet problem for the delectation of the thoughtful.

It would be absurd to bar the eternal Magdalene from our drama. Let the poor thing enter occasionally, and let us give her shelter on her placid way to the storehouse, but why "boom" her? Sex troubles have a charm of their own undoubtedly, but there are others! The stage teaches that the only immorality in the world is that of sex. In fact, the very word "immorality" is applied only to sex, as far as the stage is concerned. We say that a play is immoral because it has championed the cause of marital infidelity, or permitted the naughty lady to live happily ever after. Plays that glorify dishonesty, dramas in which crooks flourish and prosper—and some of these have been notoriously immoral—are immune from comment.

The tarnished lady is usually a bore, especially when she rejoices in her tarnish, as she is expected to do to-day. I think it is a very promising sign that this season has snubbed her. The success of—er—the successes will do a great deal to put the Magdalene in her improper place, as an occasional issue or a luxury, but not as an unvarying necessity. The gay, joyous young people in "The Boomerang" are food for thought. Of course, they are men and women, and they have their love episodes, but these are happy and frothy, with no suspicion of sauciness. It is interesting and rather reassuring that England apparently did not like "The Boomerang."

I should think that women themselves must tire dreadfully of the frailty with which the modern playwright upholsters them. Nowadays, when they are getting so "upish" and asserting themselves so uproariously, they must hate the old order of Magdalenism, as

something rather provincial than otherwise. I suppose that it is really a relic of the bad old days of feminine oppression. It is the women who support the theaters; therefore it is logical to presume that it is the women who give the stamp of success to "The Boomerang," "The Cinderella Man," and the others, and that it was they who snubbed out of life the freckled contingent.

What a gorgeous time they will have some day when they are managers and producers, doing the same thing to the men that the men have been doing for so many decades to the women! Think of the drama of the erring gentleman, driven out into the night, in a black suit, with his unborn child—on his mind! Picture the agony of the pictorial hero who had once in the long ago irreparably sinned! Think of the tearful boy who once—à la Pinero—"kept house" with the siren who had promised to make a gentleman of him by lawful marriage, only to desert him in his hour of need! And the hero striving to forget, living the life of a good and faithful husband, only to have his past thrown in his face when all the world seemed bright!

What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. The unchastened woman and the eternal Magdalene will be up and doing, all the more active for the reason that they will have the wearied public on their side. It takes two to play the sex game, and we have seen the one only, and we are tired of the one-sided conflict. It has lost its savor and its appeal. It has lacked the saving grace of humor, and the paprika of ingenuity.

Mrs. Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebsmith, Magda, Camille, Mrs. Warren—what a procession, and all so beautifully gowned, too! They have all been trotted out for us under other names, during the season. They have all been easily recognized, and perhaps we have

smiled at their gaudy and spectacular sins. The poor souls are at rest in the storehouse, and the young, unsophisticated, unblemished heroines have taken their places in the affections of the public—the fickle public! Theater-goers have shown that they approved the girls that frolicked in white muslin jollity and the boys who were not always on the lookout for some mote in the sunbeam.

So I think that the result of the present season has been extraordinarily interesting—really quite stirring. Oddly enough, I am sure that it was unexpected. "The Boomerang" was "let down" by the critics as a sort of Belasco frivolity that would probably die of polite inanition—a recurrence to the early days of his insincerity at the old Lyceum. As for "The Cinderella Man," it was laughed at, as one of those silly, pretty little stories of the fairy godmother and the starving author in the garret. Everybody expected that the very least the starving author could do was to lure her to her ruin. He did not, and his behavior was therefore almost sensational! The play was produced, I am told, with considerable qualms, and there were several who said of it: "Not a chance!"

The plays that make directly for "the storm of protest"—and it is a storm that, in these sophisticated days, rarely materializes—are the plays that find the elusive "angel" and that are confidently expected to prance exultantly through a season. The playwrights accuse the world of sexual immorality, because it is usually the most bitterly denounced, and apparently the halt has been called. The unchastened woman and the eternal Magdalene will probably be relegated for a time to the obscurity of the dark-green matinée, frequented by gentlemen with long hair and by ladies with missions. No more acutely ignominious fate could be wished them.



## INSIDE THE LINES with the Editor

### Wanted—An Argument

IT would be interesting to learn whether the opponents of the growing movement in favor of birth control could advance one sound, sane argument in support of their position. Many people, it is true, justly object to the blazoning abroad of information on this subject. Such publicity is as much an offense against good taste as the public discussion of any other of those physiological details which have come to be considered the affair only of the person involved and his or her physician. But it must be remembered that the public has made this particular detail its affair also. It has stepped in between the physician and his patient in the shape of prohibitory laws, and so has only itself to thank for being dragged into the present controversy.

The advocates of birth control—with the exception of a few notoriety seekers, and every movement has such camp followers—have no desire to shout their tidings from the housetops; they would be perfectly willing to go about the matter unobtrusively, but they are not allowed to. The natural channel for the dissemination of medical information—the free clinic—is closed to them, and when they resorted to a quiet circulation of pamphlets, they faced imprisonment. Their only course seems to be to arouse public opinion and get the law changed.

Their opponents can be roughly divided into two classes—the self-interested and the sentimentalists. The first is made up chiefly of employers of unskilled labor, who are more concerned in keeping down the price of human material than in improving its quality. It includes also that small group of Prussian-Americans typified by Mr. Roosevelt, who want as many pawns as possible with which to play their merry game of empire. The attitude of this class is in itself the best argument in favor of birth control.

It is not so easy to dispose of the sentimentalists, because there are among them—especially in the older generation—so many splendid, sincere men and women who have won a right to respect by their willingness to toil and sacrifice for large families of children. It is useless to argue with them that it is no longer possible to bring up such families properly, with the struggle for existence growing fiercer every day. They answer simply that children are a gift from the Lord, and that it is sinful to refuse to accept all that He may send. With all reverence be it said, is this not putting Providence in the position of those Eastern monarchs whose suave habit it was to ruin certain of their unfortunate subjects by the gift of a white elephant, which had to be accepted and supported in royal state? We do not consider it sinful to use discrimination in our acceptance of His other gifts. When He maketh His sun to rise on the

evil and on the good, the good do not feel it obligatory upon them to go about hatless; and when He sendeth rain on the just and the unjust, it is not only the unjust that carry umbrellas.

As for those pessimists who fear that a general knowledge of birth-control methods will mean the end of motherhood, it is hardly necessary to answer them. The normal woman will always want children. If she puts aside the privilege of having them, it will not be through selfishness or cowardice, but because she feels that she is not able to give them a fair chance in life. Surely the mother love that is trusted with the great task of caring for the children after they come into the world might be trusted also to decide when circumstances are propitious for their arrival.

M. H. W.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Another side of this question is most appealingly set forth in Bonnie R. Ginger's little story, "His Chance," on page 57.

### Rise and Fall of Human Fertility

**P**ROPAGANDISTS of birth control might study vital statistics with profit and pleasure, but of course it would take away their *raison d'être*, for they would find that every one of the present dominant races—Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Teutonic—has experienced a decided fall in birth rate during the past forty years, and that a thousand detailed studies in vital statistics and demography have been made by eminent authorities which confirm and prove the outstanding physiological fact that there is apparently no exception to the rule that the birth rate of a country drops with its rise in intelligence and civilization. Hence, aside from all sociological, economic, religious, and sentimental reasons, it is palpable folly to preach birth control to a generation that, according to the most reliable statistical evidence, is already exercising, either deliberately or instinctively, the right to limit its offspring.

Human fertility is on the wane in the highest type of earth's population. In most of the leading European countries the birth rate per thousand of inhabitants attained its maximum in the early seventies of the nineteenth century, and since then has steadily decreased. France was the first to become conspicuous for her progress in depopulation, and England and Germany regarded this manifestation of sterility with complacency, and openly congratulated themselves upon their own fertility. But by the end of a decade, both of these nations were traveling the same route that France had taken. In 1876 England reached its highest birth rate of 36.3 per thousand, but since then the decline has been so rapid as to equal 20 per cent in a single generation, and in some of the larger towns a decrease of 40 per cent has been noted. Prussia reached its maximum birth rate of 37.4 per thousand between 1881-1885; but in 1909 it had sunk to 31.8. The German Empire, taken as a whole, was lower than Prussia in rise and fall of the birth rate, though not as low as England.

America, in the hurly-burly of her tremendous influx of immigrants, paid little attention to her birth rate among her established and representative families, but upon examination it was ascertained that she, too, was producing children at no faster pace than France, and in many of the older settlements even less. It was difficult to arrive at any conclusive analysis of the question in the United States because of its mixed population, classes, and inpouring of immigrants, but Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell University, made a detailed study of the census figures and showed that there had been a constant decline of the birth rate

among the old-time American families from the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Prior to his researches, Benjamin Franklin, in the eighteenth century, estimated that the average number of children to a married couple was eight. Another statistician calculated that the offspring of the American family had diminished to six-plus at the end of the eighteenth century. Later, Doctor G. J. Engelmann, in his close examination of the problem, stated that in the earlier years of the nineteenth century there were between four and five children to each marriage, while at the end of the same century it had fallen to between one and four. Engelmann also found little difference in the birth rate of upper and lower classes of Americans. Assuredly, the native-born element of Anglo-Saxon stock is rapidly diminishing in the United States. The general level of the birth rate is maintained by the foreign immigrants of inferior civilization. And this decline of the Anglo-Saxon fertility is witnessed not only in England and here, but in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada.

Although there was not the scientific interest in, and tabulation of, the changing tides of population in the past, yet history has held up the same phenomenon of highly civilized races ceasing to "increase and multiply" and meeting with ultimate extinction or absorption. Greece and Imperial Rome are classic instances. And Spain, since its glorious flowering in the sixteenth century, is a modern instance of this gradual dying-out process of a nonprolific race. At present it would appear that Anglo-Saxons are next to demonstrate this peculiar rise and fall of a people, with the French and German races struggling for the goal of extinction—unless, indeed, as many pray, the war waging now will awaken their consciousness to new bursts of fertility.

During these forty years of diminishing birth rate in Europe, America, and Australia, many have been the causes assigned to the phenomenon. Industrialism, the economic independence of women, urbanization—or the transformation of the country into cities—the steadily advancing age of marriage, the spread of "single blessedness"—each and all have been variously given as the underlying reason for the falling birth rate. Whatever their theories, authorities agree that we marry less and have fewer children than ever before in modern history. Many of these analysts of natality and mortality rejoice in this lowered birth rate, deeming it a hopeful sign for our future welfare and development, especially when concomitant with a lowered death rate. To quote Professor William Bateson: "It is in a decline in the birth rate that the most promising omen exists for the happiness of future generations."

However, we would like to inquire what boots it to the nation whose vaunted civilization results in eventual and inevitable extinction or absorption? Perhaps Bacon was not so far wrong when he said: "The true greatness of a State consisteth essentially in population and breed of men." D. E. W.

### Why?

**D**OGS are fonder of men than of women. Why? Cats are fonder of women than of men. Why? Men drive horses better than do women, and women drive motor cars better than do men. Why?

Women are better trained nurses than men, and men are better cooks than women. Why? Women artists have a better eye for color, and men artists a better eye for form. Why? Women are better teachers of small children, and

men of older pupils. Why? Men develop later and keep their strength longer than women. Why?

There are a thousand exceptions to each and all of the foregoing maxims. But there are a million instances to verify them. Is there any explanation at all?

A. P. T.

### "On Account of the War"

WE can't afford to buy them now—on account of the war. We can't guarantee our dyestuffs—on account of the war. We can't get Würzburger or Some-one-or-other's Perfumes or imported caviar or a whole lot of other more or less desirable things that the war has not merely boosted in price, but wholly barred from us. On women, of course, the ban falls heaviest, for it is largely a question of clothes, colors, and luxuries.

The situation is not pleasant, but neither is it new. How many American women, for instance, recall how their Southern mothers and aunts met the same conditions, a half century or so back, when the phrase, "On account of the war," really meant something?

The South was cut off from the rest of the world by a blockade that *was* a blockade. There were no men or funds to manufacture at home what could not be imported from abroad. And the women of the South devised makeshifts—or went without. And they seldom wholly went without. Here are a few of their countless makeshifts:

Straw hats ran out. They plaited really pretty substitutes, with their own unaccustomed fingers. A pin famine next swept the South. Women went into the woods for bushels of long black locust thorns; which served the purpose better than any one who has never run such a thorn into his foot can realize.

Corks were not only scarce, but were in demand by the Confederate government. Women loyally sent all the procurable corks to headquarters, and fell to making substitutes out of waste paper soaked in paraffin.

Coffee was absolutely ungettable. Some women roasted black-eyed peas and ground them into a not unpalatable makeshift. Others cut sweet potatoes into strips, browned them, and powdered the brittle result. This made even better coffee, my mother has told me, than did the peas.

Since no one had new clothes, a keen competition sprang up in making the most startlingly original and becoming revamps of old ones. And when this was no longer possible, women tactfully gave "poverty parties."

Next time you are tempted to bemoan the lack of things that have vanished "on account of the war," why not remember the gayly resourceful women of the South? Still better, why not try, as did they, to think up a makeshift? There are fortunes, to-day, in makeshifts. Nearly every lucrative patent is based on them.

A. P. T.



## Talks With Ainslee's Readers

THE negro porter of a New York firm was very late for work one morning. They asked him about it.

"Yassuh, you see, I was 'nited into de Royal Order of de Sons of Ham last night."

"How long did that take?" he was asked, with suspicion.

"Oh, de 'nition itself only lasted till one o'clock, but afterward dey made me one ob de officers."

"One of the officers?"

"Yassuh, dey made me Most Exalted King."

"Why, Sam, they wouldn't make you such a high officer as that the very night you joined."

"Yassuh," persisted Sam. "Yo' see, dat's de lowest office we hab."

Just as one wonders what the higher officers in Sam's order could possibly have been, we often wonder what the publicity writers of magazines who use up all their superlatives on ordinary fiction will be able to do should stories of real distinction ever come their way. We have always tried to be reasonably thrifty with our praise. We are glad, for we know it will mean something when we tell you that it has been some time since any single number of a magazine has contained two such appealing short stories as does the October AINSLEE'S.

Walter Prichard Eaton is the author of one of these. "Holding the Mirror Up to Art" tells the story of a young actress who meets with a motor accident in an old academic New England town. In her play, she has been tak-

ing the part of one of those sinned-against sisters of whom Alan Dale writes in this AINSLEE'S. While recuperating from her injury in the house of a kindly old Greek professor and his wife, she finds herself confronted with much the same problem presented in her play. Mr. Eaton presents the real-life development of the situation with charm and delicate strength.

The second story of which we spoke is "The One-sixteenth," by Marie Conway Oemler, whose work is well known to readers of *The Century* and AINSLEE'S. The theme of this story would be an unpleasant one in less skillful hands, but Mrs. Oemler has built out of it a character that will grip your sympathies to the dramatic end. We agree with the author that "The One-sixteenth" is one of her very best.

In the novelette for October, "Fargo of the Gaudy Lake," William Almon Wolff, author of "Hung Upon the Clothesline," in this present issue, shows that he can handle big situations as successfully as he can slight, whimsical ones.

Bonnie R. Ginger, author of "His Chance," Ethel Train, who wrote "Son," and Allen Sangree, are among the other contributors of entertaining short stories to the next issue, and, of course, you will also find the second larger installment of May Edginton's four-part novel, "The Woman Who Broke the Rule."

In the same issue, Mr. Terhune tells us of "Marie de Brinvilliers, the Woman Without a Soul."

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## “The Woman Who Broke the Rule”



Besides the second installment of this unusual story, the October AINSLEE'S will contain a gripping novelette,

## Fargo of the Gaudy Lake

By William Almon Wolff, and

### Holding the Mirror Up to Art,

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Nix on the Slaughter, . . . . By Allen Sangree

The One-Sixteenth, . By Marie Conway Oemler

The Hollister Ghost, . . . . By Ethel Train

Will Power, . . . . By Bonnie R. Ginger

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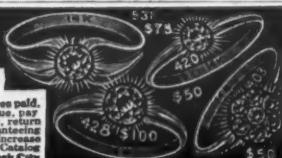
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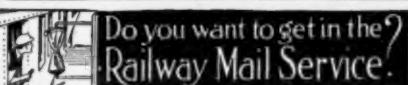
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